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REVISED EDITION.

CHAMBER'S MISCELLANY

OF

USEFUL & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

VOLUME III.

W. & R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

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CHAMBERS'S

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INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

New and Revised Edition

VOL. III.

W. AND R. CHAMBERS
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ORATIO NELSON was born on the 29th of September 1758, in the parsonage-house of Burnham-Thorpe, Norfolk, of which his father, the Rev. Edmund Nelson, was rector. Horatio was his fifth son, and named after his godfather, the first Lord Walpole, to whom Mrs Nelson was related. The early days of the young Horatio gave promise of the future man. He became distinguished among his youthful companions for bold and adventurous achievements. Though weak in constitution, and subject to attacks of ague, which made him irritable in temper, he possessed the best dispositions, and even when young, had a high sense of conscientiousness, and shrunk from everything like deception or meanness.

It is related of him that, when about five years of age, being on a visit to his grandmother, he absented himself without permission: not making his appearance at the dinner hour, the old lady became much alarmed, especially as he had formed acquaintance with a gang of gipsies who were loitering in the neighbourhood, and she was apprehensive they might have decoyed him away. Diligent search in various directions was promptly instituted, and after the lapse of several hours, he was found alone by the side of a rather rapid and deep brook, which he was unable to cross. His conduct on this occasion was peculiar to him through life—he evinced no symptoms of alarm, although his companion (a cow-boy little older than himself) had left him; and when his grandmother closed a reproof with: 'I wonder, child, that fear did not drive you home!' he promptly answered: 'Fear! Grandmamma, I never saw fear. What is it?'

The first seminary of any importance which he attended was the High School at Norwich; and while studying here, he was recalled home on the death of his mother, who expired December 24, 1767, Horatio being then about nine years and three months old. How little often determines one's career in life! The funeral of Mrs Nelson brought her brother, Captain Suckling, of the Royal Navy, on a visit to the rectory; and on this occasion the imagination of young Horatio was fired by the stories and anecdotes of sea-life which his uncle related in the company of his friends, and he determined, if possible, to be a sailor. His studies at Norwich, and afterwards at North Walsham, failed in obliterating this juvenile fancy from his mind; and his father, desirous of permitting him to follow the bent of his inclinations, easily induced Captain Suckling to take him under his charge. Passing over the painful parting with brothers and playmates, we follow the young aspirant in his entrance into active life.

The ship of Captain Suckling was lying in the Medway, and to place him in the way of reaching it, Mr Nelson accompanied his son to the metropolis; but from thence he was sent down, unattended and unbefriended, to Chatham.

EARLY LIFE AT SEA.

The entrance of Nelson upon the profession of which he was destined to be the highest ornament, took place under extraordinary circumstances. His uncle, it appears, knew not on what day he was to be expected. Arriving therefore at Chatham, shivering with cold, and not knowing where to go or what to do, Horatio wandered about the streets for some hours, undergoing the full weight of that desolation of heart which, even in the most favourable circumstances, befalls young persons for the first time sent from a home of familiar faces into the midst of strangers. At length a kind-hearted officer,

observing his melancholy appearance, took him to his house and administered to his necessities; after which he put him into a boat to be conveyed to the *Raisonable*. Here again he met with disappointment—his uncle was not on board—no one had been apprised of his coming; and he walked the deck the whole of the remainder of the day without any one noticing him, or making him an offer of food; and it was not till the succeeding day that humanity prompted the gunner to inquire who he was, and, as Nelson himself afterwards expressed it, 'to take compassion on him.'

The *Raisonable* had been put into commission in consequence of a dispute with Spain, which seemed likely to lead to war. This expectation proving happily fallacious, the vessel was quickly discharged, so as to leave to Captain Suckling no alternative from sending his nephew on board a merchant West Indiaman, under charge of a master who had been his own mate. In this situation young Nelson applied himself diligently to his duties, and acquired a considerable knowledge of his profession; but amongst the crew he imbibed a dislike to the Royal Navy, as a service not calculated to afford the best practical knowledge of seamanship and navigation. On his return home, he found his uncle in command of the *Triumph*, 74, lying as guard-ship at Chatham, and he was invited to join that ship. Much as he esteemed his uncle, he was averse to comply; but Captain Suckling, desirous of removing the false impressions that had been made, urged upon him the many advantages to be derived in the service; and the youth reluctantly consented. A period of peace offers but a confined sphere of operation for a young naval officer; there is, in fact, little opportunity of acquiring knowledge, especially on board a guard-ship, and therefore his uncle, by way of encouragement, gave Horatio charge of the launch, that had been decked and rigged as a cutter-tender to the ship of the commanding-officer of the station. This was a situation which could not fail to be agreeable to our youth, as it gratified that ambition of distinction which was ever his ruling passion. His exultation, however, noways allayed the thirst for information which was also strong in him. His little vessel had frequently to navigate the Medway down to the Great Nore, and from thence up the Thames to the receiving-ship for volunteers and impressed men lying off the Tower of London; or down the intricate channels, and round the North Foreland to the Downs. It was a humble service; but even humble services can be well or ill performed; and in no situation in life may a young man of apt faculties fail to acquire skill that will fit him for higher callings. The boy Nelson—for such he really was—became a clever pilot for those parts, and gained a confidence in his own knowledge that increased as he grew older.

In April 1773, on the application of the Royal Society, Lord Sandwich ordered two stout bomb-ketches, the *Racehorse* and the

Carcase, to be fitted out for the purpose of getting as far north as possible, in order to explore the much-talked-of North-west Passage. The former vessel was commanded by the Honourable Captain Phipps (afterwards Lord Mulgrave), the latter by Captain Lutwidge, both excellent seamen and scientific men. Every attention was paid to the equipment of the expedition, both for the attainment of the object and for the comfort of the people. Nelson's mind, already excited by the responsibility of command, and the acquisition of nautical knowledge, especially as a pilot, no sooner heard of the intended voyage of discovery than he became extremely solicitous to join in it. But orders had been issued that no boys were to be admitted on board of either vessel, and therefore there was no prospect of his being able to go. Still, he did not fail, at every convenient opportunity, to press the matter upon Captain Suckling, who, won by his nephew's importunity, applied to Captain Lutwidge, with whom he was upon terms of friendship, to take him in the *Carcase*. The order of the Admiralty was for some time a considerable obstacle; till, struck by the unsubdued spirit of the bold and anxious lad, the commander of the *Carcase* consented to receive him, and he was rated coxswain on the ketch's books.

The vessels sailed on the 2d June 1773, and on the 28th of the same month made the land of Spitzbergen, and ran along the coast, which was pretty clear of ice, and the weather moderate; but on the 5th July they found a barrier that opposed their further progress. The ice extended from north-west to east, without displaying any opening, the vessels having run along it from east to west more than 10 degrees. Captain Phipps then changed his course to the eastward with no better success. On the 31st July they were encompassed by ice, and by observation found themselves to be in latitude 80° 37′ N.; the ships, separated by the massive blocks, being only two lengths from each other, and without room to swing.

On the 3d August, finding that the ice did not give way, but, on the contrary, pressed so heavily that some of the blocks were forced above the others as high as the mainyard, the officers gave orders to cut a passage through; but the progress made by the men was so small, and the dangers to which they would be exposed by wintering there so great, that Captain Phipps announced his intention of launching the boats (which had been prepared for such an exigency) over the ice, and abandoning the vessels altogether. After this undertaking had been commenced, an opening was observed; all sail was set on the two vessels, to force them along; and on the 9th, the ice becoming more loose, they moved slowly through small openings, and got past the boats, which were taken on board again. On the following day, after encountering much peril, a brisk wind from north-north-east carried them clear, and they returned to the harbour of Smeerenburg, on the coast of Spitzbergen, to repair damages.

Young Nelson acquired much praise for his assiduity and intrepidity during the period of peril. He had charge of one of the exploring boats, and acquitted himself so well, that he gained the approbation of both Captain Phipps and his own commander. One night, whilst blocked up in the ice, a bear was observed prowling about the *Carcase*, and Nelson, who had the watch on deck, unperceived, armed himself with a musket, and, accompanied by a shipmate, went in pursuit of the animal. A heavy fog came on, and Nelson's absence being detected, a search was promptly instituted, but without effect, and he was given up for lost. As daylight advanced, however, he was discovered at a considerable distance off, and his companion about midway between him and the vessel. By the aid of the glass, Nelson was seen with his musket clubbed near to an immense white bear that was separated from him by a chasm in the ice. A gun was fired to recall him; but he hesitated to obey: at last, however, he returned, and then he related that, having presented his musket at the bear, it had missed fire; but anxious to slay the creature, he had followed, under a hope of getting a good blow at it with the butt of his weapon. The firing of the gun from the ship frightened the beast away, and probably saved the lad's life. His captain severely reprimanded him for quitting the vessel without leave, and demanded the cause of his placing himself in so much peril. 'Sir,' answered Nelson, 'I wanted to kill the bear, that I might get the skin for my father.'

After recruiting the strength of the crews, and repairing the injuries sustained from the icebergs, Captain Phipps sailed from Smeerenburg to renew his task; but finding everywhere that the barrier was impenetrable (many of the bergs being not less than three hundred feet in height), and the season getting far advanced, he bore up on the 22d August for England, where soon afterwards the vessels were paid off.

The dangers to which he had been exposed, and the hardships he had undergone, had no influence to daunt the intrepid heart of Nelson. He had increased his stock of knowledge, his mind had become more expanded, and he had gained that perfect self-confidence which generally leads to prominent results in after-life. His uncle and his father were proud of him; for both Captain Phipps and Captain Lutwidge had given him excellent certificates of conduct, and had also spoken highly of him to Captain Suckling. The voyage had not been of long duration; but in his brief career as a sailor he had visited the torrid and the frigid zone, and experienced the extremes of heat and cold; and besides being made acquainted with the difference in climates, had also been instructed in the use and practice of astronomical instruments, and otherwise improved himself in navigation.

JOINS THE ROYAL NAVY.

The exploring vessels were paid off a few days after Nelson had entered upon his fourteenth year, and he passed a short interval at the parsonage-house in Burnham-Thorpe, where he was looked upon as a hero. He then rejoined his uncle at Chatham; but understanding that the *Seahorse*, a frigate of twenty guns, was fitting for the East Indies, under the command of the celebrated Captain Farmer, whose bravery was well known, he applied to be removed into her; and through the interest of his uncle, and the recommendation of Captains Phipps and Lutwidge, he succeeded. He was not at first rated as a midshipman, though he was privileged to appear on the quarter-deck, and messed with the 'young gentlemen;' Captain Farmer's name was so famous, that parents who had destined their sons for the sea were glad to get them under so gallant a chief, and consequently the vacancies were filled; but to give him the pay of an able seaman, he was rated as a foretop-man, and in reefing and furling sails, the foretop was the station he occupied, to assist in the operation and to see it well performed. As soon as a vacancy occurred on the books, it was filled up with his name.

He joined the *Seahorse* in October 1773, very little more than a fortnight after being paid off from the *Carcase;* and now he was about to traverse the Indian Ocean. The manners of Nelson did not at first please his new messmates; his indefatigable attention to his duties did not altogether accord with their aristocratic feelings; and when they saw him dipping his hands into a tar-bucket, and assisting the men in working amongst the rigging, they looked upon it as degrading to an officer: but his amiable disposition soon conquered. In the difficulties of this crisis, he was much supported by a kindred spirit which he found in a midshipman named Thomas Troubridge, afterwards associated with him in several of his most brilliant adventures, and who, like himself, had been connected with the merchant service. Two such natures could not be near each other without forming a strong friendship: that of Nelson and Troubridge was to last for life. They were fortunate in having for the master of their vessel a gentleman named Surridge, who, sympathising in their extreme desire to advance in professional skill, took them under his especial care and tuition, and afforded them admirable nautical instruction, particularly after reaching the East Indies, when with his pupils he engaged himself in making accurate surveys in the Bay of Bengal.

At first the climate agreed with Nelson's health; he grew stout in person and florid in complexion; but his anxious zeal and untiring application preyed upon a constitution still weak. He was attacked

by fever, which reduced him to a skeleton, and for some time he lost the entire use of his limbs. The commander-in-chief, Sir Edward Hughes, would willingly have retained him upon the station; but regard for his existence pleaded for his being sent home, though apprehensions were entertained that he could never reach England. His friend Troubridge, who attended to his wants, and nursed him with the utmost care, was greatly distressed at his situation. His disease baffled the power of medicine, and he appeared to be sinking fast, when he was put on board the *Dolphin* of 20 guns, commanded by Captain James Pigot—his old commander, Captain Farmer, giving him strong testimonials as to conduct and character. The parting between Nelson and Troubridge was very affecting—the former expecting soon to be in eternity, the latter left to toil in the duties of the naval service.

For a long time during the passage to England, Nelson's life hung tremblingly in the balance; and had he been in less humane hands, his hammock would have been his shroud, and his grave the ocean; but from Captain Pigot he received the most careful attention and kindness; and to this worthy officer, under the blessing of Providence, may be attributed the rescuing of the future hero from death. On his arrival at home, about the middle of September 1776, his health was found to be improved, but he was still weak and emaciated, and labouring under that heavy depression of spirit which may truly be called sickness of heart. He had left his messmates happy in pursuing the line of active duty, and full of exulting hopes; whilst he, enervated and almost helpless, had a dark cloud hanging over him, presaging a career that seemed dreary and unprofitable. Some years afterwards, when speaking upon this subject, he said: 'I felt impressed with a feeling that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties that opposed my progress, and the little interest I possessed to advance me in the service. There appeared to be no means by which I could attain the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled in my breast, and presented my sovereign and my country as my patrons, and I exclaimed: Well, then, I will yet live to be a hero, and confiding in Providence, I will fearlessly meet and brave every danger.'

This was a spirit of mingled enthusiasm and natural piety, which at all future periods animated Nelson, and supported him under every trial. Previous to his return from India, Captain Suckling had been made comptroller of the navy, an office that conferred considerable influence. When the *Dolphin* was paid off on the 24th September, Nelson was sent on board the *Worcester* of 64 guns, commanded by Captain Mark Robinson, whose name has been recorded amongst the bravest in England's naval history. He served a short time as master's mate; but whilst lying at Spithead under

sailing orders to convoy a fleet of transports and merchantmen to Gibraltar, one of the lieutenants committed suicide during a fit of insanity, and Nelson, at the request of his captain, was appointed acting-lieutenant in his stead by the port-admiral at Portsmouth, Sir James Douglas. He had not then entered upon his nineteenth year, nor had he passed his examination; but so excellent were his recommendations, that the utmost confidence was reposed in him; and his captain was often heard to say, that 'in the night-watches he felt equally as easy when Nelson had charge of the deck as when the oldest officer in the ship was there.' His grateful esteem was continued to Captain Robinson throughout his life.

RISES IN THE SERVICE DURING THE AMERICAN WAR.

The *Worcester* was employed with convoys till April 1777, on the 10th of which month Nelson passed his examination most triumphantly. On the following day he received his commission as second-lieutenant of the *Lowestoffe*, a frigate of 32 guns, under Captain William Locker, in which he sailed for Jamaica. At this time Britain was engaged in the disastrous war with her colonies. The *Lowestoffe*, in one of her cruises after French and American privateers, captured an American letter of marque. It was blowing a strong gale at the time, and a heavy sea running, but it was deemed necessary to board; and the boat being hoisted out, the first-lieutenant was ordered away for the purpose. Whether he disliked the job or not, he was rather long below in seeking for his side-arms. Captain Locker, during the interval, came on deck, and seeing that the boat was likely to be swamped alongside, exclaimed: 'What! have I no officer in the ship to board the prize?' The master immediately volunteered; but Nelson, whom a sense of delicacy to the first-lieutenant had kept from offering himself, instantly ran to the gangway, and stopping the master, said: 'Avast there; it is my turn now; and if I come back, it will be yours.' He jumped into the boat, and succeeded in getting upon the American's deck. He found her completely water-logged, from the heavy press of canvas she had been carrying, so that the boat was washed in board and out again with the sea.

Similar acts endeared him to Captain Locker; and the death of his uncle about this time rendered his commander's friendship the more valuable. Earnestly desirous of active employment, he obtained the command of a small schooner, tender to the frigate, and in her he cruised amongst the islands, and gained a correct knowledge of West India pilotage, particularly of the keys to the northward of Hispaniola—a cluster of small rocks and islands, which render the navigation extremely difficult. By Captain Locker's warm eulogiums and recommendations, Sir Peter Parker removed him into the *Bristol*, his flag-ship; but this change was only for a short time;

for, on the 8th of December 1778, Nelson, then about twenty years and two months old, was appointed commander of the *Badger* sloop, Collingwood taking his place as first-lieutenant of the *Bristol*. He was ordered to protect the Mosquito shore and the Bay of Honduras from the depredations of American privateers, which service he effectually performed, gaining so much grateful respect from the settlers, that they unanimously voted him their thanks. On his return to Montego Bay, Jamaica, the *Glasgow* frigate came in, and, in about two hours after her arrival, was discovered to be in flames, from the igniting of a cask of rum. Nelson repaired on board without a moment's delay, and, by his presence of mind and promptitude, was mainly instrumental in preventing the loss of life which otherwise must certainly have ensued. He continued in the *Badger* till the 11th June 1779, when (though not twenty-one) he was posted into the *Hinchinbrooke*, of 28 guns, a captured French merchantman that had been bought into the service, and Collingwood again succeeded him in the *Badger*.

Nelson was next concerned in a naval expedition against the Spanish territories in Honduras; but this proved a disastrous affair. The troops, under the charge of a major in the army, were disembarked on this low part of the South American continent, March 24, 1780. When too late, it was found that no one knew the country, and the difficulties which presented themselves were of so formidable a character that most hearts failed. Nelson, who had charge of the nautical part of the enterprise, was not the man to be appalled by such difficulties. He mustered a party of seamen, and, with his own boats and the canoes of the Indians, ascended the river San Juan, then unusually low. Every day the hazards and labour increased under the intense heat of a scorching sun, and both banks of the river being covered with lofty trees, the circulation of air was utterly impeded, and at night the unwholesome and heavy dews saturated the clothes of the people. Sickness broke out; but still they persevered till the 9th of April, when a battery upon the island of St Bartolomeo opened its fire upon them, and Nelson, accompanied by Captain Despard of the army, leaped upon the muddy beach at the head of a few seamen, stormed the fortification, and took it. Two days afterwards they appeared before the fortress of St Juan. Nelson advised that it should be carried at once by assault, and volunteered, as he called it, 'to head the boarders;' but the military chief deemed it necessary to carry on a protracted siege, with all its details and formalities, and thus much time was thrown away. The fatigue and unhealthy climate rapidly thinned the ranks; the rains set in, and disease to an alarming extent prevailed when the garrison surrendered on the 24th. Had Nelson's counsel been followed, the greater portion of these disasters might have been spared. They found the castle and town destitute of everything that was required by the sick, and devoid of all comfort and

maintenance for those who still remained on duty. At last the interment of the dead became impracticable to the living, and the putrid bodies were launched into the stream, or left for the birds to prey upon. In these circumstances, the conquest was abandoned, and out of 1800 men, not more than 380 returned; whilst, of the whole crew of the *Hinchinbrooke*, consisting of 200 men, only 10 were saved. The transports' people all died; and several of the vessels being destitute of hands, were left to sink at their anchors.

It may easily be supposed what were the feelings of Nelson under the pressure of such calamities. He had been injured by drinking from a brook into which boughs of the manchineel-tree had been thrown; and though his undaunted spirit remained unsubdued, yet sickness almost conquered his frame, and he never ceased to feel the consequences through the remainder of his life.

During the siege, Captain Glover died at Jamaica, and Nelson was appointed to his vacant command in the *Jason*, of 44 guns, Collingwood being at the same time made post on board the *Hinchinbrooke*. Nelson joined his new command; but though the admiral had him nursed at his own residence, and the best medical aid was afforded, yet his constitution was so severely affected, that it was deemed necessary that he should return to England. Accordingly he sailed in the *Lion*, 64, commanded by the Honourable William Cornwallis; and to the indefatigable care of this gallant but rough seaman, Nelson believed himself to be indebted for the prolongation of his life.

On his arrival in England, the emaciated and helpless young captain was conveyed on shore, and carried to Bath, where the effects of the change, and the waters, produced a satisfactory result; and at the end of three months he found himself so far recovered, that to remain any longer idle was distressing to him. He hastened to the metropolis, applied for employment, and in August 1781, he was appointed to the command of the *Albemarle*, 28, and was kept, during the ensuing winter, on that coldest and most unpleasant of stations—the North Sea.

The war at this time carried on against France and the United States rendered it necessary that British merchant ships, in their voyages across the Atlantic, should be protected by vessels of war. In April 1782, Nelson went with the *Albemarle* as part of a convoy to Newfoundland and Quebec, and afterwards cruised in Boston Bay. While here, he captured a fishing-schooner, and although the master of this small craft pled hard for liberty, the whole of his property being embarked in his vessel, and having a wife and family at home, Nelson was inexorable, and, retaining his vessel, kept him as pilot. The taking of helpless fishing-vessels during war has been generally condemned as an act of tyranny, and is so rarely practised, that the capture on the present occasion is only excusable in Nelson from the emergency in which he was placed. The result, at any

rate, proved that he acted from no bad feeling. Four French sail-of-the-line, and a large frigate, came out from Boston to capture the *Albemarle*, and as their sailing was superior, there was every prospect of her being taken; but Nelson, guided by the master of the captured schooner, boldly ran amongst the many shoals of St George's Bank, where his larger pursuers did not deem it advisable to follow him. The frigate continued the chase; but seeing that Nelson had thrown his main-topsail to the mast to wait for him, he discontinued his pursuit, and joined the squadron. For this service the fishing-schooner was restored to its owner, with a certificate from Nelson to secure its master from being molested by any other vessel. The grateful man afterwards came at night, at the hazard of his life, to the ship with a present of sheep, poultry, and vegetables, which proved a seasonable supply, as the scurvy was very bad amongst the seamen. The certificate then given is still preserved in Boston.

In October 1782, the *Albemarle* was ordered to take a convoy from Quebec to New York, where Nelson found Lord Hood, and accompanied him to the West Indies. Here he was introduced to Prince William Henry (afterwards king of England), who was a midshipman in the flag-ship, the *Barfleur*, 98. Their first interview was rather remarkable. As a matter of course, his Royal Highness had heard much of Nelson, and picturing his appearance and stature in accordance with the fame he had acquired, he expected to see something noble-looking and gigantic. His surprise was great when he found him 'the merest boy of a captain he had ever seen, dressed in a full gold-laced uniform coat, an old-fashioned white waistcoat, slashed in front, and the flaps hanging down over his thighs, white knee-breeches, buckles in his shoes, and his hair, lank and unpowdered, tied behind in a stiff Hessian tail of considerable length.' His Royal Highness could not conceive who he was, or what he wanted; but Lord Hood soon solved the mystery by an introduction, and telling the prince that 'if he wished for any information upon naval tactics, he knew of no officer of the fleet more capable of affording it.' From this period the prince became the firm friend of Nelson, and declared that 'his address and conversation were irresistibly pleasing; and when he spoke on professional subjects, it was with an enthusiasm that evidenced how much his whole soul was engaged in them.'

From his earliest years Nelson possessed a happy power of making friends, and the still happier power of securing their friendship when once it was gained. His character was firm, but mild and conciliating; and though the ebullitions of temper, arising from the irritation caused by bodily infirmities, would at times manifest themselves, yet these instances were rare; and no one could be more ready to offer an apology, or make an atonement, when he conceived that his words or actions had been harsh or unjust. The seamen loved him with

a fervour peculiar to their character; for though he was strict in discipline, he was ever ready to give encouragement, and never flinched from his own duty, however severe. He led them in their enterprises, bore more than a due proportion of their hardships, and in difficult circumstances indulged in no better fare than themselves. To the officers under him he was considerate and kind; and when a youngster who had never before washed his hands in salt water joined him, he invariably made it a rule to encourage him in every possible way, probably remembering what he had himself suffered when he first stepped on board a ship of war. We shall give an instance of his readiness to render justice to every one. It appears that Lord Hood placed great reliance on his judgment and skill. His lordship, apprehensive that the French would endeavour to escape through some of the intricate passages of the Bahamas, said to Nelson: 'I suppose, sir, from the length of time you were cruising among the Bahama Keys, you must have a good knowledge of the pilotage?' Nelson replied: 'It is true, my lord, I have made myself well acquainted with the different channels, but in that respect my *second-lieutenant* is by far my superior.'

Intelligence was received that the French had got into Puerto Cabello, on the coast of Venezuela, and Nelson took his station between that port and La Guayra, where he cruised under French colours. It happened that one of the royal launches belonging to the Spaniards, deceived by the appearance of the *Albemarle*, came within hail of her, and the officers were invited in the French language to 'come on board.' They did so without hesitation, and freely gave information respecting the numbers and force of the enemy. The officers and crew of the launch, supposing that the frigate was recently from France, were anxious to obtain intelligence of what was passing in that country, and their surprise may be conjectured when they found themselves prisoners. Nelson, however, treated them with the utmost urbanity; the men were supplied with food by the brave tars, and the officers (amongst whom was a prince of the German Empire, and brother to the heir of the Electorate of Bavaria, with several Frenchmen of distinction, who, in the pursuit of science, were collecting specimens in the various departments of natural history) were regaled at Nelson's own table with the best his ship afforded. Nevertheless they were not much at ease when they looked upon themselves as captives, and their scientific pursuits arrested. For a short interval Nelson enjoyed their embarrassment and chagrin; but he was too noble-minded to triumph over distress when it was in his power to relieve it; and therefore, with all the generosity characteristic of his nature, he told them 'they were perfectly free, and might depart with their boat and all in it as soon as they wished;' and it may be truly believed that no one was better pleased with this act than Nelson himself.

In the beginning of 1783, war between England and France and

Spain ceased, and the unhappy and ill-conceived contest with the American colonists was likewise terminated. Nelson returned home, and his ship was paid off at Portsmouth (July 31). He had, before this time, formed an attachment to a young lady, daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England, and he was desirous of marrying; but his narrow circumstances forbade their union, and he was even induced to reside for some time in France, that he might economise his half-pay. Returning early in the ensuing year, he obtained an appointment to the *Boreas*, 28 guns, ready to sail for the Leeward Islands with the lady of the commander-in-chief, Sir Richard Hughes, and her family. Being on the peace establishment, the frigate's complement of officers was considerably increased. There were not fewer than thirty young gentlemen as volunteers of the first class, and midshipmen; and Nelson generously took upon himself the task of superintending their nautical education, and never missed a day visiting the school-room, and personally aiding the youngsters in their studies. Nor did his benevolence stop here; for, being an excellent practical seaman himself, he lost no opportunity of imparting the best instruction to 'his boys.' If he saw any of the lads manifest symptoms of fear on first going aloft, he would ascend the rigging himself, to shew how easily it might be accomplished; and by these means he created a stimulus that never failed to produce the best effects.

In the course of his service at this period, Nelson shewed that he was not only a bold and able seaman, but a man of a sagacious and determined mind. Previous to the American colonies declaring their independence of England, they enjoyed, almost exclusively, the trade with the West India Islands; and, taking advantage of their vessels still retaining British registers, they continued to carry on their traffic as subjects of Great Britain, to the injury of the loyalists who had settled in Nova Scotia. The Navigation Act of England expressly prohibited all foreigners from carrying on trade with the West Indies, and Nelson, considering the Americans as foreigners since their separation from the mother-country, resolved to carry out the provisions of the act to its fullest extent. He gave the Americans warning of his intention, and sent many away, that it might not be charged upon him that he had taken undue advantage of them. He apprised the admiral, Sir Richard Hughes, of his design, who at first gave it his sanction, but subsequently withdrew it, and sent Nelson a written order not to proceed. Major-general Sir Thomas Shirley, governor of the Leeward Islands, also opposed the captain of the *Boreas*, and at an interview between the two officers, Sir Thomas angrily exclaimed that 'old generals were not in the habit of taking advice from young gentlemen.' To which Nelson replied: 'Sir, the prime-minister of England is not older than I am, and I think myself as capable of commanding one of his Majesty's ships as Mr Pitt is of governing the state.'

The alternative with him was, that he must either disobey the order of the admiral, or render acts of parliament a nullity; and therefore, relying on his integrity, he wrote to the admiral, declining obedience to his instruction. Sir Richard was extremely angry, and would have superseded Nelson; but the flag-captain dissuaded him from it, and told him that the whole squadron considered the order illegal. The admiral afterwards became convinced of his error, and thanked Nelson for having shewn it to him.

Nelson prepared to act with promptitude, in which he was joined by his old friend Collingwood, who commanded the *Mediator* frigate, and his brother, who commanded the *Rattler* sloop. At Nevis, four Americans were seized, both hulls and cargoes, and condemned in the Admiralty Court. The owners instituted suits against Nelson, and laid their damages at £40,000. Frequent attempts were made to arrest him; but through the address of his first-lieutenant, Mr Wallis, he escaped the process. One day an officer, remarking upon the harassment and restraint under which he laboured, happened to use the word 'pity.' Nelson sharply answered: 'Pity, did you say? I shall live, sir, to be envied, and to that point I shall always direct my course.' Representations being made to the king, orders were sent out that he should be defended at the expense of the crown, and at his suggestions the Registry Act was framed.

This approbation of his sovereign and the government could not but be welcome to him; but when the thanks of the treasury were transmitted to Sir Richard Hughes for that which Nelson had performed in defiance of the admiral, he felt both offended and indignant; under a conviction, however, that he had fulfilled his duty, he took no further notice of the affair.

While on the West India station, Nelson married (March 11, 1787) Mrs Nisbet, widow of a physician in Nevis, and niece of Mr Herbert, the president of that island. Mr Herbert, it appears, had been offended with his daughter, and expressed a determination to bequeath all his property to his niece: but Nelson's noble mind scorned to profit by such a resolve: he unceasingly pleaded for the daughter, and at length succeeded in accomplishing a reconciliation between Mr Herbert and his child.

Nelson's unaccommodating integrity brought him at this time into discredit with certain Admiralty functionaries. Becoming aware, and obtaining proofs of vast frauds being practised on government in the West Indies, he transmitted the information to the proper quarter, and for his pains was ordered to return with his vessel to England. This was a gross and most undeserved indignity; for no officer had conducted himself with more ability. On his return he was attacked by fever and sore throat, but he never quitted his ship; and when orders arrived for her to be paid off, he solemnly declared his intention to resign his commission, and for this purpose he immediately waited upon the first lord of the Admiralty. Lord Howe

conversed with him for some time, and having become fully satisfied of his rigid integrity and honour, his lordship presented him to the king, who received him graciously. Pleased with his reception, he not only remained in the service, but, by dint of exertion, brought the peculators to justice, and caused an immense saving to government.

Having no command, he took his wife and son-in-law to visit his father at Burnham-Thorpe, where he occupied himself in field-sports and agriculture, Mrs Nelson generally accompanying him. But he was not suffered to remain in perfect quiet. The Americans renewed their vexatious actions, laying the damages at £20,000; and he would have quitted England for France, had he not received the assurances of the administration that all necessary protection and support would be afforded to him.

CAREER DURING THE FRENCH WAR.

We have now to follow Nelson into the heat of the great war in which he obtained such high distinction. Hitherto, his adventurous character had enjoyed but limited scope; now, it was to be afforded a wide field for exertion. The French having declared war against Great Britain, February 1, 1793, a contest began, which soon brought Spain and Holland into union with France, and caused the English, with some wretched allies, to maintain one of the most tremendous struggles known in history. In anticipation of this event, the British navy was strengthened, and Nelson, among other adventurers, applied for an appointment. After repeated applications, he was successful, and procured the command of the *Agamemnon*, 64 guns, with an entirely new company of men; these in a short time he had the address to train up to an equality with any seamen in the service.

The *Agamemnon* left England in the squadron of Admiral Hotham, to join Lord Hood in the Mediterranean. The object of this expedition was to aid the French royalists who stood out against the Revolution; and by that unfortunate party Toulon was surrendered to the English and Spanish fleets, in trust for the nominal sovereign of France, Louis XVII.

Previous to Lord Hood entering the port, the *Agamemnon* was sent with dispatches for Sir William Hamilton, the ambassador at Naples; and Nelson, having executed his commission, was ordered to join Commodore Linzee at Tunis. Whilst running along the coast of Sardinia, he discovered five vessels supposed to be enemies, and immediately gave chase. They proved to be three 44-gun frigates, a corvette of 24 guns, and a brig of 12—making a total force of 168 guns and about 1400 men; whilst the *Agamemnon* carried 70 guns, and could muster only 345 men at quarters. Notwithstanding this

immense disparity, Nelson engaged one of the frigates (the *Melpomene*), and would certainly have captured her, but for the others coming up to her relief. She was so mauled, that the French made no pursuit of the *Agamemnon*, but remained by their consort to render her assistance. Nelson would have been mad to have awaited the conjoined attack of a squadron so vastly superior in strength; he therefore pursued his course to Tunis, and shortly afterwards was sent with a small squadron to act with the troops under General Paoli in Corsica, against the domination of France. Whilst cruising with his squadron off St Fiorenzo, he landed with 120 men, and destroyed a storehouse filled with flour for the French garrison, which stood near their only mill. This mill he burned, and after throwing the flour into the sea, re-embarked without the loss of a single man, though 1000 soldiers had been sent against him. His constant activity afloat intercepted all supplies to the enemy; and day and night he was engaged in cutting out vessels from the bays and ports upon the coast, or assaulting the French forts and outposts.

These attacks not only afforded sharp practice for his crew, but they tended also greatly to alarm and annoy the enemy. Troops were landed under General Dundas, and on the evacuation of Toulon, Lord Hood also repaired to the spot. The French quitted St Fiorenzo, and retreated across the neck of land at the northern extremity of the island to the strong fortress of Bastia, which the British proposed to assault; but General Dundas considered it impracticable. This did not exactly suit the temperament of Nelson, who declared that 'with 500 men, he would have stormed the town, under a full conviction that he should have carried it.' Lord Hood determined upon laying siege to the place; but neither Dundas nor General D'Aubant, who succeeded to the command of the army, would render any aid, and the siege was commenced, in defiance of the generals, with 1183 soldiers, artillerymen, and marines, and 250 sailors—there being then five good regiments idle at St Fiorenzo.

Nelson was now greatly exhilarated; he served on shore with the rank of brigadier, and not only personally superintended the erecting of batteries and getting guns up the mountains, but also frequently lent a hand to the more laborious part. The siege was carried on with vigour by this handful of men. On the 19th May the enemy offered to capitulate. The five idle regiments marched over from St Fiorenzo; and the next morning those who had not been allowed by their commander-in-chief to share in the peril and the toil, entered Bastia to reap the reward; but not till 4000 soldiers, who defended the place, had laid down their arms to about 1200 soldiers, marines, and seamen. The commanders of the idle troops received applause; Nelson, on whom the weight of service principally devolved, was not even mentioned, except by his admiral, Lord Hood, who spoke of him in the highest terms.

Calvi still held out; and after a short cruise, in which a French fleet, coming out to relieve the island, was forced to retire under the security of their batteries on shore, the siege of Calvi was begun, Sir Charles Stuart having command of the land forces, and Nelson working with might and main at the advanced batteries. In a letter to Lord Hood he remarks: 'We will fag ourselves to death before any blame shall lie at our doors. I trust it will not be forgotten that twenty-five pieces of heavy ordnance have been dragged to the different batteries, mounted, and all but three fought by seamen, except one artilleryman to point the guns.' At this time Nelson suffered severely from the diseases incidental to the climate, as well as from his arduous exertions and anxiety of mind; added to these, a shot striking the battery near him, forced a small piece of stone into his right eye, and deprived him of the sight of it for ever. His head also was much cut; but he only lay aside for one day; and then, though suffering much from pain, returned with renewed alacrity to his duty. The utmost notice he took of this misfortune was in a letter to his relation, William Suckling, Esq., in which he says: 'You will be surprised when I say I was wounded in the head by stones from the merlon of our battery. My right eye is cut entirely down, but the surgeons flatter me I shall not entirely lose my sight of that eye. At present I can distinguish light from dark, but no object. It confined me one day, when, thank God, I was able to attend to my duty.'

On the 10th August 1794, Calvi surrendered. It would most probably have done so earlier had Nelson's counsel been acted upon; but there appears to have been some jealousy between the chiefs of the army and navy; and this is more evident from General Stuart making scarcely any mention of Captain Nelson in his dispatches, notwithstanding that it was well known the gallant seaman had rendered the most important services, and was mainly instrumental to the success that was achieved. Lord Hood's account did very little more than refer to Nelson's exertions; and neither the general nor the admiral said one word about the loss of Nelson's sight. His journal, however, in which he had noted down every day's occurrence during the siege, was forwarded to the Admiralty.

The taking of Calvi put the English in possession of Corsica, and here Nelson found his antagonist, the *Melpomene*, which he states to be 'the most beautiful frigate I ever saw.' In speaking of the weather, he remarks: 'The climate here from July to October is most unfavourable for military operations. It is now what we call the dog-days; here it is termed the Leon Sun: no person can endure it: we have upwards of 1000 sick out of 2000, and the others not better than so many phantoms. We have lost many men from the season, very few from the enemy. I am here the reed amongst the oaks; and the prevailing disorders have attacked me, but I have

not strength for them to fasten. I bow before the storm, whilst the sturdy oak is laid low.'

It may naturally be conjectured that, to a sanguine mind like Nelson's, the marked neglect he experienced from his superiors would have repressed his ardour; but, greatly to his credit, it only served to incite him to stronger efforts, as if he were to force himself by his deeds alone to that pinnacle of fame which he subsequently attained. In a letter to his sister, complaining of the treatment he had received, he adds: 'But never mind, I will some day have a gazette of my own.' This he well fulfilled; and it must be added to his praise, that when he had his own gazettes, the merits of *his* inferior officers were never forgotten.

After the fall of Calvi, Nelson proceeded to Genoa in the *Agamemnon*, which ship he would not quit, though several seventy-fours had been offered to him, preferring to remain with his brave Norfolkmen, who had so faithfully served with him. At Genoa the doge behaved to him with great courtesy. Lord Hood was ordered home, and Vice-admiral Hotham succeeding to the chief command in the Mediterranean, Nelson was especially appointed to watch the French fleet in Toulon, which, by the junction of ships from Gourjeau Bay, consisted of sixteen sail-of-the-line, ten frigates and corvettes, whose intentions, it was supposed, were the retaking of Corsica, now formally annexed to the crown of Great Britain. There were likewise seven sail-of-the-line on the stocks, and the *neutral* state of Genoa was liberally supplying the French with materials. Admiral Hotham, whilst at Leghorn, received intelligence that the Toulon fleet had put to sea, and with his whole force he immediately went in search of it. He had fourteen sail-of-the-line, and a Neapolitan 74; but the English ships were scarcely more than half-manned—only 7650 men amongst the whole. The enemy, besides the superiority in vessels, had not fewer than 16,900 men.

The two fleets met. That of France had been sent out purposely to fight the English; but when in sight of the British flag they had no desire to engage; for, after manœuvring a whole day, they took to flight, and Admiral Hotham went in chase, during which the *Ca-Ira*, 84, lost her fore and main topmasts, and the *Inconstant* frigate being the nearest, fired at her, but was obliged to sheer off. A French frigate took the 84 in tow, whilst the *Sans Culottes*, 120, and the *Jean Barras*, kept pretty close on her weather-bow. Nelson's eagerness to get into the fight induced him to carry sail till he had distanced every ship in his own fleet by several miles. Still he pressed on, purposing to reserve his fire till he was nearly touching the Frenchman's stern; but finding that her stern-chase guns were admirably pointed, so that almost every shot struck the *Agamemnon*, he yawed about from starboard to port, and from port to starboard, delivering his broadsides with great precision, rending the canvas of the enemy into ribbons, and carrying away her mizzen-topmast,

and cross jack-yard. This manœuvre he practised two hours and a half, till the other line-of-battle ships came to the support of the *Ca-Ira*. The admiral made the signal for the van ships to join him, with which Nelson complied. Notwithstanding this sharp encounter, the *Agamemnon* had only six men hurt—the *Ca-Ira* lost 110 men.

At daylight the following morning, the body of the French fleet was seen about five miles distant, the *Ca-Ira*, and the *Censeur*, 74, that had her in tow, being about a mile and a half astern of the rest. Signal was made by the English admiral to cut these ships off, and again the crew of the *Agamemnon* not only engaged their colossal opponent of the day previous, but also the *Censeur*, both of which subsequently struck.

On securing the two prizes, Nelson hastened to Admiral Hotham, and proposed that, while two of the English seventy-fours which had been most crippled, and four frigates, should be left in charge of the captured ships, the rest of the fleet should follow up the advantage gained: but the admiral expressed himself contented; adding: 'We have done very well.' In a letter commenting on this affair, Nelson says: 'Now, had we taken ten sail, and allowed the eleventh to have escaped when it had been possible to have got at her, I could never have called it well done. Goodall backed me; I got him to write to the admiral; but it would not do. We should have had such a day as, I believe, the annals of England never produced. I wish to be an admiral, and in command of the English fleet. Sure I am, had I commanded on the 14th, that either the whole of the French fleet would have graced my triumph, or I should have been in a dreadful scrape.' Certain it is that, with the spirit manifested by the seamen, much more ought to have been done. It is true that the Admiralty, with a petty parsimony, had very injuriously neglected the naval force in the Mediterranean: these ships were in bad condition, and the depôts were nearly empty of stores, nor was there a single lower mast to be obtained at Gibraltar.

About this time Admiral Man arrived with a squadron of five sail-of-the-line; but even with this reinforcement the English were much inferior to the French in numbers, so that the arrival of a Neapolitan 74 to strengthen them was hailed with joy. Nelson complained very much of this recklessness in the administration; they, however, made him a colonel of marines, a mark of distinction that pleased him. He was now sent, with a squadron of eight frigates under his command, to co-operate with the Austrian general, De Vins. He left the English fleet at St Fiorenzo, but fell in with the French fleet off Cape del Mele, who chased his squadron back to St Fiorenzo; and Admiral Hotham got under-way as soon as possible to drive them off. Only a partial action ensued, in which *L'Alcide*, a French 74, struck, but afterwards

caught fire and was destroyed. The *Agamemnon* was again sharply engaged; but Admiral Hotham called her off, and the French fleet got into Frejus Bay. Nelson pursued his course with his squadron; and through his advice to the British envoy, Mr Drake, put a stop to the traffic of neutrals with the French. He also projected a series of conquests over the armies of Bonaparte; but the Austrian general manifested much backwardness, and Admiral Hotham acted upon a cautious system detrimental to the public service. The neutral port of Genoa was filled with small French privateers and rowboats, that went out in the evening and picked up any English merchant vessel that was unfortunate enough to fall in their way. At length an Austrian commissary, with £10,000 in money, travelling on neutral ground between Genoa and Vado, was robbed of the whole amount at Voltri by the boat's crew of a French frigate then lying at Genoa; and on the following day men were publicly entered in the streets of that city for the French service; consequently all neutral disguise was at an end. Nelson, who had long suspected the faith of the Austrians, became satisfied of the treachery that was practising, but possessed a force totally inadequate to prevent the consequences that were likely to ensue. Sir Hyde Parker, who had for the time succeeded Admiral Hotham in the command, reduced his strength still more by withdrawing every ship except a frigate and a brig; yet even with these he still persevered unflinchingly, till the disgraceful defeat of the Austrian army; General De Vins, under pretence of illness, having resigned his command in the middle of the battle. Never was victory more complete on the part of the French; never was cowardice more powerfully manifested than by the Austrians.

This defeat of our allies placed the Genoese coast, from Savona to Voltri, in the hands of the French; and Nelson, finding he could no longer be of material service, went to Leghorn to refit. On being hauled into dock, the *Agamemnon*, though strapped with hawsers round the hull, could barely be held together, and her masts, yards, sails, and rigging were miserably cut and rent. She was, after much labour, patched up and repaired, and sailed for St Fiorenzo Bay, where, to his great gratification, Nelson found Sir John Jervis, who had assumed the entire command of the Mediterranean fleet. The manner in which the admiral received Captain Nelson was highly flattering and grateful to the latter, who, at Sir John's request, resumed his station in the Gulf of Genoa, to act against Bonaparte, who was then at the head of the army in Italy. Here he acted with great promptitude and vigilance, till orders arrived from the British government to evacuate Corsica; and Nelson was employed in bringing away the troops and stores. Having performed this rather degrading task, he was ordered to hoist a broad pennant, with the rank of commodore, on board the *Minerva* frigate, and proceed to Porto Ferrago, with the *Blanche*

frigate under his command. On the passage they fell in with two Spanish frigates, one of which the *Minerva* captured, after a smart action. She had scarcely taken possession of her prize, when another Spanish frigate came up, and a second engagement ensued. This new opponent, however, after an hour's fighting, hauled off; and a Spanish squadron, of two ships-of-the-line and two frigates, heaving in sight, Nelson was compelled to abandon his prize and retire. All credit for these gallant actions Nelson attributed to his captain, George Cockburn, and the excellent crew he commanded.

BATTLE OFF CAPE ST VINCENT.

Having fulfilled his orders at Porto Ferrago, he went in search of the admiral; but in the mouth of the straits he was, on the 11th February 1797, chased by two Spanish ships-of-the-line, and soon afterwards came in sight of the whole Spanish fleet. On the 13th he was enabled to communicate this to Sir John Jervis, whom he found off Cape St Vincent. He was then ordered to shift his broad pennant to the *Captain*, 74, Captain R. W. Miller. On the morning of the 14th, day broke with light winds and foggy weather, and the Spanish fleet was discovered through the haze much scattered, while the British ships preserved close order of battle; and by carrying a press of sail, passed through the Spanish fleet, so as to cut off nine ships from the main body. The Spanish admiral, who was to windward, attempted to join his ships to leeward, which Nelson, who was in the rear, perceiving, he had no sooner passed the rear of the windward ships of the enemy than, notwithstanding the signal from Sir John Jervis to tack in succession, he ordered the *Captain* to be wore round, and stood towards the Spaniards, thus frustrating their union. The sixth ship from the Spanish rear was the *Santissima Trinidada*, of 136 guns upon four decks, carrying the flag of the Spanish admiral. Without a moment's hesitation, Nelson, in his little 74, not only engaged this truly formidable opponent, but had also to contend against her seconds, ahead and astern, each of three decks.

Nelson's manœuvre, and the purport of it, was quickly revealed to the British fleet, and the most enthusiastic admiration, mingled with anxiety, pervaded every breast as they saw three or four other large Spanish ships gathering round him. His old messmate, Troubridge, in the *Culloden* 74, hastened to his support, and was followed by the *Blenheim*, 90, Captain Frederick, who took off the heat of the fire from the *Captain*. The brave Collingwood, in the *Excellent*, soon afterwards joined in the fight, and one or two of the Spaniards hauled down their colours. Rear-admiral Parker, with the *Prince George*, *Orion*, *Irresistible*, and *Diadem*, were on the advance; and the Spanish admiral, instead of joining his ships to leeward, made signal for his fleet to haul their wind on the larboard tack, and make sail.

Nelson, after quitting the *Santissima Trinidada*, engaged the *San*

Josef, a three-decker, carrying a rear-admiral's flag, and the *San Nicholas*, 80, till these latter two ships got foul of each other, when the commodore ordered the boarders to be called, and the helm of the *Captain* being clapped a-starboard, her sprit-sail yard hooked in the main-rigging of the *San Nicholas*, and that desperate rush of seamen, which must be witnessed to be properly understood, ensued. Lieutenant Berry boarded by the mizzen-rigging of the enemy, the commodore entered by the quarter-gallery window; but the affray did not last long; the Spanish brigadier fell whilst retreating to his quarter-deck; and the *San Nicholas* was soon in full possession of her conquerors.

The stern windows of the *San Josef* were directly over the weather-beam of the *San Nicholas*, and from these and the poop the Spaniards kept up a galling fire of musketry upon the British in the prize; but Nelson was equal to this emergency, and calling for more men from the *Captain*, he shouted: 'Westminster Abbey, or glorious victory!' and, taking the lead, boarded the three-decker: a Spanish officer looked over the quarter-deck rail and said 'they surrendered.' Nelson ascended to the quarter-deck, where he received the sword of the Spanish captain, who stated that the admiral was 'below dying of his wounds.' The officers in succession tendered the commodore their swords, which he passed to a Norfolk-man, one of his old Agamemnons, who tucked them under his left arm with the same composure as if collecting sticks for a fagot. To estimate properly the nature of the victory which Nelson had achieved, it may be mentioned that, while the Spanish fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail-of-the-line and nine frigates—the whole carrying 2282 guns—the British fleet amounted to fifteen sail-of-the-line, four frigates, and three smaller vessels, carrying an aggregate of 1232 guns.

As soon as the battle was over, Nelson went on board the admiral's ship. Sir John Jervis took the commodore in his arms on the quarter-deck, and declared that 'he could not sufficiently thank him.' Yet in his public dispatches the admiral made no particular mention of Nelson, or his gallant achievement by which the conquest was gained. The commander-in-chief, who did scarcely anything, was created Earl St Vincent, with a pension of £3000 a year; and the intrepid and heroic Nelson (whose rank as rear-admiral was on its way to him at the time of the action) received the Order of the Bath. The real facts, however, could not be long concealed from the nation; the public press teemed with the gallant exploit; applause and congratulations poured in from all quarters; and though Sir John Jervis got the earldom, it was Nelson who received all the honour.

Soon afterwards, Sir Horatio hoisted his flag (blue at the mizzen) in the *Theseus*, 74, having Captain Miller under him. This ship had been prominent in the mutiny in England; but the rear-admiral had not long been on board before a paper was picked up on the quarter-deck with these words: 'Success attend Admiral Nelson!

God bless Captain Miller! We thank them for the officers they have placed over us. We are happy and comfortable, and will shed every drop of blood in our veins to support them; and the name of the *Theseus* shall be immortalised as high as the *Captain's*.

At the blockade of Cadiz, Sir Horatio had the command of the inshore squadron; and in a boat action at night his barge got alongside of a large Spanish launch of twenty-six men. Nelson had only his ten bargemen, Captain Freemantle, and John Sykes, his coxswain. The contest was desperate—hand to hand with cutlasses. Sykes twice saved the admiral's life by receiving the blows—once upon his own head—that were intended for his chief. Eighteen of the enemy were killed, and all the rest wounded, including the commandant: the launch was captured.

About a fortnight after this encounter the rear-admiral led an expedition against the island of Teneriffe; but it utterly failed; though even in this instance the character of Englishmen was respected by the Spaniards. Nelson was stepping out of his boat at the landing, when a shot struck his right elbow and shattered it. He had drawn his sword which was given him by his uncle Captain Suckling; the blow forced him to drop it; but catching it with his left hand, remarked that 'he had promised never to part with it while he lived.' His son-in-law, Lieutenant Nisbet, got him into the boat, and, whilst rowing off to the *Theseus* under the enemy's guns, the *Fox* cutter was sunk by a shot, and 97 men perished in her. Nelson ordered his boat to the assistance of those who were swimming; and, notwithstanding the great anguish he was suffering, personally assisted in rescuing many from death: 83 were saved. On getting on board his own ship, his arm was amputated, and his mind appears to have taken a rather gloomy view of his future prospects. He returned to England, where distinguished honours awaited him. The freedom of the cities of London and Bristol were presented to him, and he was awarded a pension of £1000 a year. The requisite memorial of his services stated that he had been four times engaged with fleets, and no less than one hundred and twenty times in action; had assisted at the capture of seven sail-of-the-line, six frigates, four corvettes, eleven privateers of different sizes, and taken or destroyed nearly fifty sail of merchant vessels. On his appearance at court, after being invested with the Order of the Bath, the king received him most graciously, and condoled with him on the loss he had sustained, which he feared might deprive the country of his future services. Nelson replied: 'I can never think *that* a loss which the performance of my duty has occasioned; and so long as I have a foot to stand on, I will combat for my king and country.'

When the rear-admiral's arm was amputated, a nerve had been taken up with, or instead of, an artery, and the constant irritation and anguish this caused almost wore out his already shattered frame; the ligature at last came away, and he was freed from pain. On the

occasion of his recovery, with that pious feeling which has been already remarked as a feature of his character, he transmitted a note of thanks to the minister of St George's, Hanover Square: 'An officer desires to return thanks to Almighty God for his perfect recovery from a severe wound, and also for the many mercies bestowed on him.'

BATTLE OF THE NILE.

At the close of 1797, Sir Horatio hoisted his flag in the *Vanguard*, 74, and on the 29th April 1798 he joined Earl St Vincent off Cadiz. The next day he was detached from the commander-in-chief with two seventy-fours, two frigates, and a sloop of war, and was shortly afterwards joined by Troubridge in the *Culloden*, with ten more sail-of-the-line, the whole intended to watch the proceedings of an expedition then fitting out at Toulon, and supposed to be destined for Malta and Egypt. The first news Nelson received of this armament was, that it had taken Malta, and he prepared to attack the fleet at anchor; but further intelligence told him that it had already sailed; and still conjecturing they were gone to Egypt, thither did Nelson follow. He arrived off Alexandria on the 28th of June; but the French were not there, and he returned to Sicily without obtaining any information of them. Through the secret agency of Sir William Hamilton, the ambassador at Naples, he obtained requisite supplies, and again renewed his search, endeavouring to gain intelligence wherever he could; till at last he resolved once more to visit Alexandria, where, on the forenoon of the 1st August 1798, he saw the French fleet at anchor in Aboukir Bay, and made immediate dispositions for the attack. The English had thirteen ships-of-the-line, all seventy-fours, and one 50, carrying in the whole 1012 guns and 8068 men. The French had the same number of line-of-battle ships, of which there was one of 120 guns and three of 80: there were, besides, four frigates. The number of their men was 11,230, and the number of guns 1196. Nelson's plan was to double upon the French, and anchor his ships, one on the outer bow, and another on the outer quarter of each ship of the enemy's as far as his force would extend. A heavy cannonade commenced as the British advanced; but not a shot was returned, as the crews were aloft furling sails. At length, when anchored mostly by the stern, the English opened a destructive fire. The *Vanguard* had six colours flying in different parts of the rigging; and the whole of the ships being judiciously placed, the battle raged with the utmost fury. Unfortunately the *Culloden* took the ground; and though she served as a beacon to warn others of the danger, yet she could not join the fight. It was quite dark before the whole of the fleet had anchored.

It was about the middle of the action, and after several French

ships had struck, that Nelson was severely cut on the head by either a heavy splinter or langrage; the skin of his forehead was stript away, and hung down over his face. He was carried below to the cockpit, and, from the great effusion of blood, it was feared the wound was mortal. The surgeon hurrying to examine him, he exclaimed: 'No, I will take my turn with my brave fellows;' and believing himself to be dying, he signed a post-captain's commission for Thomas Hardy, who commanded the *Mutine* brig. When the surgeon had examined the wound, and pronounced it to be a severe flesh wound that was not mortal, the utmost joy prevailed; and as soon as it was dressed, he sat down and began the official letter which appeared in the *Gazette*. The largest of the French ships, *L'Orient*, carrying the flag of Admiral Brueys, took fire, and the flames, amidst the darkness of night, rendered the colours of both fleets distinguishable. Nelson, with his head bandaged, and almost deprived of sight, found his way to the quarter-deck of the *Vanguard*, and despatched boats to rescue all they could from the burning pile; but about ten o'clock she blew up with an explosion that shook every ship, and from the awe which the spectacle occasioned, reduced every vessel on both sides to silence for several minutes. The cannonading was partially continued till three in the morning, when it ceased, leaving the English in possession of nine French ships-of-the-line. Two were burnt; and two, with a couple of frigates, effected their escape. Of the other two frigates, one was sunk; the second, after hauling down her colours, was set fire to by her captain, and destroyed. The loss of the English, in killed and wounded, was 895; that of the French, 5225; the rest, including the wounded, were sent on shore.

As soon as the conquest was completed, Nelson ordered on board every ship a thanksgiving for the victory which had blessed his Majesty's arms; and the solemn stillness that prevailed throughout the fleet during the performance of this ceremony made a deep impression upon both friends and foes. Nelson had been well aware that the object of the French army was to attack our possessions in the East Indies; and now that this was frustrated, he despatched an officer to Bombay, who conveyed information to the governor of the total destruction of the fleet, and thus was prevented an enormous outlay for defensive operations, which had been already begun.

The victory of the Nile was received by the nation with delight, for it was felt to have at once frustrated the designs of Bonaparte, and vastly elevated the reputation of the British navy. So highly were Nelson's achievements on this occasion esteemed, that he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile, and a pension of £2000 a year was granted for his own life and two successors. The parliament of Ireland also granted him a pension of £1000 per annum; the East India Company presented him with

£10,000; and various other gifts were bestowed from different bodies in England: whilst from Turkey, Sicily, Naples, Sardinia, &c. rich presents were forwarded.

It is delightful, amidst all Nelson's successes in the cruel business of war, to find symptoms of his generous nature continually breaking out. When the government was distributing its honours, he was particularly anxious that his old friend Troubridge and his first-lieutenant should not be overlooked. But the *Culloden* having been stranded in the commencement of the action, it seemed quite impossible to official judgment that her officers should be in any way distinguished. Nelson pleaded earnestly against this decision. 'It was Troubridge,' he said, 'who equipped the squadron so soon at Syracuse; it was Troubridge who exerted himself for me after the action; it was Troubridge who saved the *Culloden*, when none that I know in the service would have attempted it.' It is distressing to add that these disinterested solicitations did not prevail with respect to Troubridge; Nelson only obtained permission to promote the lieutenant on the first vacancy.

Seventeen days after the battle, Nelson quitted Aboukir Bay for Naples, where he arrived on the 22d of September, in a state of the greatest weakness, in consequence of a severe illness which had attacked him on the passage. The Neapolitans and their court, apprised of his victory by two vessels which had preceded him, received him with all possible honours. He remained at this city till December, and it was on this occasion that his hitherto respectable character was first tarnished by a disgraceful connection with Lady Hamilton, which proved the bane of his future existence. It is painful to see dishonour thus at length fall, in the midst of great triumphs, upon one who had been entirely amiable and pure while struggling with all kinds of adverse circumstances. The worst, however, was not yet come. We have now to trace the career of Nelson through a more historical dishonour; partly, however, the result of the other. Naples was at this time overpowered by the French arms, and all that Nelson could do was to carry off the imbecile king and his court to Palermo. Aided by the French, a small party of Neapolitans, including many of the nobility, formed a republican government; but it did not last long. A change in the state of the French armies caused the withdrawal of most of the troops from Naples. The opportunity was taken by the king's friends to restore his sway. The handful of leading patriots could only throw themselves into two forts, and capitulate for their lives and property. At this crisis Nelson entered on the scene with his fleet, and, full of fervour for the interests of the king, and to gratify Lady Hamilton, he interfered to annul the terms of the capitulation. The unfortunate republicans were handed over to the vengeance of the court, which was sanguinary in the extreme. Nelson caused the aged Prince Caraccioli to be tried by his enemies, and immediately

hanged at the yard-arm of a Neapolitan vessel. His generous nature seems to have been on this occasion completely changed; and the whole series of transactions must ever remain a remarkable illustration of the power of one degrading error to produce others and worse.

After performing other important services, which the Neapolitan king acknowledged by conferring upon him the title of Duke of Bronté, with a wealthy appanage, Nelson, accompanied by Sir William and Lady Hamilton, returned to England, travelling through Germany to Hamburg by land. During his journey he received high honours from all authorities; and on reaching Yarmouth, the rejoicings were extreme. In the metropolis his lordship met with the most enthusiastic reception from the sovereign as well as his subjects; and the day succeeding his arrival being Lord Mayor's Day, he was invited to the civic feast, where a sword of 200 guineas' value was presented to him. For several months he remained in England; but though fêted and distinguished, his mind was far from easy; for, in consequence of his association with Lady Hamilton, he had separated from his wife, and he desired active employment to avert dismal reflection.

EXPEDITION AGAINST DENMARK.

His wish was quickly gratified; for, government having been made aware that Napoleon purposed obtaining possession of the fleets of the northern powers, to make up for those captured and destroyed by England, Sir Hyde Parker was sent with an adequate force to Copenhagen to secure the Danish ships, and Nelson was appointed to act under him. With twelve sail-of-the-line he boldly attacked the Danes, whose batteries ashore, as well as afloat, were extremely formidable. Sir Hyde Parker, with the rest of the fleet, lay at a considerable distance; and Nelson was deprived of the support of two of his own squadron, that grounded on the shoals. Nevertheless his magnanimity did not desert him for one moment. The battle was one of the most determined and desperate that have been fought. About the middle of it, Sir Hyde Parker, who could perceive the hot fire that was kept up upon the British, hoisted the signal to 'discontinue the action.' This was reported to Nelson, who, placing his glass to his blind eye, declared that 'he could not see it;' adding: 'Keep my flag for closer battle flying—nail it to the mast.'

A characteristic instance of Nelson's coolness occurred towards the close of the engagement. Desirous of sparing a further effusion of blood, his lordship wrote a letter to the crown-prince: 'Vice-admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken,

without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies of the English.' His attendant placed a box of wafers before him, but Nelson put them aside, and ordered a candle to be brought, by which means he sealed the letter with wax, observing, that 'this was no time to appear hurried and informal.' A flag of truce conveyed the communication ashore; it led to the suspension of hostilities; and Nelson extricated his own shattered fleet from imminent peril, and brought out the prizes they had captured. The English sustained a loss in killed and wounded of 953; the Danes, including prisoners, of 6000.

In order to arrange preliminaries of peace, Nelson landed, and walking almost alone amidst the enemy he had been contending against, was received with silent respect. He afterwards partook of a repast prepared by the crown-prince. The prizes—six ships-of-the-line and eight praams, were safely brought out; but only one of the former was sent home, Sir Hyde Parker ordering the rest to be burned where they lay, so that their fine brass guns, which sank with the hulls, were afterwards recovered by the Danes. This proceeding was in opposition to the wishes of Nelson, who looked upon it as robbing the officers and seamen of their prize-money. His lordship was also extremely discontented at the dilatoriness of the commander-in-chief, for he apprehended the junction of the Russian and Swedish fleets to act against the English; and though he never doubted the achieving a victory over them, yet his mind was anxious to prevent the slaughter that must ensue. Sir Hyde sailed with the ships fit for service, leaving Nelson to follow with the rest; but the latter, on hearing that the English and Swedish fleets were near to each other, quitted his ship (the *St George*) in an open boat, and rowed nearly thirty miles, till he got on board the *Elephant* about midnight—the wind cold and piercing—and in the hurry of departure his greatcoat had been left behind. The next day they saw the Swedish fleet, which took shelter in Carlscrona.

On the 5th May 1801, Sir Hyde Parker was recalled: Nelson received the appointment of commander-in-chief, and his title as viscount. Prompt measures immediately followed; by his active exertions, aided by the death of the Emperor Paul, the northern confederacy was broken up; and though Denmark prepared to resent the conduct of the English, and the crown-prince was still under the dictation of Napoleon, yet they were powerless to act.

Sir Charles Maurice Pole succeeded Nelson in the command; for the latter had earnestly entreated to be recalled, as his health was rapidly declining in that inclement climate; but he would not weaken the fleet by returning home in any of the large ships, contenting himself with a brig; and on his landing at Yarmouth, the first place he visited was the hospital, to see the brave wounded who had fought with him at Copenhagen.

A few weeks afterwards, on the apprehensions of invasion, he was appointed to command from Orfordness to Beachy Head. He attacked the French flotilla at Boulogne; but the peace of Amiens put a stop to further hostilities, and Nelson retired to an estate he had purchased at Merton, in Surrey. Here he was not allowed to remain long; for war being renewed, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean fleet. The French put to sea from Toulon; his lordship went in pursuit during a succession of severe gales, which compelled the enemy to return to port. In March 1805 they again sailed, and having formed a junction off Cadiz with the Spaniards (against whom war had also been declared), this formidable fleet quitted the Mediterranean, designing to attack the British possessions in the West Indies. The combined fleet consisted of twenty sail-of-the-line, seven 44-gun frigates, one of 26 guns, three corvettes, and a brig. Nelson, when he at length was apprised of their course, unhesitatingly pursued with ten sail-of-the-line and three frigates. He followed them closely, sometimes deceived by false intelligence, and at others making himself assured of falling in with them; but it soon appeared that even the inferior force of Nelson was sufficient to deter the French admiral, for suddenly his course was altered, and he conducted his fleet back to Europe. Again Nelson pursued, and on the 19th June anchored at Gibraltar. The next day, he remarks in his diary: 'I went on shore for the first time since June 16, 1803, and from having my foot out of the *Victory*, two years wanting ten days;' in fact, from May 1803 to August 1805, he quitted his ship but three times, each time upon the king's service, and his absence never exceeded an hour.

At Gibraltar he obtained no news of the French. Once more he went in search of them, and after traversing the Bay of Biscay and other seas, on the 15th August he received orders to proceed with the *Victory* and *Superb* to Portsmouth. On his arrival at that place, he learned that the French fleet, consisting of twenty sail-of-the-line, three 50-gun ships, five frigates, and two brigs, had been attacked by Sir Robert Calder with fifteen sail-of-the-line, two frigates, a cutter, and a lugger, on the 22d July, sixty leagues west of Cape Finisterre, and two sail of the French line captured. The fleets remained in sight of each other till the 26th, when the French bore away for Vigo, where, having refitted, they proceeded to Ferrol, and taking another squadron from thence, succeeded in getting into Cadiz. For not doing more, Sir Robert Calder was tried by court-martial, and adjudged to be severely reprimanded.

LAST GREAT VICTORY AND DEATH.

Nelson again offered his services, and they were willingly accepted: he hoisted his flag in the *Victory*, and on the 29th September, his birthday, took his station off Cadiz, where a rigorous blockade was

instituted to force the enemy to sea. From this period till the 19th October, Nelson daily took an opportunity of imparting to his captains the mode of attack he purposed to adopt, not merely for subduing, but annihilating the enemy; adding: 'If his signals could not be seen or clearly understood, no captain can do wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy.'

On the 19th, Villeneuve quitted Cadiz, and on the 21st, after some skilful manœuvring, he formed the combined fleet into a crescent, verging to leeward, every opening in his order of battle being filled up by a ship under the lee of the French. The number of the enemy was fifteen Spanish and eighteen French, making thirty-three ships-of-the-line. The English, with twenty-seven line-of-battle ships, bore down in two divisions, the van led by Nelson, the rear by Lord Collingwood, who, on account of the van steering more to the northward, was the first in action. Whilst running down, Nelson made his last celebrated telegraphic signal:

'England expects every man will do his duty,'

which was received throughout the fleet with a burst of acclamation, harmonising with the spirit which it breathed. 'Now,' said Nelson, 'I can do no more; we must trust to the Great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty.'

It appears that this hero of a hundred fights was on the present occasion assured of victory, but at the same time under a presentiment that he himself should not survive. Fully believing that his last hour was at hand, he had gone into his cabin and written a prayer, as also a paper bequeathing to the care of his country the infamous woman who had been the only disgrace of his life. One of his captains found him calm, but exhibiting none of the exhilaration with which he had entered upon the battles of Aboukir and Copenhagen. It being known that there were select musketeers throughout the French ships, many of them Tyrolese, he was entreated to lay aside the frock-coat bearing his various decorations, as these might cause him to be singled out by some experienced marksman; but with a sort of infatuation, he refused, saying: 'In honour I gained them, and in honour I will die with them.' With difficulty he was induced to consent that two other vessels should be allowed to go into action before his own; but he nevertheless pressed on, and thus rendered the concession practically unavailing, as the two vessels were thereby prevented from passing his own. The *Victory*, while approaching the *Santissima Trinidada*—Nelson's old adversary at Cape St Vincent—was severely raked by the numerous guns of that vessel; fifty men were killed; and Nelson's secretary, Mr Scott, fell by his side. He was soon in the heat of battle, with the *Santissima Trinidada* and *Bucentaur* close on one side, and the *Redoubtable* equally close on the other so that he had

occasion to fire from both sides. After the action had continued for about an hour, supposing the *Redoubtable* had surrendered—for she was silenced, and bore no flag—he gave orders, with his usual humanity, to cease firing upon her. This order had been repeated more earnestly than before, when from that very vessel he received his death-wound. It was at about a quarter past one that a musket-ball from the rigging of the *Redoubtable* struck him on the left shoulder, carrying part of the lace of his epaulette into his body. He fell upon his face amidst the blood of his slain secretary. As a sergeant of marines and two seamen raised him up, he said to his captain: 'They have done for me at last, Hardy.'

'I hope not,' replied Captain Hardy.

'Yes,' he rejoined, 'my backbone is shot through.'

Yet he preserved so much presence of mind, that, while they were conveying him down, he gave an order about the tiller-ropes, which he observed to have been injured. He was laid on a mattress in the midshipmen's berth. Mr (afterwards Sir William) Beatty, the surgeon, attended him, and ascertained by the symptoms that the wound was mortal, the ball having lodged in the spine; but the fact of his danger was concealed from the crew. Nelson knew that his end was approaching, and entreated his surgeon to leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful. Whilst lying in great agony, he heard the cheers of his people as each of the enemy struck, and a gleam of joy each time illumined his countenance. He issued his orders clearly and distinctly, and conversed affectionately with those around him, frequently thanking God most fervently that he had done his duty. When Hardy came down, he eagerly asked how the day was going. 'Very well,' said the captain; 'ten of the enemy have struck.' Returning rather less than an hour after, he took the hand of the dying admiral, and congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. He expressed gratification on learning that fourteen or fifteen of the enemy's vessels had surrendered, but remarked: 'I bargained for twenty.' He recommended Hardy immediately to anchor—an order which, had it been followed, might have made the victory over the enemy more complete. After having spoken some words to his chaplain, he breathed this sentence —and it was his last—'I thank God I have done my duty.' He expired at half-past four, three hours and a quarter after receiving the fatal wound.

Ultimately, the vessels taken reached the number required by Nelson; but, from the neglect of his order to anchor, a gale which came on dispersed and sunk several of them. Still, the battle of Trafalgar was a death-blow to the maritime power of France and Spain, and proved of incalculable service to England, counterpoising as it did the great land successes of Napoleon, by which it appeared as if our country must have otherwise been reduced in a few years to French domination. The victory was gained at great expense;

since, besides the irreparable loss of Nelson, there fell 23 officers, 15 petty officers, and 409 seamen and marines; while 52 officers, 57 petty officers, and 1177 seamen and marines were wounded. The losses on the part of the enemy are scarcely calculable, but must have been several thousands, on account of the severe gales that followed the battle.

All that a grateful nation could bestow upon a dead hero was manifested towards the devoted Nelson. His remains were landed at Greenwich, and lay in gorgeous state three days. A public funeral, attended by most of the male members of the royal family, took place in St Paul's Cathedral. His brother was created Earl Nelson, with a grant of £6000 a year: £10,000 was voted to each of his sisters, and £100,000 for the purchase of an estate. Statues and monuments have been erected to his memory; but perhaps none is more characteristic of quiet after the storms of life than the tomb raised over his body in the crypt of St Paul's. It is a sarcophagus of black marble, which was originally prepared by order of Cardinal Wolsey for his own remains. On the pedestal are the words, HORATIO VISCOUNT NELSON. His old friend Collingwood lies under an altar-tomb on one side of Nelson's; and on the other is the body of the Earl of Northesk, another distinguished naval commander.

The character of Nelson has been seen displayed in his actions. He was ardent and fearless in the line of his duty to an extraordinary extent. No labour or sacrifice seemed to him too great which promised to make him better as a sailor and an officer; no danger appalled him where he saw a reasonable chance of succeeding in an enterprise. There was in him a singular union of sagacity with these ardent qualities; and while unwilling to be too ready to admit difficulties, yet it was observed that he generally kept a steady eye at the same time to the means by which any of his objects were to be realised. The originality and genius of the man are fully shewn in the number of remarkable expressions which he is remembered as using on particular occasions—his last signal being the chief. When we consider, in addition to these high qualities, his generous and magnanimous nature—his constant readiness to acknowledge merit in others—his invariable humanity—we must admit that few characters have exceeded that of Nelson in all desirable gifts. It clearly appears that these qualities, without any extrinsic aid whatever, bore our hero onward from the humblest rank in the service that a gentleman ever accepts, to the supreme command; and his life thus becomes a valuable illustration of a truth which cannot be too deeply impressed, that *good character and conduct form the true talisman of success.*

THE GOLDMAKERS' VILLAGE.

A STORY.*

I.

OSWALD RETURNS FROM THE WARS TO HIS NATIVE VILLAGE—THE MILLER TELLS HIS STORY.

ONE fine summer afternoon, a good many years ago, the outdoor loiterers of Goldenthal, who were listlessly spending their time beneath the shade of the bushy lime-trees which overhung the village street, had their attention drawn to a stranger who was making his way towards them. Tall, well made, and dressed in a gray coat, with a knapsack on his back and a sword at his side, he was evidently no ordinary wanderer. He looked so formidable, with a large scar on his brow, and a black moustache under his nose, that the children shrunk aside from him as he passed up the village. The shout which some of them raised brought several old women to the doors, and

* This simple story is a translation from *Das Goldmacher-Dorf* of Heinrich Zschokke, a late popular writer in Germany, whose pen was devoted to the improvement of the humbler classes of society. To bring it within the compass of a sheet, the story is slightly abridged; and to adapt it to the apprehension, as well as to excite the sympathies of English readers, some of the descriptions and sentiments have been necessarily altered or modified. In other respects, the child-like simplicity of the original remains.—ED.

these soon recognised the stranger. 'Here is Oswald again,' they exclaimed, 'who went for a soldier years ago.'

A crowd was soon collected round the wayfarer, who was kindly greeted by all his old friends and acquaintances, every one inquiring if he had come back to reside amongst them. To these inquiries Oswald announced that, tired of the life of a soldier, he had given up the military profession, and intended to remain for the rest of his days in the village of Goldenthal. Pleased with the intelligence, and desirous of gathering an account of our hero's life, a number of persons asked him to retire to a tavern with them for a little friendly chat; but this invitation he respectfully declined, and asked them by whom his father's house was now inhabited. The miller, who had taken care of the house and land left by Oswald's father to his son, now came forward and said that a few days only would be required to make the house ready for its new inmate, and, in the meantime, he should have pleasure in entertaining Oswald at the mill. This kind invitation was accepted; and, after spending a few days with the sensible and hospitable miller, the retired soldier took possession of his own house.

For some time, Oswald was so busily engaged in making a number of repairs and improvements on his premises, that he had no time to bestow on intercourse with his neighbours, whose amusements were anything but agreeable to him. In consequence of this neglect, the villagers began to cherish bad suspicions against the new settler, and to make remarks on his conduct. They said they could not understand the man—his foreign travel had made him churlish and unsocial—constantly toiling or reading, he did not seem to have a moment to spare for an occasional sip at the wine-flask—a strange thing, indeed, for an old soldier not to take a glass.

Possessing naturally much good sense, which had been greatly improved by experience in the bustling life which he had led, and also some choice reading, Oswald possessed opinions on various subjects considerably different from those of his old village companions, whose proceedings were not at all to his mind. A yearning for the scenes of his infancy had brought him back to Goldenthal, which he loved with all its shortcomings and errors. It grieved him, on looking through the village, and learning something of its history, to discover that it had been for some years declining in its prosperity, and was now in an exceedingly bad condition. Formerly, it could boast of not a few respectable men in good circumstances, persons who could creditably take a lead in affairs; with a considerable number who, though not rich, were yet industrious, and removed above poverty. And what a difference now! Except the miller, the tavern-keepers, and two or three farmers, the people were generally worse than poor, for they were in debt. There was likewise a deterioration of manners, and things upon the whole looked desolate. Many of the houses were greatly in want of repair; rubbish lay in

masses in different quarters; the gutters were far from cleanly, and sent up a pestiferous odour; while the insides of the houses were correspondingly mean and untidy. The clothes of the people, also, did not seem what they used to be; their universal shabbiness shewing a want of self-respect. To complete the picture, men might be seen at all hours listlessly dozing away existence with pipes in their mouths, instead of working at some useful occupation. All too truly told a tale of sloth and impoverishment. Oswald took the liberty of hinting at these symptoms of general decline; but he was only abused for his pains. It is a thankless task to remind people of their duties.

Distressed with all he had seen, Oswald betook himself one day to the house of the miller, who could sympathise with him in his feelings. 'Pray, tell me, my friend,' said he, 'what has been the cause of this strange social degeneracy? When I departed from Goldenthal, it was a brisk little prosperous place; now it is all going to ruin. Surely it has not been scourged to a greater extent by war than its neighbours?'

'You are right,' replied the miller; 'our village has not suffered by war more than other villages which are flourishing. The causes of our decay are more continually at work, and I shall try to give you an insight into them. There has been gradually creeping over us a disposition to take things easily. Two or three men, who are our parish-officers, are tavern-keepers, and they manage public business for their own benefit. The village common, which used to be of some consequence, is thus badly managed; in fact, the funds are abused, and no little is spent in feasting and carousing. Still, you would say, it must after all be people's own blame if they get poor; the mere robbery of some public revenues cannot do it. That is true. But, with a bad example before them, the bulk of the villagers become careless, imitate bad habits, and, in short, spend a large share of their earnings in the taverns, and at cards and billiards. It is a curious thing, I tell you, that few men are able to keep the small properties left them by their fathers and grandfathers. They first get them burdened with debt, and then they are compelled to sell them. It all comes from following low habits.'

'When you have known all this,' said Oswald, 'why did you not expose it, so as to open the eyes of the people?'

'Because I had no hope of a good result,' said the miller; 'for, while all allow that we are in a deplorable case, and all will agree in general complaints and reproaches, none will thank you for attempting to discover the true causes of our decline, since every one fears lest he should have to bear some portion of the blame.'

'What! is there neither conscience nor religion left in the place?' exclaimed Oswald. 'What does the parson say to all this?'

'Oh, he preaches on his customary round of topics, but never enters particularly into the real circumstances of the people, nor

makes any close and practical application of his doctrine to them. He is an old man, rather reserved and haughty in his manners. He seems to preach from habit, as the people go to church from habit, and come back no better. And the young are following the example of their elders.'

'Is your schoolmaster, then, good for nothing?' Oswald asked.

'Since your father died,' said the miller, 'our school has never prospered. The boys and girls learn, by compulsion, to read, write, and reckon a little, and perhaps to repeat a prayer besides; but then, what is this against all that they learn from their parents at home—deceit and lying, swearing, quarrelling, begging and stealing, idleness and intemperance, envy and slander.'

Oswald heard with pain all that the miller had to tell of the parish, then shook his head with a dejected air, and went away to meditate on the melancholy account.

II.

OSWALD BOLDLY ATTEMPTS THE REFORMATION OF GOLDENTHAL, AND ENCOUNTERS PERSECUTION.

On the next Sunday, after service, the people, as is customary in Germany, were assembled under the large lime-trees on the green. A weighty matter had drawn them together; for not only had they to consider how they should raise the taxes about to be levied, but also how they should make up old deficiencies of payment. The head men of Goldenthal formed the inner circle, and around them stood the women and children to hear the result of the consultation.

Oswald, who had been waiting for an opportunity of addressing his fellow-villagers on the state of affairs, thought he might do so now with advantage, and joined the assembly. When the overseers and others had done speaking, he mounted a stone, and after craving leave to be heard, which was not refused, he spoke as follows:

'Dear fellow-villagers—I went away a boy to the field of battle, and have returned to you a man. Scarcely can I recognise my native village: my heart is pained by the alterations I find among you. Once our village deserved indeed the name of Goldenthal. You know that most of the people were once in good circumstances; few were poor, and none were beggars: we could lend money then to our neighbours, and had none of the anxieties and vexations of debtors: our land was well cultivated; our cottages were neat and clean, inside and outside. A Goldenthaler in those good days was a gentleman, and could have borrowed a hundred guilders on the bare credit of his word. That was the golden age of Goldenthal!'

Here all the assembly nodded assent, and some exclaimed: 'Oswald is right for once!'

Oswald went on: ''Tis not so now! The place should be no longer called the Golden Valley, but rather the valley of dirt and thorns and thistles. The blessing of Heaven seems to have forsaken our fields; some have too much land, others have too little; the greater number of you do not improve what you have; you stupefy your senses with incessant smoking, or, what is worse, drinking; most of you are in debts and difficulties; and, being idle, you occupy yourselves in speaking evil of your neighbours. Our village has lost its good character, and is now known as one of the most intemperate and badly behaved places in the whole country; and when people wish to call any one a good-for-nothing wretch, they say he is a Goldenthaler!'

At these plain words there was a muttering of displeasure among the hearers, and every brow looked threateningly on Oswald. Elizabeth, the miller's daughter, who stood listening on the bench before the house, trembled for the perilous situation of the too faithful expositor. But he went on: 'Men of Goldenthal! if there is still a drop of honourable blood in your veins, join your hands and say: "The village shall be mended!" Whence comes your ruin? From your taverns. There your land melts away in liquor, and your cattle are lost in gambling.—I ask your parish-officers where is the public money, or where is your strict account of what you have done with it? Why is it that you had rather eat at the public cost than drain the parish land, or mend your neck-breaking roads?'

Here two or three of the official men called out: 'Hold your tongue, you vagabond! If you thus go on speaking evil of the constituted authorities, we will send you to the lock-up, with bread and water for eight-and-forty hours!'

Oswald, however, went on: 'You can put me into your prison, no doubt; but I can also bring you before your superiors. And when I tell them a little of your management, you will perhaps be less comfortable than I could be with bread and water.—But I turn to you all, my fellow-villagers; shew me if I have spoken falsely, or slandered any person. Ask your consciences whether you have done well or ill—whether you have enriched or impoverished yourselves—whether you are notable for honesty and piety, or for indolence, fraud, and selfishness. Or, if your consciences have lost their tongues, look round you and behold your tumbling houses and sheds, your barren fields and gardens, your empty purses and chests, your ragged coats and tattered shirts, your destitute-looking children—these are my witnesses against you!'

The preacher would have said more, but he was hurled from the stone by the angry crowd. Some would have proceeded to violence; but Oswald thrust himself through the throng, and, having armed

himself with a weighty cudgel, threatened severe punishment to the first who should dare to lay hands upon him. Loud outcries of vengeance pursued him homeward, and stones were hurled, one of which inflicted a wound upon his brow. But he reached his house without further injury, and there washed away the blood from his face, bound up the wound, and was soon composed and quiet. Elizabeth, pale and alarmed, came to inquire of his wound; but he assured her it was trifling, and bade her dismiss her fear.

So ended Oswald's first attempt at reformation; but he was not to be defeated. From the day on which he delivered his address, he continued to be the object of many petty persecutions. One night the boys threw stones at his windows; another night they barked six young fruit-trees in his garden. When he complained to the parish-officers of these offences, they only told him he had brought ill-will upon himself, and that he deserved worse than he got.

Not daunted with want of success in his exhortation, and possessing the ardour of a man convinced of the truthfulness of his cause, he now determined on trying to rouse the clergyman to adopt his views. Perhaps, thought he, he requires only a little coaxing; he has probably been disheartened without a proper reason. Oswald accordingly waited on the pastor, and as tenderly as possible laid before him the condition of the parish, waxing bolder, however, as he proceeded.

Having stated what he considered his case, the old man replied: 'You are quite in a mistake coming to me. I have nothing to do with the concerns you mention, nor can I mix myself up in your business. All the unhappiness of this village is owing to the sinfulness of the people. They disregard the word of God. They defraud me of my dues in every possible way. The long-suffering of Heaven cannot endure this much longer; and there must surely come a heavy judgment upon them.'

'But, reverend sir,' said Oswald, 'you can do something towards the reformation of these people. Their lives are vicious, because their minds are dark and ignorant. If you would encourage a better regulation of the school, the young might grow up well informed and with good habits, and we should doubtless reap good fruit from such a labour.'

The clergyman answered: 'That is the schoolmaster's business, not mine; I have no time for it. I have enough to do to study my sermons.'

Oswald still urged his petition: 'Reverend sir, I am sorry to have to remind you, that as a good shepherd, you are bound to care for every one of your flock. If you did but visit their abodes, and see how they have habituated themselves to vice, indolence, and misery; if you could see the neglected children who are growing up in the midst of so many bad examples; if you could'——

Here the old clergyman, who had been listening impatiently to the

harangue of his visitor, interrupted him by exclaiming: 'This is intolerable. You, an unlettered man, come here to lecture me on my duties! Pray, what do you take me for? Do you think I am a police-officer, to be poking about everywhere? The flock should themselves attend to their temporal concerns. I am a spiritual pastor, and know my place. Get along with you; and let me hear no more of such impertinence!'

Oswald left the parsonage disappointed. Pretty nearly at his wits' end, he bethought him of taking counsel from the magistrates of the next town, who had a kind of supervisional authority over Goldenthal. Having arrayed himself in his best suit, and taken his walking-stick in his hand, he set out for the neighbouring town, where he expected to find good advisers and helpers. On his arrival, he waited on the most respectable public characters to lay the condition of Goldenthal before them. But the first person he applied to was giving a great dinner, and could not attend to the miserable story; another was just going to take a walk, and could not stop; a third was deeply immersed in a game of billiards, which required all his thoughts; a fourth was reckoning up his accounts, and had no time for any other business; a fifth was about to conduct a lady to the dancing-room, and of course could not be interrupted; the sixth, an old gentleman with a white peruke and queue, sitting in an easy-chair, looked patronisingly on Oswald; without desiring him to be seated, he heard the story he had to tell of the misery of Goldenthal, the bad measures of the parish-officers, and the ignorance of the schoolmaster—to all which he shook his head very gravely.

Encouraged by the interest which he appeared to have excited, Oswald next spoke of the indifference of the parson; but here he struck a wrong chord. Looking sternly at his visitor, and his neatly tied queue almost bristling with indignation, the old man called on him to stop his false accusations. 'You ill-mannered rascal,' said he, 'do you imagine I can sit here to listen to your revilements of all authorities, spiritual as well as temporal! I suppose you are one of those discontented, fault-finding wretches who are never at rest, but would turn everything topsy-turvy! Away with you and your catalogue of grievances, or I will send you to the house of correction! Your clergyman, so far from being what you represent him, is one of the best of men, for he is my own cousin!'

After this rebuff, Oswald had not the courage to apply elsewhere on the subject, and he returned sorrowfully to the village.

III.

A NEW SCHOOLMASTER—OSWALD'S MODE OF TEACHING—THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—THE OCCURRENCE AT THE MILL.

On arriving at Goldenthal, in the afternoon, Oswald told no one of the bad result of his journey, but put on a cheerful face, and spoke in a friendly way to those whom he met, even to his worst enemy, Brenzel, the host of the *Lion*, who was majestically standing with folded arms at the tavern-door.

'Good-evening, neighbour Brenzel,' said Oswald; 'you have soon done your day's work.'

'I think I deserve my day's wages at all events,' said Brenzel, 'if I stay at home only to drive the beggars from my door.'

Oswald was disgusted as he heard this unfeeling speech from the man, and, without any further conversation, hastened homeward. He was cheered when, approaching the mill, he found Elizabeth, the daughter of Siegfried the miller, sitting in the shadow of the cherry-tree, at the front of the house, and sewing. Though he endeavoured to appear cheerful, she saw that he was sorrowful at heart, and earnestly questioned him of the cause of his grief. 'You have been over to the town,' said she, 'and have seen what you like better than anything at Goldenthal, and now you will not be able to remain with us.'

Then Oswald explained to her the cause of his sorrow. He did not mean to leave Goldenthal; but the deterioration of the place had grieved him deeply, and he could find none disposed to assist him in the work of reformation. As he spoke of the sad habits of the villagers, Elizabeth replied: 'We have just had another instance. Our old schoolmaster, who, you know, was a dissipated character, is drowned. Coming home tipsy from the *Eagle*, he fell into the pond by the roadside, and was found only after life was extinct. Happily, he has left neither wife nor child.'

This news seemed to affect Oswald in no small degree. He became studious after hearing it, and went home full of thought. Elizabeth could not guess what great matter he was considering, but she discovered it the following Sunday. After service, the parishioners were called together to elect a new schoolmaster. Oswald attended the meeting. The miller, at the suggestion of his daughter Elizabeth, stood at the side of Oswald, ready to check him whenever his indignation was in danger of uttering itself too strongly.

The first of the parish authorities, Mr Brenzel, opened the meeting by a speech. As the office of schoolmaster was vacant, and was one of the least important in the parish (for the salary was only forty

guilders a year*), he was happy to be able to recommend to the parish a suitable man, willing to fill the place. This was the tailor, Mr Specht, whose trade was very dull, and who was, moreover, related to him, the speaker, on the mother's side.

The host of the *Eagle* came forward to propose, as an amendment, that his poor cousin Schluck, a lame fiddler, should fill the office; for he was willing to do it, considering the poverty of the parish, for a salary of only thirty-five guilders per annum. In weighing the qualifications of the candidates, he hoped it would be remembered that Mr Schluck had a large family. This, with the fact of the saving of five guilders, would doubtless influence the votes of the parishioners.

Specht the tailor, as he saw that many of the voters were very much taken with this tempting offer, came forward to give the fiddler a very bad character, and, further, offered to perform all the duties of the office at a salary of only thirty guilders. At this the fiddler was so enraged, that he called the tailor by many most disgraceful names, and again offered himself at a reduced salary: twenty-five guilders would be enough for him. The tailor, who could not go below this, declared he would call Schluck before the magistrate to answer for the libels he had uttered, and so gave up further competition.

The voters were accordingly prepared to instal the fiddler in the office of schoolmaster, when Oswald stood forward and spoke: 'What! will you give more to your cow-herd, and even to your swine-herd, than to the man to whom you would confide the instruction of your children in piety and useful knowledge? Are you not ashamed of such a sin? I know your parish purse is empty; and the poor people, who can hardly gain potatoes and salt, let alone bread, cannot afford to pay for schooling. I will make a third offer: I will be your schoolmaster, and demand no salary. It shall not cost the parish a farthing: only let me have the place.' The Goldenthalers looked at each other in amazement. Some objected to the proposal: they did not know what such a man would teach their children; perhaps the black art! But the majority in the meeting considered chiefly the saving of twenty-five guilders yearly, and cried out that Oswald should by all means be the schoolmaster. Accordingly, he was elected.

Elizabeth heard the result of the meeting, and felt as if she must sink into the earth with shame and confusion. No wonder; for, next to the watchman and the swine-herd, no man in the village held an office so low in estimation as that of the schoolmaster. Even the sensible miller, Siegfried, shook his head, and said: 'Oswald must have lost his senses!' But Oswald had formed his plan, and kept to his determination. He formally passed an examination; and as

* £3, 6s. 8d. sterling.

he could write a good hand, and knew something more of accounts than a peasant needed, he was considered eligible, and appointed, by the authorities of the neighbouring town, schoolmaster at Goldenthal. But now he had to convince his friends of the propriety of his plan. 'Elizabeth,' said he, 'do not despair of my undertaking, nor count it a folly. You see we can do little for the old people; let us begin with the young ones, and try what we can do with them. A village schoolmaster's is indeed a despised office; but our religion teaches us to remember how low the Saviour stooped to teach mankind. If our rulers and great men had a better understanding, they would be more careful about the appointment of country schoolmasters than of the professors in our colleges. But lowly matters are too much neglected; and the consequence is, the nation seems top-heavy, and even thrones stand upon an insecure foundation.'

Having formed his resolutions, Oswald was not the man to shrink from what he considered his duty. It was no doubt a thankless task he was undertaking; but it is no true benevolence which looks about for thanks. Conscious that he was doing good to the best of his ability, he felt that his reward would consist in seeing his ends accomplished. With no fear of the result, he made preparations for commencing the profession of teacher, and when winter came on, he opened his school. On the first day, he placed himself at the door of the school-house, and received the children with kind attention. Some had muddy shoes, and he bade them clean them before they entered the decent school-room. He shook hands with all who came in cleanly style, but turned away the dirty hands to be washed. Some came with hair uncombed and matted, and were sent home to use comb and brush. But all who came combed and washed, received from their new teacher a kiss on the brow. The boys and girls wondered: some blushed, some laughed, and others cried. They had never known such treatment before. Many parents complained of these over-nice regulations; but Oswald insisted on them, and in the course of a little time found a good result in the decency of his pupils. The reformation he produced in the course of a quarter, by mild and firm management, amazed the parents. Some old women broadly hinted that such wonders could not be done by fair means: there must be some magic at work. Others told a strange story of a rat-catcher somewhere, who enticed many children to follow him, and then vanished with them all down a hole in a mountain. But the most prevalent report was, that Oswald was teaching the children a new religion; and this was so seriously believed, that two official gentlemen from the town were deputed to inspect the school.

The badly disposed villagers were delighted to hear of this commission of inspection, and waited with anxiety to hear that Oswald was to be dismissed. The commission came unexpectedly

one morning when Oswald was about to open his school; but the appearance of the gentlemen by no means discomposed him, for he had nothing to conceal. The visitors, after explaining their object, watched the children as they assembled and took their seats in an orderly manner. When all were seated, Oswald, as usual, addressed his pupils.

'Dear children,' said he, 'let us, before all things, bow before God our Father, and offer our thanksgivings and prayers.' As he spoke, the children, in number fifty-five, folded their hands, and fell upon their knees. Oswald then knelt down, and the visitors, a little surprised, followed his example. The teacher then read a prayer, beautiful, and yet so simple, that the child of only six years could understand it; and one of the visitors, an alderman, was so far moved that tears gathered in his eyes. When the prayer was ended, all the children arose, and, guided by the notes and words on a suspended board, sang in harmony a morning hymn. Then the school divided itself into classes, under the appointed monitors, and the various tasks of the day were studied. One peculiar method of teaching used by Oswald should be mentioned. The last hour in the afternoon he generally occupied by telling the boys and girls an amusing story, in which some useful lesson was contained. The visitors saw enough of his methods during the day to be convinced that Oswald was one of the best and worthiest teachers in the country, and that all that was said against him was a scandal.

The winter passed away. In the summer, the school was closed, for the elder boys and girls could then be of service to their parents in the fields. But Oswald collected the little ones at his house, and gave them a few lessons, or amused them in some light occupations about his premises. It was part of his convictions that instruction in anything without actual training is of little use; he therefore tried to train his pupils to industrial pursuits, and so lead them to a practical acquaintance with what they read of in books. In this way he taught them gardening and a knowledge of plants, also various other things which would be useful to them through life. A great point with Oswald was to form habits of order and cleanliness in his young scholars, and this not only at school, but when out of doors, enforcing his rules with persuasions suited to young minds. Perhaps, however, all this was held by him of inferior moment to the education of the feelings—a love of the beautiful, the tender, and the poetical—for without these the mind remains hard and intractable, and cannot be led to know the finer religious emotions. How charming was it to see this benevolent man with his band of scholars, happy in each other, neither sourness nor severity in the master, nor fear in the pupils! It was throughout a labour of love: addressed as their dear master, Oswald was always ready to encourage and explain. No one dreaded to ask him a question: he was their friend not less than their instructor. The

happiness in these young parties drew the attention of the elder scholars, and they begged Oswald not to forget them. He accordingly arranged that they should at times visit his house, or walk with him in the fields. On these occasions, he opened their understandings to many branches of knowledge—among others, the wonders of creation and providence, and the nature of human society, of which they had formerly known very little. He took care not to be dry or tedious, but mixed up all he said with stories of natural history, of foreign lands and people, of wild animals, mountains, seas, and rivers.

The young men of the village heard reports of these pleasant conversations, and some of the more curious and intelligent among them began to seek Oswald's society. He gathered a class of these young men, and devoted some part of his leisure on Sundays to their instruction, giving them subjects to study during the week, and recommending to them suitable books for reading. But while he had such success among the young people, many of the leading men in the village remained his determined foes. Though they could not understand his measures, they felt that there was something in them which tended to overthrow the existing state of society in Goldenthal; consequently, Oswald found little society in the village, except at the mill, where he was always welcomed by Elizabeth and her parents.

One evening, when Oswald, as was customary, went to the house of the miller, he was received in a style so altered as to surprise him. His old friend looked studious and reserved, his wife seemed in ill humour, and Elizabeth had a sorrowful and anxious face. After a while, her parents left the room, and Oswald asked Elizabeth the reason for this cold reception. Her answer was for some moments delayed by sobs and tears; at last she told him that, a year ago, Brenzel, the host of the *Lion*, and the richest man in the parish, had asked for her as the wife of his eldest son, a dissipated young man. She had claimed of her parents a year for consideration; but now the time had expired, and her father, who wished to see her settled in life, was somewhat displeased at her unwillingness. This she told with tears, and Oswald understood more than she said. He assured her tenderly that long ago he had chosen her as his own bride, and she received his confession with great delight. He then went to her parents, and while Elizabeth was praying for a favourable result of the interview, he gave such an explanation of his condition and prospects, that, after a short time, the miller came into the room where Elizabeth was sitting, and, joining the hands of his daughter and Oswald, pronounced a blessing upon the betrothal. To Elizabeth it seemed like a dream—too happy to be true.

IV.

OSWALD IS STILL UNPOPULAR, BUT ELIZABETH IS WELL SPOKEN OF—THE HOST OF THE LION FALLS AND BREAKS HIS NOSE.

On the following Sunday, when Oswald and Elizabeth were named from the pulpit as betrothed, the Goldenthalers stared, and there was no little whispering among the women. But the host of the *Lion* immediately went out of the church as angry as the wild beast upon his sign, declaring that he would ruin the perfidious miller and all his family. However, in spite of this threat, Oswald and Elizabeth celebrated their marriage about three weeks afterwards.

Soon after the wedding, Oswald said to his bride: 'To insure our happiness, let us make a threefold vow: first, that there shall be no secrets between us; secondly, that none, not even our parents, shall be allowed to interfere between us in any of our affairs; and thirdly, that we will never speak unkindly towards each other, no, not even in jest.' To these propositions Elizabeth gladly assented.

It is customary in Germany to utter the voice of congratulation in song. Conformably with this ancient usage, Oswald's pupils resolved on serenading their beloved master. Oswald and his wife, therefore, on the morning after their marriage, were awakened by a harmonious hymn of congratulation, and wishes of long life and happiness, in which many voices joined. On looking out to return thanks for this kindness, Oswald was delighted to see so many of his scholars composing the choir. He observed, too, several persons standing and pointing to his cottage; for the children had secretly covered the walls with garlands in the evening, and even the least of them had brought wild-flowers from the fields and hedges to add to the display of affection. At school, all the children appeared with nosegays and wreaths of flowers, as if it was a great festival-day.

Notwithstanding these demonstrations, Oswald was still unpopular in the village. The oldest and most experienced people found reasons for grave suspicions, not only in his wonderful success as a teacher, but also in his sudden marriage with the miller's daughter. Such wonders, they were sure, could not be done by fair means: there was something supernatural in it. The old miller heard all this idle chatter, and only laughed at it; but his wife, though a pious and sensible woman, had her share of pride, and could not bear that it should be said she had given her daughter to a poor vagabond schoolmaster. Out of patience with the inquisitive gossip of the hostess of the *Eagle*, she one evening could not refrain from boasting. 'Hold your tongue,' said she; 'you know nothing about it. Oswald, I tell you, could buy up both your husband and the host of the *Lion*. I have seen proof of what I say; and, if I might speak, I could tell

you such things of him as would make the hair on your head stand on end.'

No sooner had the miller's wife made this idle boast, than she repented of it, and extorted from the hostess of the *Eagle* a promise that it should be kept as a strict secret. So the hostess kept it, and mentioned it to nobody, excepting her sister and her husband, and these also promised secrecy. They only added a little to the story, so that it was soon reported that heaps of gold and silver had been seen in Oswald's cottage; that he could buy all Goldenthal if he chose; and that such things were done in his house as, if they could be known, would make the hair bristle up upon the head like porcupines' quills. As the story went round the village, it increased like a snowball: it was declared that a second Dr Faustus had settled in Goldenthal; that Oswald had sold himself to Satan for thirty years; that he could make gold as fast as he liked; that he had bewitched Elizabeth, and compelled her to marry him; that he could call up spirits; discover treasures in the earth; and finally, could, if he liked, ride through the air on a broomstick!

This stupid tale had one advantage for Oswald, as it protected him from all other insulting treatment. The respect which they would not pay simply to the man of superior wisdom and virtue, they were now compelled to pay to the reputed necromancer. Many of the ignorant Goldenthalers secretly crossed themselves when they happened to meet the schoolmaster.

Elizabeth enjoyed a better reputation. The young people did not cross themselves when they met her, but enjoyed a friendly glance from her face, and secretly blessed her. She became the true friend and adviser of all the young maidens in Goldenthal. On one occasion, two young damsels about to be married came to ask of her the important secret of preserving their beauty, and retaining the affections of their husbands. Elizabeth assured them that no magic was required to do it. Said she: 'If wives frequently lose their attraction, and consequently the love of their husbands, it is often their own fault. Before they were married, they were cleanly and neat, with burnished brows, and hair as smooth and glossy as in a painting; now see them strolling about in the morning, with stockings hanging loose, shoes down in the heels, and papers in their uncombed locks, as if they thought slovenliness a proof of a good housewife. Be sure that when the wife goes about in this slothful tawdry way, there is little hope of happiness in the house.'

'But all of us cannot get new clothes so well as you can,' said one of the maidens.

'I use perhaps less than some of you,' replied Elizabeth, 'because I am careful and punctual in mending, whenever a garment requires it.'

Then one of the young women blushed as she confessed she had never learned to sew, but would be glad if any one would teach her.

'I will do so gladly,' said Elizabeth: 'come both of you to me at the time I shall appoint.'

When Oswald heard of this plan, he was delighted with the benevolence of his wife, and proposed that she should make this a beginning of a school for sewing. 'The waste of materials, and the misery of families for want of good domestic knowledge in the wives of the poor, cannot be properly counted. It is a shame to our country that we have not in every village a sensible woman and good housewife appointed to teach poor young women good, wholesome, and cheap cookery, as well as plain sewing. It would prevent an enormous waste of money, and make many marriages happy.'

Elizabeth took the hint; and when her two pupils had invited, by their example, a class of young women to meet at the schoolmaster's house, the lessons were not confined to sewing and knitting, but the kitchen was turned into a school, and the clever young wife explained the modes of preparing plain and inexpensive dishes for the family table. Even the aspect of her neat and orderly house, filled with decent and well-cleaned furniture and utensils of every sort, had a good effect upon the minds of these young disciples in domestic economy. All these labours gave Oswald and Elizabeth plenty to do, but still they wished to do something more. Already the children had been trained to industrial occupations, and now all were taught to plait straw for hats and bonnets, and besides, the girls were taught to do various kinds of knitting. The long winter evenings, which had formerly been spent in idleness or foolish sports, were now devoted to these useful occupations. No sight was more pleasing than to see happy parties of young straw-plaiters in the kitchens of the village cottagers, all laughing or chatting while their fingers were busy, or listening attentively to one who read to them by the light of a burning fagot.

By such services, Oswald and Elizabeth won the affections of the young villagers. Still, Oswald could not banish the absurd reports about himself. Mr Brenzel particularly, the host of the *Lion*, knew that the easiest way to ruin a man is to get up reports that he is not orthodox in his creed, and accordingly watched for an opportunity of doing Oswald a serious injury. At last this determined foe and spy supposed he had found out something worthy of a legal scrutiny. Said he: 'I have got enough to twist the schoolmaster's neck about. I will compel his own mother-in-law to appear against him. As a parish-officer, I am bound to report what I have heard.'

Accordingly, one Sunday he arrayed himself in his best clothes, adjusted a three-cornered hat majestically on his head, took his Spanish cane tipped with silver, and set out with vast strides to walk to the town. Not a word did he say to anybody of his business, for he feared that, if Oswald caught a whisper of it, some serious accident would befall him before he could give information of the

Goldenthal wizard. As he went along he talked to himself, muttering over the speech he had prepared to recite to the magistrate, and as the tone of the address rose, he quickened his pace, and beat the air with his hands. In his zeal and hurry, he got his walking-stick between his legs, and fell over it so heavily, that he arose with a nose swollen and discoloured like a large plum. 'Oswald, surely enough, did that!' he exclaimed, as he recovered his breath.

As he was wiping his face, a gentleman on horseback galloped up to him, and asked: 'Have you a gentleman named Oswald in your village, and where shall I find him?'

'Yes: what do you want with him?' replied the host of the *Lion*.

'The prince wishes to see him,' said the horseman, and rode away towards Goldenthal.

The host of the *Lion* gaped wide with amazement. 'Wha—what!' he gasped; 'the prince visit Oswald!' Just then a carriage rolled by, drawn by six horses. Brenzel now caught a glimpse of a young man in it, dressed in a blue surtout, and with a silver star on his breast.

'O dear, dear!' exclaimed Brenzel. 'The prince means to go to the *Lion;* I am not at home; and now he will put up at the *Eagle!*' So saying, he hurried homeward, running until he lost his breath, and getting the fine cane once more between his legs, so that he came down again with violence upon his already battered nose. Rising up, he hastened on, notwithstanding the pain, and found his part of the village quite deserted—no prince at the *Lion*—no prince at the *Eagle;* but his kitchen-maid came breathless to tell him: 'All the people are down at the schoolmaster's waiting to see the prince.' And there, sure enough, he found a crowd in front of Oswald's house. Presently, the door was opened, the prince appeared, walking between Oswald and Elizabeth, then kindly shook hands with them, stepped into his carriage, and was soon whirled away, leaving the spectators more than ever convinced that Oswald was a magician.

'Even great princes come to him for money,' said one of the sages of Goldenthal when the adventure was talked over. 'If I had his deep knowledge, do you think I would live here and keep school as he does? No; I would ride about like the prince, and have my kitchen full of good living, and my cellar full of wine. If I sold myself to Satan, it would be for something worth while.'

Poverty, like riches, corrupts the heart; and there were some poor wretches in Goldenthal who, while they talked of Oswald's supposed arrangement with Satan, secretly wished that they could make as good a bargain.

V.

THE GOLDMAKERS' CONFEDERACY.

The inhabitants of Goldenthal, as may be already judged, were ill instructed, and full of the prejudices belonging to a rude and primitive state of things. Never accustomed to observe the operation of natural causes, they readily traced all that was remarkable to something beyond nature—to magic, or the practice of unholy arts. That their neighbour Oswald, a discharged soldier, with means not above the common, should live in comfort, want for no money, and be visited by princes, was to their minds supernatural. The report spread by his mother-in-law added strength to this wild notion; and now it was a confirmed belief among many that he could derive his wealth only by an intercourse with evil spirits; perhaps, as has been already hinted, he had, like Dr Faustus, sold himself body and soul to the great enemy of mankind.

Worked on by necessity, a number of the poorest men in Goldenthal, unknown to each other, began to cultivate Oswald's friendship. Seizing on favourable opportunities, they, one after the other, visited him privately, and hinted that they required his advice respecting their circumstances. They had evidently a mighty secret, which they longed to utter. At last one ventured to speak out, and said: 'Oswald, you can make gold; teach me to do it. I am so poor, that I care for nothing, not even to see Beelzebub in proper person. I am, in short, ready to strike any bargain to get out of my poverty.' Oswald was amazed at the folly and impiety of this confession. But for some time he hardly knew what to say to men so ignorant and vicious.

Having at length, after some time for deliberation, formed a scheme by which he might take advantage of the men's willingness to work out any plan he might suggest, he told them all individually that he was prepared to teach them the art of goldmaking, and that for this purpose they must come to his house on a certain evening, a short time before midnight. All, as a matter of course, gladly promised to attend.

Accordingly, on the appointed night, the would-be goldmakers arrived at Oswald's house, each supposing himself a solitary visitor, and all were conducted into one room in entire darkness. Every one shuddered as he felt others near him, and all stood together in the darkness in breathless terror until the church clock struck twelve. Then suddenly the door was opened, and Oswald walked in arrayed in full military costume, with a feather in his cap, a sword at his side, and bearing two candles in his hands. He found thirty-two visitors present, all looking ashamed of their mutual recognition, and

terrified at the appearance of one whom they believed to be closely allied with evil demons. But Oswald looked on them with a very serious face, and began to speak: 'Look at me, unhappy men, and see who I am. I follow no black art. I am a worshipper of God. In God's way only is prosperity to be found. But you have been far out of that way. You have been drunken lazy wretches, cruel to your wives and children, and now you are in debt and misery. Will you let me help you? If you would be as rich as I am, do as I do!' So saying, he poured upon the table a heap of gold from a bag. The men all stared with dazzled eyes; their hearts beat and fluttered fearfully. Oswald continued: 'You have come to learn how to make gold. I will teach you. But you must serve an apprenticeship of seven years and seven weeks. He who observes my lessons for that time, shall at the end have more gold to spare than you see now upon this table. But, I tell you, my rules will be hard to obey, unless you turn your hearts and become new men.'

All the listeners, in anxious silence, stared on Oswald's face, as if he were their judge just about to pronounce their doom.

'Now, hear my rules for goldmaking,' said he, 'to be kept for the space of seven years and seven weeks. If any of you will not observe these rules, let him depart.' Not one moved from his place; so Oswald delivered the following rules for goldmaking:

'1. You shall avoid all taverns, and regularly attend the church.

'2. You shall play no games with cards, dice, &c., nor gamble in any way.

'3. You shall use no oaths, nor lying and slanderous words.

'4. Every day you shall have prayers in your families, and labour industriously.

'5. You shall consume neither wine nor brandy, and be strictly temperate in everything, not even smoking tobacco.

'6. You shall suffer no weeds to stand in your gardens, nor rubbish to lie in your houses.

'7. You shall keep your own persons and those of your children clean and decent.

'By this last sign I shall know if you are faithful.—Now, if you will promise to observe these rules for the time mentioned, step forward and join hands with me.'

One after another came forward and reached his arm over the pile of gold on the table, and clasped Oswald's hand, and said: 'I will!' At length all the men present made the promise.

'Now,' said Oswald, 'go to your homes, and remember that you have entered into a confederacy for well-doing. We are all, henceforth, to be as one man in the cause. Each is to support the other. If any is weak, we will help him. Farewell.'*

* This conference and its objects remind us of an anecdote in Scottish social history. When James I. visited Scotland in 1617, he found his old friend Thomas, first Earl of

In silence the men departed and sought their respective homes. None of them but was surprised at the unexpected turn which affairs had taken, and individually, they might have rejected the plan pointed out for their acceptance; they were, however, pledged to each other, and shame, if nothing else, would keep them from breaking their promise. It is at least certain that one and all acted on Oswald's midnight injunction. Next morning, considerately advised by Oswald, they set about divers little reforms in and about their dwellings, also in their outward appearance.

'What is the matter? Is the prince coming again?' exclaimed the lame old village watchman as he went his round the next morning, and saw several men dressed more decently than was usual. Besides, there were other wonders in Goldenthal—washing, sweeping, and rubbing of windows, doorways, tables, and benches!

And this marvel did not suddenly die away; but from week to week new causes of wonder arose for all the Goldenthalers who were not in the secret of the Goldmakers' confederacy. The taverns

Haddington, who at the time filled the office of President of the Court of Session, exceedingly rich, and that there was a general belief of his having discovered the Philosopher's Stone—the art of goldmaking. James, who was in the habit of nicknaming all his courtiers, had given the earl the familiar title of Tam o' the Cowgate, from his residing in a street of that name. Highly taken with the idea that Tam had possessed himself of the enviable talisman of the Philosopher's Stone, he was not long in letting his friend and gossip know of the story which he had heard respecting him. Whether the Lord President was offended at the imputation, has not been recorded; but it is probable that he took it in good part, as he immediately invited the king and the rest of the company present to come to his house in the Cowgate next day, when he would both do his best to give them a good dinner, and lay open to them the whole mystery of the Philosopher's Stone. This agreeable invitation was of course accepted; and the next day accordingly saw his house thronged with the gay and gorgeous figures of England's king and courtiers, all of whom the President feasted to their heart's content. After dinner, the king reminded him of his Philosopher's Stone, and expressed the utmost anxiety to be speedily made acquainted with so rare a treasure, when the pawky lord addressed his majesty and the company in a short speech, concluding with this information, that his whole secret lay in two simple and familiar maxims: 'Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day; nor ever trust to another's hand what your own can execute.' He might have added, from the works of an illustrious contemporary:

'This only is the witchcraft I have used.'

The guests, who expected to find the earl's talisman of a more tangible character, were perhaps disappointed that the whole matter turned out to be mere words; but the king, who could appreciate a good saying, took up the affair more blithely, and complimented his host upon the means he had employed in the construction of his fortune, adding, that these admirable apothegms should henceforth be proverbial, under the appellation of '*Tam o' the Cowgate's Philosopher's Stone.*' The king appears to have been obeyed in this by his Scottish subjects with more readiness than he found in certain other of the edicts which he issued upon the occasion of his visit to Scotland, for, long after the Episcopal forms of worship which he then engrafted upon Presbytery had passed away and been forgotten, Tam o' the Cowgate's Philosopher's Stone was remembered with satisfaction, and it has even been used as an adage within the recollection of aged persons still alive.

began to look deserted; the court for ninepins on Sunday echoed neither to rolling balls, curses, nor laughter; cards and dice lay almost undisturbed. Those who had been the most frequent visitors at the taverns, now employed their evenings with their wives and children, or in looking over their fields. The host of the *Eagle*, when he saw his benches almost empty on Sunday, nearly shed tears of vexation as he exclaimed: 'Have all the people lost their senses? There must be some amendment of this—such a sad state of things must not be tolerated!' Brenzel, too, joined loudly in the complaint. Said he: 'This is an infamous conspiracy against me!' The reformation in his parish attracted the attention even of the old parson, and he dated it all from the delivery of one of his longest sermons. Enraged that the clergyman should acknowledge the change of manners as an improvement, the two publicans almost entirely left their places in the church.

VI.

ACCOUNTS ARE EXAMINED—THE SAVINGS-BOX—THE SOUP-KITCHEN—TAVERNS SHUT UP.

As the year passed on, several members of the goldmakers' party came to the schoolmaster, complaining that, though they had attended to all his rules of economy, they were encumbered with old debts, and threatened with expulsion from their houses. Oswald looked carefully into all their accounts. The disorderly and melancholy state in which he found them gave him great trouble; but he toiled through them. He then helped the poor people to reckon up their earnings, their expenditure, and the sums they could contrive to lay by for the payment of their old debts. Some families he helped by finding employment for the young people in the town.

Having, in the course of his reading, learned the nature of savings-banks, Oswald thought there was a good opportunity of establishing one in the village. He therefore collected a number of persons, among the rest the members of the confederacy, and explained to them how one of these banks might be set up. All agreed that it might answer, if Oswald would undertake its management. This he very willingly consented to do. The savings-bank was begun, and the money which was collected was lent at interest to those who needed it, and who could be trusted.

The getting of interest was a new thing to so many of the villagers, that they became zealous in saving, and were even so economical as to be disposed to rob themselves and their children of necessary

food. This suggested to Oswald a new means of economy. He persuaded his mother-in-law, with the help of others, to prepare soup for the poor families, for which they paid a very low price, and so gained food at a great saving of time and expense in fuel and cookery. Soon this plan was found to be so beneficial, and became so popular, that the host of the *Eagle* opened a rival soup-kitchen. This, however, did not succeed well, nor did it deserve to do, for the publican thought only of his own interest. With all their poverty, the Goldenthalers had been famous for their propensity to litigation, and just now the host of the *Eagle* tavern was engaged in a lawsuit about an old oak tree which, he thought, belonged to his land. It had already cost him a thousand guilders; and now he was led on and on until he was compelled to sell his house and fields to pay his lawyers and other creditors. This, however, brought good to Goldenthal, for the *Eagle* was now shut up, and the *Lion* left alone.

The number of well-doers was now so greatly increased, that Oswald was not exposed to the same ungracious persecutions he once was. Still, there was an old set, confirmed in bad habits and prejudices, who shook their heads at the signs of the times, and said: "'Tis plain the village is going to ruin. There is only one public-house supported. Alas! we once had three!' Oswald reproved their mistake, and told them that the *Lion* and the *Eagle* were ravenous wild beasts that had fed on the substance of the community too long. When Brenzel heard that the schoolmaster had called the *Lion* a wild beast, he was ready to burst with anger, and threatened an action for damages; but Oswald kept out of the claws of the *Lion*.

VII.

A THUNDER-STORM—THE NEW CLERGYMAN.

About this time there was a terrible storm one night. All the sky seemed as if in flames. The thunder rolled, houses shook, and windows clattered. A terrible flash of lightning burst upon the parsonage, and blazed around the building; but happily no part caught fire. Yet so severe was the shock of alarm to the poor old clergyman, that he was very ill, and in the course of a few days he died. The ignorant Goldenthalers laid the blame upon the government, for forbidding the ringing of the church-bells in thunder-storms. 'We might have rung the thunder away,' said some of the old ones. Oswald shewed them the error of their notion, and taught them the cause of thunder, and the use of the lightning-conductor. He fitted one to his own house, and the miller followed his example.

This, again, displeased some, who said it was an impious folly, and asked: 'Cannot the Almighty send his lightning wherever he pleases?' Oswald took pains to correct this mistake, and shewed them the right way of trusting in Providence, and still making use of all proper means of averting danger. His doctrine was new and strange; but it happily made some converts.

To supply the place of the deceased parson, a young preacher, named Roderick, was appointed to Goldenthal. 'What can such a boy as that do for us?' said some of the old people, when they saw the new parson, who was about twenty-seven years of age; and when they had heard him, they added: 'Ah, we see our new parson is one of the new-fangled preachers. We can understand every word that he says. What is the good of that? He is not learned enough: he should go more deeply into things. Our worthy old parson was a different man: he could preach for an hour and a half far beyond our understandings. It was quite delightful to hear him!'

Fortunately, there were some in Goldenthal who could better estimate the new parson, and they found him a pious, worthy, and learned man, though young. He was sociable, and yet serious; humble in deportment, and yet commanding respect; full of patience; and when he spoke reproof, it was still the voice of love. Soon after his arrival in Goldenthal, he visited every family in his parish. His manifest kindness infused confidence into the minds of his people; he heard their complaints, overruled their dissensions, attended to all their wants, and visited most frequently the poorest and the lowest of his flock. On Sunday, in the pulpit, he spoke so that every hearer believed the discourse to be addressed especially to himself.

Great was the delight of this good young clergyman on his first visit to Oswald's school. The cleanliness, quietness, and good order of the children pleasingly surprised him. As Oswald knelt down to offer his prayer of thanksgiving and adoration, the visitor knelt beside him, and tears fell from his eyes as Oswald prayed for the children. When this devotional exercise was over, he addressed to Oswald the warmest expression of thanks for the attention he had paid to the young. 'Excellent man!' said he, 'you have here sown good seed for eternity: may I be able to follow your example! If ever I am discouraged in my duties, I shall come here and be a scholar myself.'

And now, when the children found that the new parson so highly esteemed their teacher, their love and admiration of Oswald rose higher than before, and the consequence was, the school prospered more rapidly than ever. Roderick was a healer of the bodies as well as the souls of his people. He turned them from the error of their fantastic ways of dealing with some diseases by spells, charms, &c.; and as he had studied medicine so as to know the remedies for many common complaints, he wrought so many good cures,

that the poor people had great confidence in him. Thus he followed his Master—'healing the sick, and preaching the kingdom of heaven.' He was also skilful in many other useful things, for he had considered in his youth that no knowledge of the affairs of life ought to be neglected by the country parson. Among other things, he was skilled in the management of bees, and had brought some very choice hives to Goldenthal; and the result of his endeavours to introduce the care of bees among the people was, that, in the course of a few years, Goldenthal was famous in all the neighbouring towns for its rich and luscious honey.

He knew how to divide his attention well between the souls and bodies of his people; and as he attended to their comfort in their houses, he laboured to refine and elevate their minds by the services at church. He determined to reform their practice of singing in church, which had been coarse, violent, and noisy. Every one had been accustomed to bawl with all his might, as if he would crack the windows or raise the roof; and the old people were so attached to this custom, that they thought the praise of God could be sung in no other way. Oswald had made a reformation among the young, and had taught them to sing with him at school harmoniously, in four parts. Some of the old people admired this style of singing in the school, but still they thought nothing but the old style of bawling would do for the church. But the young parson determined to quell the storm of discord which offended his ears, and therefore he proposed that service should be opened by the children singing alone. This was done; but by degrees some of the adults were tempted to join softly in the tune, which was just as Oswald and Roderick desired; and, in course of time, such a right feeling for true, harmonious, and devotional singing was spread among the people, that the whole congregation united their voices so softly and well, that the harmony from the choir of children was heard distinct from the general sound, and with a solemn and devotional effect.

VIII.

THE GOLDENTHALERS WIN GOOD FAME—A NEW OVERSEER—DEBTS TO BE PAID.

We pass over a space of time during which Roderick and Oswald were labouring to confirm and extend the good work of reformation which they had begun. And what was the result? Good credit was restored to Goldenthal, and a favourable report of the village was spread throughout the neighbouring country. The hemp, flax, grain, vegetables, and fruit brought to market from Goldenthal were

all so good as to raise surprise; the butter was exquisite and abundant; in short, the village rose so rapidly in public estimation, that the surrounding townspeople jokingly styled it the GOLDMAKERS' VILLAGE.

Some might suppose that Oswald, who was the spring of every good movement among the people, had burdened himself and his good wife with too many offices; but he knew better how to arrange his affairs. He had found out among his pupils, and trained for the service, a youth able to take the greater part of the labour of the school. This young man's name was John Heiter, and, as a teacher, he soon became almost as much beloved by the pupils as Oswald.

The confederacy of the thirty-two stood firm to their principles, and made converts by their examples; but still there were several idle and miserable men in Goldenthal, who arrayed themselves against every improvement; and at the head of these poor creatures stood the host of the *Lion*, the misguided Brenzel. Great was the wrath and vexation of this stubborn man when Oswald and an honest industrious man named Ulrich Stark were elected to fill two vacancies in the board of guardians for the village. But he disguised his anger as well as he could, and paid a visit to Oswald, congratulating him upon his election.

But now, at the first meeting of the guardians, when Oswald and Ulrich Stark proceeded to business, they first demanded a rigid examination of the account-books. Here all was in the greatest disorder. The parish still owed about seven thousand guilders, and of this half was owing to the host of the *Lion*, who received five per cent. interest on the capital he had lent, while he paid only four per cent. for sums he had borrowed from the same funds, which was clearly unjust. Great expenses had been caused by all kinds of trifling visits and little affairs of business, which honourable men would have done gratuitously. In short, the whole of the accounts bore strong testimony against the selfishness and fraud of the late managers of the parish property, and none was so seriously criminated as the host of the *Lion*. Oswald made out such a dark account against this man, that the haughty and despotic Brenzel had to humble himself and supplicate for mercy. But Oswald determined, in justice to the poor, the widows, and the orphans, to refer the whole business to the proper legal authorities, by whom the accounts of Goldenthal parish were scrutinised; and the consequence was, that a warrant was issued against the host of the *Lion*, his goods were seized, and he was condemned to imprisonment.

Oswald was now almost master of the parish; but his position was not an easy one. He had many hard journeys to perform, and much opposition and misrepresentation to endure, before he could avert the dangers which had threatened the ill-regulated place. His first task was to diminish the burden of the debt still lying upon the people—above six thousand guilders. For this purpose he commenced a

valuation of all the land in Goldenthal, that it might be known what were the real circumstances of every parishioner, and what the amount of taxes he ought to pay. He next determined that a better use should be made of the land which was common parish property, and thus he explained his plan to his fellow-parishioners: 'You know that this common land is of little service to the poor at present. It is trodden down by the cattle belonging to those who are comparatively rich. This is not fair. Every man in the parish has a right to a share of it; but now those who do not keep any cattle derive no benefit from it. Let us have it portioned out, and fairly cultivated.' This proposition was met by murmurs and objections from those interested in unfair usages; but the majority were with Oswald, and the motion was carried. The rich farmers appealed to government against Oswald's innovation, but the only answer they received was: 'The common belongs to the parishioners, and not to the cows of Goldenthal; and every peasant may claim his portion, and make use of it as he pleases. You are not so careful to preserve the ancient rights of your parish, as to defend your own selfish practices.'

The following spring found a great improvement in the waste land of Goldenthal. Gardens were now blooming where lately the cattle had grazed upon scanty herbage. Hops, beans, hemp, flax, cabbages, potatoes, clover, and corn were flourishing on the newly broken ground. Even the farmers who had opposed Oswald's plan confessed that its result was indeed cheering, for the poor people were becoming more industrious, and paying their old debts. Next, Oswald turned his attention to the forest-land belonging to the parish, and called a meeting of the Goldenthalers to consider another new project. He explained to them that he had observed a sad waste of wood in the village. 'Other parishes,' said he, 'consume less of this valuable article for household purposes, because they have public ovens, where one fire does the work of a hundred. Why cannot we follow their example? To burn wood as we do, is to burn gold.' Another of the parish-officers observed, that in some villages there were also public washing-houses, which he would recommend to the people of Goldenthal for their convenience and economy. These propositions were approved of by the meeting; and next, Oswald led them to consider for what profitable use they might employ the spare wood, so as to make it help towards the payment of their debts. After some opposition, a good plan was agreed upon; and the profits realised in one year by the erection of public ovens and washing-houses, as well as the economy of fuel, surprised all those who had never before turned their attention to such speculations.

And now, as the parish debt was melting away, and many of the Goldenthalers who had once been clothed in rags shewed themselves in decent apparel at the market, the townspeople imagined that not

a single beggar was to be found in Goldenthal. But this was too good yet to be true. Some of the old race remained, and refused to be improved. There were still too many who preferred begging to any honourable labour; and even able-bodied men and women were to be found who would not only live by begging themselves, but would marry and bring up children in beggary. Such disorders grieved the heart of the worthy young parson, and he had many consultations with Oswald regarding the best mode of remedy. 'Unless we remove this great evil,' said he, 'our prosperity will have a worm at its root, and soon decay.'

The 'Spital, as the poor-house was called, was a miserable place, where the poor had been huddled together like cattle in a fold, without any discrimination of age, sex, character, or state of health, and there kept without any proper supervision, and supplied with no useful employment. Roderick had often visited the place, and was resolved that such a nursery of idleness and vice should no longer defile and disgrace his parish. A list was prepared of all the people unable to support themselves. The 'Spital was reformed, and changed into quite another house. A large kitchen was made, where the cooking for all the inmates might be done; separate rooms were established for the men and women respectively, and two chambers set apart for the sick; a separate sleeping-cell, too, was provided for every healthy person. Into the newly arranged house all persons who had no houses were conducted, as well as the children of such families as had no decent accommodation at home. Children were left with their parents in all cases where this could be done without peril to the health of both their bodies and their minds.

Suitable persons were appointed to visit all the families receiving from the parish relief in their own houses, and regular reports were given by these visitors to Roderick and Oswald. All the paupers who could labour were compelled to do so in support of the funds of the 'Spital; and if any one refused to do his duty, he was condemned to imprisonment, and supplied only with bread and water. This regulation soon exposed the distinction between the worthless and those who were willing to become useful members of society. The land attached to the 'Spital was laid out in gardens, and soon shewed signs of good cultivation. Every pauper was obliged to contribute a certain amount of the produce of his allotment to the common fund, but with permission to raise more for his own purposes. Abundant work was found for all who were strong, in mending the roads, draining the boggy parts of the forest, felling trees, planting, clearing the water-courses, and other ways. There was indoor work too for rainy weather and for the women: they were required to keep all the furniture in the 'Spital in good order, and to keep themselves employed with spinning, knitting, and sewing. By such measures, enforced by a constant, kind, and watchful supervision, the 'Spital was transformed into a comfortable abode, and a nursery

of industrious habits. And all this was soon done without any expense to the parish. The inmates of the house were soon able to prepare and cook their own food, repair their clothes, and to manufacture goods which found a sale. Their minds also improved as their physical condition was elevated by decency, industry, and orderly habits. Roderick conducted divine worship in the 'Spital on several evenings in the week; and the inmates were taught not only to respect themselves, and do justice to their neighbours, but also to be humble and devout before their Maker and Saviour.

It should be observed, that every inmate was at liberty to leave the house whenever he thought proper, provided that he could shew that he had a fair prospect of otherwise honourably supporting himself and those belonging to him. Thus many who had been burdens to themselves and to the parish, by kind and prudent means well carried out, were restored to the happy condition of being willing and able to support themselves, and contribute to the welfare of society at Goldenthal.

IX.

SOMETHING NEW AGAIN.

'What can Oswald be scheming now?' said some of the people when the reformer began to devote his evenings to the measurement of their farms. He was walking about with the schoolmaster, John Heiter, stretching the chain, or looking over the tops of the stakes he had fixed in the ground. 'What can all this mean?' asked the people.

In the course of some months, Oswald had prepared a complete map of all the land in the parish, with every stile, house, and path. This was suspended in the parish vestry, and many went to wonder at it every day, until Oswald assembled the principal land-proprietors to hear an explanation of his design.

'Here,' said he, 'is a plan of all your lands, which our schoolmaster, assisted by some of the boys, has made out for us. I will now explain my purpose. When I surveyed the fields which you have cultivated with hard labour, I could not but observe that some of them yield less than they ought to do with good management; and, in many instances, a great part of the labour and expense of cultivation might be spared. I propose to render your plans more economical, by saving, in the first place, *time*. As you have bought your several parcels of land at various times, I find that they lie widely scattered, so that a man has to cross the parish sometimes

to go from one of his fields to another. Here is a great waste of time. One of you has a small piece of land on the hill-side, then another patch behind the wood, another near the high-road, and still another patch on the other side of our rivulet. Thus a great part of the day is spent in walking to and fro; and this loss of time by every man employed on the land, and also by your cattle drawing manure, &c., must, when summed up, appear a very serious matter at the end of the year. Now, if all these scattered pieces of land could be gathered into one compact allotment, would not there be a great saving of time, labour, and expense?'

All assented; but some suggested that it was not easy to carry land about. Oswald went on to explain his plan.

'My plan has its difficulties,' said he; 'but only be fair and obliging to each other, and as you can see now how much land belongs to each of you, I would suggest that you may, with mutual advantage, make exchanges of land, so as to have all your farms more compact. The advantage will surely be great. Throw aside selfishness; do the thing that is just; take time for consideration, and I believe you will carry the plan into effect for the good of the parish.'

Some shook their heads, and said it was impossible; yet they began to study it at their homes. It became the most popular entertainment during the winter to discuss the proposed measure; and in the spring several good arrangements were made. Then, when some of the small farmers found the profit of having their lands together, others became anxious to share in the improvement: the map was studied every evening, and the divisions of land were soon more conveniently disposed for cultivation. Perseverance in good plans carried on improvement in Goldenthal, until it indeed deserved its name. It was a golden valley. The village lay in the midst of fruitful gardens, orchards, meadows, and golden corn-fields. The foot-paths over the fields were kept smooth and clear from weeds, and the roads throughout the parish were ornamented with fruit-trees. The village looked like a flourishing little town. Every house had shining windows, a polished door, a roof of tiles, a little flower-garden, and a hive of bees. The people were well clothed, and their cheerful faces told that they lived happily together. Many had brown, sunburnt faces; but strength and health were smiling from their eyes. The young men of the neighbouring villages looked wistfully at the maidens of Goldenthal, and even the sons of respectable farmers thought they did well to obtain the hand of one of these maidens, who supplied the want of money with genuine household virtues.

After service on Sunday, Goldenthal presented a scene of true rural happiness: parties of friends and relatives assembled in the houses, or sat in the gardens enjoying fruit, honey, milk, and other pastoral luxuries. The village became a favourite place of resort

for the respectable people of the town; and even in winter, skating-parties would meet at Goldenthal. Under the guidance of Heiter, the schoolmaster, the young choir had attained such proficiency as to be able to sing choral pieces, such as could seldom be heard even in the neighbouring towns. Thus the young people, supplied with innocent and intellectual amusements, and shut out from many temptations, were able to spend their evenings in summer and in winter without feeling anything of that dulness and want of occupation by which many are led into intemperance and other vices.

As may be supposed, there were some who were disposed to mar the good results of Oswald's labours. A number of the village peasants, as they became more wealthy, were tempted to vanity; some of their daughters dressed too gaily; while some of the men indulged in the wine-flask or at the billiard-table. But this conduct aroused the fears of all the well-disposed inhabitants, and, taught by experience, they foresaw in such vanities and indulgences the first tendency to go backward. When fully aware of the evil, there were grave deliberations on the subject; and a species of union was formed of persons who agreed to abide by certain regulations as to dress and manners. This movement had the desired effect; the force of public opinion suppressing the tendencies to vice and disorder. Every year the regulations were read aloud in the church to the congregation, and such additions were made from time to time as seemed necessary. After the reading, the question was put to all, old and young, men, women, and children, in the assembly: 'Will you stand by this code of laws, which is the foundation of all our prosperity, happiness, and honour?' And all the people answered with one accord, with a loud voice, that they would. Thus the integrity of the parish was preserved.

X.

THE BAPTISM OF OSWALD'S CHILD.

And now Oswald was truly happy, for his Elizabeth presented to him a fine healthy son. He went to carry the news to his friend the new host at the *Lion*, who was one of the faithful members of the confederacy. 'Friend,' said Oswald, 'I think I have never yet asked you to bestow a favour upon me; now I must do it. My wife has just given me a son and heir. I cannot leave her, and go to the town; but I require, for a certain purpose, the loan of five hundred guilders—only for eight days.'

'Of course I will lend them,' said the host of the *Lion;* 'but I have not all that in gold.'

'Let it be gold if you can,' said Oswald; 'see what you can do, and bring it to my house to-morrow evening exactly at eight o'clock. But say nothing of it to anybody.'

In the same way Oswald called upon every one of the two-and-thirty men who had made the promise to keep the seven rules: to each of them he addressed the same petition, and appointed the same time and place for receiving the money. All these friends met at Oswald's house at the hour of dusk, and were conducted into a chamber almost dark. Oswald went out to fetch candles, and in a few minutes returned, arrayed in a military costume, with star, sword, and feather, just as he had appeared to them in the same room seven years before. 'Have you brought the money, my friends?' said he. 'Please to lay it upon the table.' One after another stepped forward, and laid his heap of money upon it.

Then Oswald spoke: 'Remember, my friends, that now your time of probation has expired: the seven years and seven weeks are gone; and now you have placed more gold upon this table than lay upon it on the night of our engagement. My promise is fulfilled: I have taught you the art of goldmaking. And now abide faithful to God and your own vows; so shall your welfare increase from day to day. Bring up your children by the same rules, and your welfare will descend to them.' Many expressions of hearty gratitude broke forth as Oswald ceased speaking. He now returned the money to those who were so willing to lend, assuring them that he did not need it.

'Then what can we do for you to express our thankfulness?' said several at once. 'Only tell us, and we are ready to go through fire to serve you, for without you we should have been ruined.'

Then Oswald answered: 'I thank you for your sincere friendship, but I have no need of assistance of any kind. Thanks to a worthy man, my good father, who gave me a fair education. When a soldier, I found all that I had learned useful, and my knowledge of land-measurement, next to my good conduct, procured for me promotion to the rank of captain of horse. In a skirmish, when the prince was surrounded by foes, I dashed in with my squadron and rescued him. I received for that service this wound on my brow, and the star on my breast, with a good pension for life. The prince has never forgotten me, but, as you have seen, has condescended to visit me here in Goldenthal. When I returned to my native village, and found it in such miserable circumstances, I thought it prudent to disguise my real condition. I soon lost all desire of living in Goldenthal, and should have gone away had I not seen Elizabeth, my dear wife: she kept me in the place. Then I resolved to do my utmost towards improving the place where I chose to dwell. To carry out my plan, I hid my wealth and rank from all except my wife and her parents. And now,' he added, 'let this discovery of my station in the world make no difference in your intercourse with

me: you are my brethren, and the title I shall be proudest of will be to be called your *friend!*'

'Then,' said the chief speaker of the company, 'if we can express our thanks in no other way, we and our families will attend your child's baptism, and make the day a festival in all our houses!'

Sunday came, and all the young people in Goldenthal arose early, for on that day Oswald's child was to be baptised. In the morning, Oswald went to the bedside and kissed the young mother and her infant. 'See, Elizabeth,' said he, 'my heart is almost breaking with joy and sorrow mingled. My boy makes my heart glad, and the aspect of our village this morning moves me to tears. See! who dare deny the capability of goodness and gratitude in the souls of men? During the night, they have decked our house with garlands and wreaths, as they did at our bridal; and not only so, but all the cottages in the village are decorated with green boughs and wreaths of bright flowers, as if our festival was to be a festival in every family. And all the way from our house to the church, they have planted stakes on each side of the road, and hung long strings of flowers between them, while the road is strewn with green leaves and many-coloured flowers.'

The young mother blushed with pleasure, and her eyes were moistened as she heard what Oswald told. 'I have heard noises of going to and fro in the night,' said she, 'and knew not what to make of them.' She could not stay in bed, but must go to the window to see the decorations of the cottages. And then she wept silently, for nothing is more touching to a tender soul than to witness the sympathy of many united by one good feeling; it is an anticipation of the joy that will be felt in heaven. Elizabeth returned to her infant son, and her parents arrived to prepare for the baptismal ceremony. The miller's good wife could not express her joy at the gay appearance of the village. 'Never,' said she—'never was there such a baptism in Goldenthal before—no, not even at the birth of a prince have we had such a festival!' As she was speaking, a procession of boys and girls came on towards Oswald's house: all were clothed in their best Sunday garments, and every one carried some little present for the cradle of the infant. They came in two at a time, and, kneeling down, kissed the hand of the young mother, calling her 'Mother Elizabeth;' then kissed the hand of Oswald, and called him 'Father Oswald!'

Then all the church bells began to ring joyously. The child was dressed, and carried to the church. The grandfather and the grandmother followed, and behind them walked the father, deeply moved in his soul. The whole congregation, old and young, stood before the church in a wide half-circle waiting for Oswald; and as he came, all said, as with one soft and friendly voice, 'Good-morning, Father Oswald:' then all followed him into the church. After the baptism, the preacher, Roderick, delivered a sermon on

the duty of the people to be grateful for good guardians. He seemed to be inspired more than usual with his theme. Word after word went to the hearts of the people. When he came to the closing prayer, and with tremulous voice prayed for the good guardians of Goldenthal—when, with tears no longer to be suppressed, he lisped out the name of Oswald, there was sobbing and weeping in the congregation: every one thought of all that Oswald had done for the parish; and at the conclusion of the service, the hymn 'for the life of the public guardians' arose to Heaven from an assembly of warm and thankful hearts.

Oswald walked to his house with his head bowed down, and yet happy at heart. When he saw his wife, he could hardly speak for emotion. The parson, the miller and his wife, and Oswald's fellow-guardians, sat down to the christening dinner; then it was told that a festive dinner was prepared in every cottage, as if a child in every family had been baptised. Oswald shook his head, and said: 'I am not worthy of all this kindness.' But the general joy cheered his soul. In the evening, he visited many of the cottages to express his thanks for their display of affection; and until late in the twilight, youths and maidens were dancing on the green, and songs were resounding from the houses, the shade of the lime-trees, and the gardens all around. That day has been long talked of at Goldenthal; and since that time, Oswald has always kept the title of Father, and Elizabeth has been called Mother by all the young people of the village. Surely all good sown in this life shall be rewarded at last with a rich harvest, for God, the loving and merciful, the rewarder of the good, lives and rules over us all.

The NANA SAHIB, from an original Drawing.

STORY OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

ON the 24th of February 1857, there commenced in British India the most formidable mutiny or rebellion that had ever broken out in that vast country: a mutiny which placed the people and the government alike in great peril, taxed the utmost powers of the state to quell it, and called forth brilliant examples of heroic suffering and

daring valour. It had more the form of a mutiny of the native soldiery than a general rebellion of the people, although the latter element was in some districts not wanting. How it happened that there was a vast native army in the service and the pay of the British, and commanded by British officers, cannot be understood until we know something of that strange historical phenomenon—the rise of British India, the formation of a British empire in that rich and important region of the East.

INDIA: THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE.

Properly, *India* and *Hindustan* are the same in meaning, signifying 'the land of the Hindus;' but English writers mostly confine the name of Hindustan to the northern part only of India. The southern part is a large peninsula; the northern is a broad belt of country, extending up to the gigantic range of the Himalaya Mountains, and watered by the Indus, the Ganges, and other important rivers. The extreme length from north to south is about 1900 miles, the extreme breadth from east to west about 1600; presenting an area a hundred and fifty times as large as Great Britain. The peninsular portion of India has 4000 miles of sea-coast—a fact to which much of the commercial prosperity of the country has been due. The flat regions bordering on the Indus and the Ganges—especially the provinces of Bengal, Bahar, Oude, Rohilcund, the Doab, and the Punjab—are for the most part very fertile and densely peopled; while Sinde, or Sindh, partakes rather of the nature of a sandy desert. Central India, comprising Malwah and Rajahstan, is an elevated plateau or table-land, much less thickly inhabited. Southern India, or the Deccan, is the peninsular portion; containing a large extent of elevated land in the centre, strips of lowland near the sea-coasts, and mountain-ranges (called the Eastern and Western Ghauts) between the highlands and the lowlands.

The natives spread over this wide region are of many nations and tribes, known by a great number of designations; but they are broadly distinguished (mainly by their religion) into Hindus and Mohammedans. It is supposed that many scattered tribes in various parts of India, less civilised than the Hindus, preceded them in the occupation of the country, and that the Hindus came as conquerors; although it is not now known at what period the irruption or invasion took place. In times comparatively modern the Mohammedans of Turkestan penetrated into India, and became the dominant race in many provinces. The vast population of nearly 200,000,000 souls is thus made up of many races, nationalities, and tribes, differing considerably in natural character and acquired influence. The ethnology of India is a difficult problem, which has as yet been only imperfectly studied.

PROGRESS OF BRITISH POWER IN INDIA.

It was among so remarkable and numerous a people that the British gradually obtained sway. Never was there a better illustration of the saying concerning the 'thin end of the wedge;' every blow given during two centuries has driven the wedge further in. It was in the year 1600 that Queen Elizabeth gave a charter to a company of merchants, conceding certain privileges and monopolies in connection with trade to India—or the East Indies. The Company were at first traders, and traders only; but when, just about two centuries ago, Charles II., by a new charter, gave them the privilege of 'making war and peace with the native princes,' he established a foundation for the influence which afterwards became so vast and irresistible. The representatives of the Company were seldom without excuses for 'making war' or 'making peace;' and the directors at home, so long as the trade returned good dividends, did not always examine very closely the treatment which native princes received, or the means by which the servants of the Company acquired enormous fortunes. So long as the Company sent out bullion, lead, quicksilver, woollens, hardware, &c., to India, and brought home from thence silk, calicoes (originally an article of Indian manufacture), diamonds, tea, porcelain, pepper, saltpetre, opium, indigo, and drugs of various kinds, they were legitimate traders; but they gradually mixed themselves up with the quarrels of the native princes, and usually contrived to gain something out of each quarrel. In this way the Company's servants acquired power in Northern India, with Calcutta as their starting-point; while Madras and Bombay became two other nuclei of acquisition and conquest. Further power arose out of the war with France about the middle of the last century; for the political aid of the British crown was given to the Company, in reference to certain possessions which the French had in India. From that time there was never wanting great military conquerors in the service of the East India Company, albeit the latter were properly only a trading body of British merchants. Lord Clive, by splendid victories over the French in the Madras presidency, and over the native princes in Bengal, gained large dominions for the Company between 1751 and 1757; and before he finally left India, he virtually established what might be called the British empire in the East.

The history of the hundred years preceding the mutiny was crowded with incidents, all tending in one direction—the increase of British power in India, both for the crown and for the Company. Hyder Ali was brought more or less under subjection in Mysore, the Nizam in the Deccan, the Mahrattas in Central India; and Tippoo Saib was supplanted at Seringapatam by a Hindu prince under British protection. And so the eighteenth century wore away. A

governor-general for all the British possessions in India was first appointed in 1773; and during the subsequent period of nearly a century, this post has been occupied by a succession of eminent men. Great, indeed, were the battles, great the acquisitions of territory—in some instances, great the sacrifice of English blood—during those eventful years. The successful war against the Ghoorkas; the defeat and subjection of the Pindarries; the Burmese War; the extraordinary campaign against the Thugs, or fanatic murderers of India; the deplorable Afghan War, with its tragic termination at the Khyber Pass; the second or retributive war against the Afghans; the conquest of Sinde; the terrible Sikh War, with its battles of Moodkee, Ferozeshah, Aliwal, and Sobraon; the second Sikh War, ending with the decisive victory of Gujerat; the second Burmese War; the annexation or absorption of the great kingdoms of Punjab, Pegu, Nagpoor, and Oude—all tended to make the first half of the present century a very warlike one.*

BRITISH AND NATIVE ARMIES IN INDIA.

It becomes necessary to know what portion of the vast region was in British hands at the time of the mutiny in 1857. We should find, in tracing it out on a map, that this portion extended from the Himalaya on the north to Ceylon on the south, from the Brahmaputra and the Ganges on the east to the mouths of the Indus on the west; but that it was dotted here and there, in various parts, with independent or semi-independent states. British India, though under one governor-general and one commander-in-chief, was divided into five governments, as follow: 1. Presidency of Bengal, with 41,000,000 inhabitants; 2. Presidency of Madras, 22,000,000; 3. Presidency of Bombay, 12,000,000; 4. North-west Provinces, 34,000,000; 5. Territories under the immediate administration of the governor-general in council, 23,000,000. There were thus no less than 132,000,000 natives of India subject either to the Queen of England or to the East India Company—it was not very easy to say which. The separate kingdoms, states, or provinces, which by their annexation made up this large total, were very numerous. Taking them in the order of acquisition, they comprised at least sixty different states, acquired in exactly one hundred years. It will not be necessary to give all the names here; those most familiar to English readers were Bengal, Bahar, Benares, Bombay, Malabar, Tanjore, portions of the Deccan and Mysore, the Carnatic, Delhi, Gujerat, Khandeish, Poonah, portions of the Mahratta country, Assam, Aracan, Patna, Sinde, Pegu, Punjab, Nagpore, Oude, Satara, and Berar. British India altogether, containing the

* The story of the 'British Conquest of India' will be told at greater length in a subsequent Number; in the meantime, the above sketch may serve as an opening to the tragic episode of 1857-8.

132,000,000 inhabitants, covered 840,000 square miles of area; the independent and protected states, with an area of 630,000 square miles, added another 48,000,000 to the population. It is only by a little stretch of magniloquence that the Queen of England, as 'Empress of India,' is said to have 200,000,000 souls under her dominion in that land.

These wide-spreading territories were, at the time of the breaking out of the mutiny, defended by 280,000 soldiers in the pay of the East India Company; besides 40,000 men whom the protected states were bound by treaty to furnish as contingents. Most of the troops were natives, commanded by British officers; some were Europeans, raised by recruiting in England as direct soldiers of the Company; and some were regular regiments of the Queen's army, *lent* by the home government, and *paid for* by the Company. The English soldiers were called 'Queen's troops' and 'Europeans,' according as they belonged to the royal or to the Company's armies; the native soldiers were called 'Regulars' and 'Irregulars,' according to the mode of their organisation. The most perilous element in this great military force, so far as the mutiny was concerned, was also the largest; it was the native regular infantry, comprising 155 complete regiments. The native cavalry was strong in Mohammedans; but an overwhelming preponderance of the native foot-soldiers were Hindus; and this was the worst of the two religions, so far as concerned the causes of the outbreak. A Bengal native infantry regiment, in some instances, contained no less than 400 *Brahmins*, or Hindus of the religious caste, and 200 *Rajpoots*, or Hindus of the military caste—the remaining four or five hundred being lower-caste Hindus and Mohammedans. Every caste among the Hindus has its own peculiar rules and customs, more rigidly enforced perhaps than class distinctions in any other part of the world. A Hindu *cannot* rise out of his caste, however wealthy he may become; and he cannot depart from the usages of his caste, without being regarded as a heretic, pariah, or outcast. It is extremely difficult for Europeans to become acquainted with the inner life, thoughts, feelings, hopes, fears, plans of the Hindus; and the embarrassment of the government in troubled times is much increased by this difficulty.

BREAKING OUT OF THE MUTINY.

Such was the country, such the people, such the army, suddenly set in commotion in the early weeks of 1857. Many of the natives appear to have quietly conspired to make that year memorable, as the centenary of 1757; they hoped to put an end in the one year to the British rule which Clive had virtually established in the other. It is now known that the Mohammedans were the leaders in this particular movement, with the hope of re-establishing a great

Moslem empire; that the Hindus had special motives of their own, connected chiefly with the subjects of religion and caste; that a written paper was circulating from hand to hand, containing some sort of prediction concerning 1857, as a year in which British supremacy in India was to come to an end; that *chupatties* (small cakes of unleavened maize-flour) were sent from village to village during the second half of 1856, supposed to have been used as some kind of war-signal or conspiracy-symbol; that a lotus-flower was very often brought to a military cantonment, given to the chief native officer of a regiment, passed from hand to hand throughout the regiment, and then carried or conveyed by the last man to the next regiment or cantonment—probably to effect the same work among the native soldiery as the chupatties wrought among the villagers; that the Hindu soldiers were irritated and alarmed whenever their cartridges were supposed to be greased with the fat of the bullock or cow, lest their mouths should be defiled in biting off the ends, and they should lose caste; that the native soldiers of the Bengal army were more discontented than those of the Madras and Bombay armies, because the chance of promotion from the ranks was smaller; and that the Earl of Dalhousie's annexation of Oude in 1856 had left a deep wound in the minds of many of the Mohammedan inhabitants of that kingdom. All these facts are now known, with more or less distinctness; and all are believed to have contributed to the sudden and formidable outbreak in 1857; but the authorities were deplorably ignorant at the time of the danger; they either did not observe the symptoms, or disregarded them as of no importance.

Quite early in the year, a rumour spread that a mutinous seizure of arms at Calcutta was intended; then a seditious proclamation was found on a Mohammedan fanatic priest in Oude; then an attempt was made on the fidelity of the guard at the Calcutta Mint; then some of the non-commissioned officers of a native corps at Soorie, in a strange way declined to avail themselves of an annual holiday or furlough at the usual period; and then, about the end of January, insubordination was shewn at the station of Dum-dum (a few miles north of Calcutta), arising out of the cartridges used for the recently introduced Enfield rifle—the Mohammedans fearing that the lubricating grease contained the much-abhorred swine's fat, the Hindus that it contained the scrupulously avoided cow's fat (the swine being too vile for the one, the cow too sacred for the other, to touch with their lips). But the first actual outbreak was at Berhampore. Some of the native troops came to the cantonment, and appear to have excited the men by accounts of disturbances at Dum-dum and Barrackpore; insomuch that the 19th Native Infantry rose in insurrection. The movement was soon checked, and the 19th soon afterwards disbanded in disgrace; but it was a grave event, which rendered many of the old officers of the Company very anxious; and it was followed by another at Barrackpore on

the 29th of March, which necessitated the disbanding of the 34th Native Infantry.

But much more alarming things were at hand. During March and April, the military authorities at Umballa were rendered uneasy by a mutinous tendency on the part of the native troops stationed there; and as Umballa is more than a thousand miles from Calcutta, with the great cities and provinces of Delhi, Meerut, Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Allahabad, Benares, and Patna lying between them, it shewed how wide was the area over which the spirit of insubordination spread.

REVOLT AT MEERUT, AND LOSS OF DELHI.

On Sunday the 10th of May, the *real* mutiny began at Meerut. A large cantonment at that place, not many miles from the famous city of Delhi, contained several regiments, European and native. The native troops, after many days of great excitement, rose suddenly in arms, wounded or drove away their officers, broke open the jail, liberated 1200 malefactors, and established a temporary reign of terror. English ladies and children, families of the military and civil officers, were going to evening church when the tumult began; but a sad evening was in store for them. Colonel Finnis, of the 11th Native Infantry, fell riddled with bullets; bungalows (officers' residences) and government offices were burned to the ground; ladies were murdered, and even mutilated; and little children were ruthlessly massacred. Where, it may be asked, were the British troops all this time? It appears that at the military stations in India, the natives and the Europeans are encamped apart, with a bazaar or trading town for the accommodation of the former, and officers' bungalows in various places; the whole covering a great area. The 60th Rifles and the 6th Carabiniers, as well as a troop of horse-artillery, were there; but so far distant were they from the native troops, and so utterly unprepared for such a scene on a quiet Sunday evening, that they could not come to the rescue in time. The native regiments (11th and 20th Infantry, and 3d Cavalry), after this brief season of fire and slaughter, marched off to Delhi; the natives at the two places had evidently some pre-arranged plot. The English troops tried to check them, but without avail.

Delhi, a great and splendid city with seven gates, and a wide frontage to the river Jumna, contained not a single British regiment at that time; there were three native regiments, besides artillery; all the Europeans in the place were a mere handful. These three regiments were joined, in the early morning of the 11th of May, by the three from Meerut. There was an old, debauched, decrepit monarch there, the Mogul king of Delhi, a powerless pensioner of the British; but it very soon appeared that he and all his family were among the conspirators. The mutineers entered triumphantly

and welcomely, and the gates were closed behind them, to cut off any of the British who might be in pursuit. Not one single European was in a position to give a connected account of that terrible day at Delhi. The sepoys (native infantry) at the station assumed a seeming faithfulness until those from Meerut had entered; then they threw off the mask; and the families of the English officers and civilians were hunted about like wild beasts. Some took refuge in the Flagstaff Tower, a building a mile and a half out of the city; some fled into the open plain, to wander they knew not whither; some sought refuge in the jungle, only to be dragged forth and cruelly murdered; some were burned in their own bungalows. The narratives of suffering, collected afterwards one by one, were far more terrible than those at Meerut. The scene closed by the whole city of Delhi being in the hands of mutineers, with a grandson of the old monarch set up as a sort of temporary king or chief. How many months elapsed before the British regained possession of the place, will be seen in due course.

RAPID SPREAD OF THE MUTINY.

Some slight idea of the difficulties and perils in which the English were placed over the whole face of Northern India, may be gained by considering their position in ordinary times. The civil servants of the Company, called commissioners, judges, magistrates, collectors, &c., mostly had their families residing with them; and if the city or town were also a military station, there were also the families of the English officers (or some of them) who commanded the native troops. British troops were comparatively few. At the time of the breaking out of the mutiny, almost half the Queen's troops in India were either near Pegu in the east, or in the Punjab and the Indus provinces on the west; while the twelve hundred miles of distance between Calcutta and the Sutlej were almost denuded of them. Hence, when the sepoys broke out in insurrection, the position of the handful of English became very precarious, for they were literally tens among thousands. With a map of India open before him, the reader will see over how vast an area the hostilities spread. In the first half of the month of May, three regiments mutinied at Meerut, three at Delhi, and one at Lucknow. In the second half of the same month, one at Murdan, one at Allyghur, one at Hattrass, two at Nuseerabad, four at Lucknow, and one at Shahjehanpoor. The first half of June witnessed the mutinying of one regiment at Azimghur, four at Seetapoor, one at Mooradabad, two at Neemuch, three at Benares, two at Jhansi, four at Cawnpore, one at Bhagput, one at Allahabad, one at Hansi, one at Bhurtpore, three at Jullundoor, two at Fyzabad, one at Sultanpore, one at Pershadepore, two at Nowgong, one at Rohtuk, two at Ferozpore, and one at Gwalior. This was a terrible fortnight; more than thirty native regiments

suddenly turned their arms against their former masters. In the second half of June, there was only one mutiny at Futteghur and one at Mozuffernugger. The months of July, August, and September witnessed the revolt of about twenty more regiments. The materials for mutiny were now pretty well exhausted; seeing that most of the Bengal native regiments (in which the disaffected spirit chiefly manifested itself) were by this time either disarmed or in mutiny. Almost every one of these several acts of mutiny was attended with misery and danger to English civilians, ladies, and children; and the tales of suffering committed to paper were often of the most touching and harrowing kind. Military officers there were in abundance; for every mutiny of a native regiment deprived of immediate duties, even if not of life itself, the British officers who had commanded it. Many were the instances in which these officers themselves formed voluntary corps, to aid the heroic endeavours which were made—now in this region, now in that—to stay the progress of revolt, and to reconquer the positions which the mutineers had gained.

THE HEROIC DEFENCE OF ARRAH.

As the stirring events at Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Delhi, presently to be described, extended over several months, and require to be narrated in some consecutive order, we will here treat of one isolated and brief episode, soon begun and soon ended. There were few deeds in the whole history of the mutiny more gallant than the defence of Arrah by Mr Wake. A miserable affair at Dinapoor—in which (for a rarity) an Indian officer was found to be too old and feeble, too gentle and irresolute, for the duties intrusted to him—gave occasion for this heroism.

Dinapoor was a great military station, in the rich province of Bahar, lying between Bengal and Oude, and about ten miles distant from the great commercial city of Patna. General Lloyd, commandant at Dinapoor, unfortunately credited his sepoy regiments with fidelity long after most other officials had learned the stern truth. There were, in July, three of those regiments in the wide cantonment outside Dinapoor—the 7th, 8th, and 40th Bengal Infantry. Portions of H.M. 10th and 37th Foot were in the British lines; and General Lloyd was strongly urged to employ them to disarm the sepoys, as soon as the terrible news from Meerut, Delhi, and other stations arrived. But he was old, infirm, kind, and indulgent—totally unfitted for the exigency. On the 25th of July, the whole of the sepoys marched off, taking arms and ammunition with them. The 400 British troops could and would have prevented this departure of 3000 native sepoys, or would at anyrate have disarmed them; but the bewildered and paralysed commander issued no orders until too late; and the mutineers got clear off. They went to Arrah, a town

24 miles distant. The chief magistrate, the representative of British power at Arrah, was Mr Wake, a man of great energy and determination. He had for weeks kept the government acquainted with the fact that the district of Shahabad (of which Arrah was a sort of capital) was in a very turbulent state; but his appeals for military aid were unsuccessful. At length the 26th of July came, and with it the mutineers from Dinapoor.

Now took place the heroic and memorable *defence of Arrah*. Mr Wake hastily selected a detached two-storied house belonging to a civilian named Boyle, fortified it with stones and timber, supplied it with provisions, and caused all the Europeans in the place (after the women and children had been sent away to a safe refuge) to enter it. There were thirteen of them, together with one Mohammedan servant of the Company, and fifty Sikh police, who remained 'true to their salt.' The house was about fifty feet square, and Mr Wake resolved to defend it to the last. The Dinapoor mutineers, marching into Arrah on the morning of the 27th, liberated all the prisoners in the jail, sacked the treasury, and laid siege to Boyle's house, bringing not only musketry but cannon to bear upon it. The siege was an extraordinary one; 64 men defended the house for seven days against an army of 3000 troops—not undisciplined rabble, but men who had been drilled to active service by British officers. As fast as the enemy increased their attack, so did the little band strengthen the defence; new batteries were opposed by new barricades; and mines were frustrated by countermines. The Sikhs behaved nobly, never flinching an inch. One night, when provisions were running low, they sallied out, captured four sheep, and brought them safe within the house; they also dug a well beneath the very floor of the house, and obtained thereby a welcome supply of water. Whether it was possible for any of the defenders to obtain an hour's sleep during the seven days, may almost be doubted; for they had to be on the alert night and day. Poor General Lloyd, hoping to repair the disaster at Dinapoor, sent a few British troops after the mutineers to Arrah; but these, by gross mismanagement, met with a mortifying defeat in the very suburbs of that place, on the night of the 29th—290 men being killed or wounded out of 400. Mr Wake and his companions heard the firing consequent on this encounter, but could neither receive nor render assistance. The siege continued. How much longer the defenders would have been able to hold out cannot be known; but aid came to them on the 2d of August. Major Vincent Eyre, *en route* to Allahabad with some artillery, hearing of the events at Arrah, resolved to turn aside from his road, and attempt a rescue. He had only 170 men and 3 guns; but, by a series of brilliant manœuvres, he thoroughly defeated 2500 mutineers outside Arrah, entered the town, and joined Mr Wake's little band. Extraordinary to relate, none of the defenders were killed, and only one wounded. Mr Wake afterwards spoke with

contempt of the besiegers, shewing that if they had not been cowards he must have yielded.

NANA SAHIB, AND THE MASSACRE AT CAWNPORE.

We shall next trace the circumstances which led to the slaughter of British soldiers and civilians, delicate women, and little children, by the miscreant Nana Sahib.

Cawnpore is a large town on the river Ganges, about 120 miles above Allahabad, 650 by land from Calcutta, and 250 from Delhi. A very large military cantonment lay outside the city; the native troops were numerous, the stores and treasure valuable, and the position important, as commanding the highway of the Ganges. Sir Hugh Wheeler, in command at that station, was very uneasy at the prospect around him during the month of May; he had few English among his troops, and little hope that reinforcements could reach him from other quarters. As June advanced, and telegraph wires were cut by the rebels, no authentic news could come to or from Cawnpore; dark rumours and scraps of messages, reaching other parts of India from time to time, told of something terrible going on; but it was not till many weeks later that the awful truth came to light, and the authorities at Calcutta knew of the tragedy at Cawnpore. Although having very few English soldiers, Wheeler had many English civilians, political and civil officers, merchants, missionaries, &c. to think for. The native troops stationed there were the 1st, 53d, and 56th Bengal Infantry, and the 2d Bengal Cavalry: if these should prove unfaithful, he had very few English soldiers to come to his aid. He caused a square plot of ground (afterwards well known as the *Intrenchment*) to be laid out on the grand military parade, apart alike from the town and the cantonment; it was about 600 feet square, bounded by a trench and an earthen parapet, and containing two barrack-hospitals, a few other buildings, and a well. Into this enclosure he caused to be conveyed, by degrees, a large amount of treasure, commissariat and pay-office records, and enough grain, rice, salt, sugar, tea, coffee, rum, beer, &c. for 30 days' consumption for 1000 persons. This was a matter of precaution, taken about the middle of May; but when Sir Hugh Wheeler found that no help could be obtained from other quarters, and that the mutinous spirit increased among the natives, he caused the civilians and their families to sleep within the Intrenchment at night, together with the wives and children of the few score military officers; but the officers themselves continued near their troops, in the cantonment. A miserable time it was within the Intrenchment, nearly every one sleeping under canvas, and not knowing what the morrow would bring forth: they little suspected the real horrors that were in store. There was near Cawnpore one Nana Sahib, a Mahratta prince or chieftain, who, justly or unjustly, conceived that the East

India Company had wronged him in regard to his inheritance of title and possessions. Resolved on revenge, he took the lead of the mutineers; and his leadership was all the more terrible because he simulated friendship; even Sir Hugh Wheeler trusted him. A very fiend he proved to be, when the opportunity came for shewing himself in his true colours. On the 5th of June, the open mutiny began in earnest: bungalows were burned; some of the native troops marched off to join insurgents in other quarters; elephants and stores were seized; and Wheeler directed all whom he could trust to come into the Intrenchment. Nana Sahib openly took command of the insurgents; he brought reinforcements with him, and commenced a veritable siege of the Intrenchment. A large store of ammunition lay in boats on a short canal leading to the Ganges; and these boats were unfortunately seized by Nana Sahib instead of by Wheeler. To make matters worse, he imitated the tactics of the mutineers at Meerut, by setting free several hundred ruffians from the jail: these men joined the mutineers, and helped to wreak vengeance on the unfortunate Europeans. The number of persons within the Intrenchment was upwards of 900, more than one-third of them English women and children; the English soldiers were somewhat over 200. There they remained day after day, week after week, withstanding a siege from the mutinied regiments, and from additional forces brought up by the treacherous Nana. What they suffered, especially the ladies and children, can with difficulty be realised. The earthen rampart was so low, that the besieged required to be constantly on the alert to keep out the besiegers; and as the defenders were so weak, they were harassed with daily and nightly duties. A few of Her Majesty's 32d and 84th Foot, and a few artillerymen—this was all. The firing began on the 6th of June; from that day, no succour of any kind could enter the Intrenchment; and in what plight the remnant of the sufferers left the place on the 27th, we shall soon have to tell. During these eventful three weeks, the defenders stood to their guns till ready to drop. There was scarcely any shelter within the Intrenchment for the non-combatants; the rebels brought down more and more guns to bear on the devoted place; it became a matter of life and death to go and draw water from the one well within the enclosure; the oxen were driven away or slaughtered, because there was no water for them, and then the meat-rations fell off; the hundred or so of native servants ran away, leaving the English to shift for themselves; hogsheads of rum and beer were burst in by the enemy's cannon-balls: and then thirst and scarcity followed in the train of fatigue, sickness, and wounds. Many poor women and children died in the first week, through sickness, fright, and numberless privations; and the dead bodies were thrown into a deserted well, for there was no possibility of decent interment. On one particular day, red-hot shot from the enemy's guns set fire to the thatch of one of the two barrack-hospitals;

forty poor creatures—sick, wounded, women, and children—were burned to death; and nearly all the medicines and surgical instruments were destroyed. Those who were too young or too weak to fight, lived more like nomad tribes than Christian people; for the remaining barrack was too completely riddled with shot to shelter them safely; and hence women and children were to be seen crouching behind any barrier that offered, or even in holes in the ground.

These three weeks were a terrible time; but the real tragedy was still to come. On the 24th of June, Nana Sahib sent a messenger to say that all the English might retire to Allahabad, in boats down the Ganges, if they would give up the Intrenchment, treasure, guns, and ammunition. Sir Hugh Wheeler, hopeless and worn down, agreed to the proposal. On the 27th, the forlorn band, the remnant of the 900, quitted the place. They started to embark in about twenty boats; but then Nana Sahib's villainous plan shewed itself. Guns were brought down to the river-banks; rebel soldiers rushed into the water with swords, and killed most of the men of the hapless party. The women and children, denied the mercy of a speedy death, were conveyed on shore, and shut up in a building at Cawnpore called the Subadar Kothee, at Nana Sahib's headquarters. How many women and children went into this place, and what they suffered during the next eighteen days, no credible witness has ever told; they appear, however, to have exceeded 200 in number. After suffering cruel privations and shameful indignities, they were put to death on or about the 15th of July. Nana Sahib wished to prosecute ambitious projects of his own in other quarters; and he determined to get rid of the encumbrance of women and children. It was a butchery of the most savage and barbarous kind. Not only were tender women and children killed, but many of them were cut up piecemeal; and the room in which they were confined—the slaughter-house, indeed—was strewed with women's and children's garments, clotted tresses of women's hair on the walls and floor, and pools of blood. The mangled and mutilated bodies and limbs were thrown indiscriminately into a well near at hand.

NEILL'S ADVANCE FROM CALCUTTA.

Seldom has a government been placed in such complicated difficulties as those which beset the India authorities in May and June. General Anson, commander-in-chief of all the forces in India, being struck down by cholera, General Reed took his place, until the arrival of Sir Patrick Grant from Madras; and the latter officer held it only until the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde) from England. These fluctuations in headship greatly marred the progress of affairs; unity of purpose was wanting. Viscount Canning, at Calcutta, had no troops to send to the

imperilled districts; and more than 1200 miles of distance separated him from Sir John Lawrence, who had to hold and protect the whole of the north-west of India by his own skill and energy. The governor-general had much to bear, from the vituperation of the Calcutta press and the adverse criticisms of English orators and writers; his best defence was pronounced when all was ended—that he had done well. It happened that, about that time, a little war with Persia had just been concluded, and that trusty troops were about to return from the Persian Gulf to India. It happened, too, that an expedition was just then being sent out from England to China, comprising military as well as naval forces. Viscount Canning, by a prompt use of such telegraphic means as were within his power, succeeded in obtaining the aid of a few choice British troops from both those sources. But an immense time would necessarily elapse before those troops could reach the focus of action. Under the old order of things in India, many weeks were required for a military force to reach Cawnpore or Lucknow from Calcutta, and a still longer time to reach Delhi; and although railways were constructed and opened by the year 1857, they did not render much assistance in the early months of the mutiny. Fortunate was it that the native soldiers in the Madras and Bombay armies were but little affected by the insurrectionary spirit of the Bengal sepoys and the Oude troopers; they came to the aid of the British regiments in Hindustan, though many a scorching week's march had to be accomplished.

The names of two gallant men are specially associated with the prompt and daring advance of small bands of soldiery through hundreds of miles of territory imperilled by the mutineers. One was General Neill; the other, still more renowned, General Havelock.

Neill was, in actual army rank, only a lieutenant-colonel in the month of June. He brought a few companies of Europeans from Madras, and advanced rapidly with them to Benares, which city he saved from imminent peril on the 4th of that month. Indeed, a plot had been formed by treacherous sepoys in the barracks, under the mask of fidelity to the last moment, to massacre all the Europeans in the city on that very night, and to repeat once more the drama of Meerut and Delhi. Neill had only a tiny force of 240 men and three guns with him; but he discomfited the rebels, and saved Benares. The rebels, however, maddened by failure, wreaked their vengeance on other parts of the city, in which the civilians and their families were in terrible danger throughout the month of June. Several of the imperilled persons took refuge in outhouses and stables, on roofs, or behind parapets, or in boats moored in the middle of the Ganges; ladies, children, and ayahs were guarded by a band of civilians ever on the alert, leaving the military free to operate in other quarters. No sooner were the events at Benares known at Allahabad—a very important place at the confluence of

the Ganges and the Jumna, commanding the traffic on both rivers —than a native regiment, the 6th Bengal Infantry, suddenly mutinied on the 6th of June. The officers were astonished and dismayed, for the sepoys had vowed to be true to their salt, and had even volunteered to march against the rebels at Delhi. The scene was hideous. The sepoys, joined by jail-birds and ruffians of every stamp, commenced a work of death and devastation. Europeans were shot wherever they could be seen; the few English women who had not been so fortunate as to seek refuge in the fort, were grossly outraged before being put to death; the treasury was plundered; the houses of Europeans were pillaged. Tales were afterwards told of so appalling a character, that we can only hope that terror had exaggerated actual facts—of a whole family being roasted alive; of poor creatures being killed by the slow process of cutting off ears, nose, fingers, feet, &c. in succession; of men and women being chopped to pieces; of little children being tossed on bayonets before their mothers' eyes.

No sooner did Neill hear of these terrible events, than he prepared to come to the rescue at once—however small might be the number of faithful troops at his disposal. He was a man of indomitable energy and courage, just fitted for the emergency. He started on the 9th, with only 44 men, and marched the distance of 75 miles from Benares by the 11th. On the way, he found the country infested with bands of plunderers, the villages deserted, and none of the authorities remaining. He succeeded in entering the fort at Allahabad (situated a considerable distance from the main streets of the town). Neill now assumed command of the few faithful troops already in the fort, the handful which he brought with him, and another small detachment which followed him from Benares. By incessant activity, he kept in awe the thousands of insurgents and marauders who infested Allahabad on every side. His severity was terrible, and called forth much animadversion afterwards in England; but the astounding duplicity of the sepoys had rendered it necessary to make use of terror as one means of coercing them; kindness having utterly failed.

HAVELOCK AND NEILL AT CAWNPORE.

And now we come to the achievements of Havelock—the hero of the Indian mutiny wars, in the estimation of many English readers. There is some little danger of injustice here; for, though he gained marvellous victories with very small means, he was not embarrassed by those distressing difficulties which arose (in the case of Sir Hugh Wheeler and other responsible officers) from the presence of hundreds of helpless women and children. He was a noble character in all respects, and could well afford to share the credit for heroism which belonged to so many remarkable men during that eventful period.

Havelock, engaged in nearly every Indian war between 1823 and 1846, had been employed in 1856 in the brief expedition against Persia; and he was one of the officers of that expedition who responded to the urgent demand of the governor-general for military reinforcements. Steaming from the Persian Gulf to Bombay, thence to Ceylon, and thence to Calcutta, Havelock was at once placed in command of such a force as could be hastily got together, for the relief of Cawnpore, and then for service elsewhere. It was literally by fragments of companies, 20 or 50 men at a time, that troops were sent from Calcutta on to Benares, Allahabad, &c.; for it would have been worse than useless to send any but men of tried fidelity; and of these there were, alas! few besides Europeans in any part of Bengal.

Havelock reached Allahabad on the 1st of July, his progress so far having been facilitated by the gallant Neill; and then commenced the arrangements for an advance on Cawnpore. Or rather, those arrangements had already been commenced by Neill, who, on this very 1st of July, had pushed on a few troops to aid the beleaguered Sir Hugh Wheeler. What Sir Hugh's actual condition was at this time, his brother-officers little knew: the terrible truth had still to reach them. Neill sent on 800 men towards Cawnpore; but, in accordance with military ideas of seniority, he was superseded by Havelock as chief of the expedition: Neill himself remaining in command at Allahabad. Rumours of a direful kind came in from Cawnpore, and Havelock resolved to push on as rapidly as possible. Two of the many Indian nationalities, Sikhs and Ghoorkas, he and his brother-officers felt that they could trust; and the spirit of the man is shewn in a brief and pithy telegram transmitted to Calcutta: '1000 Europeans, 1000 Sikhs, and 1000 Ghoorkas, with 8 or 10 guns, will thrash everything.' In reality he had less than 2000 men in all in his little army, presenting an extraordinary mixture of Queen's troops, Company's Europeans, Sikhs, irregular cavalry, and volunteer cavalry from Allahabad—no Ghoorkas at present. His advance from Allahabad to Cawnpore, 250 miles (never far removed from the Ganges), was literally a fight the whole of the way. The rebels infested the country in enormous numbers, and tried their utmost to prevent his advance towards Cawnpore. But nothing could check him and his little band. Whether initiating or bearing an attack, the result was everywhere the same. He 'thrashed' them (to use his own language) at Futtehpoor on the 12th, at Aong on the 15th, at Pandoo Nuddee on the same day, at Aherwa on the 16th, and at other places in minor achievements during these memorable days. The battle of Futtehpoor was so extraordinary, that Havelock, in thanking his troops on the following day, said that it had 'produced the strange result of a whole army driven from a strong position, eleven guns captured, and their whole force scattered to the winds, without the loss of a single British soldier.'

He attributed this brilliant result to the rapid and accurate fire of the artillery, the power of the Enfield rifle, British pluck, and 'the blessing of Almighty God on a most righteous cause.' Having reason to suspect the fidelity of the few native horse with him (Oude irregulars), he disarmed and dismissed them in good time. On the other hand, there was hardly any limit to his trust of those whom he *knew* might be trusted. Here was an instance: 'The opportunity had arrived, for which I have long anxiously waited, of developing the prowess of the 78th Highlanders. Three guns of the enemy were strongly posted behind a lofty hamlet, well intrenched. I directed this regiment to advance; and never have I witnessed conduct more admirable. They were led by Colonel Hamilton, and followed him with surpassing steadiness and gallantry under a heavy fire. As they approached the village, they cheered and charged with the bayonet, the pipes sounding the pibroch. Need I add that the enemy fled, the village was taken, and the guns captured?' On another occasion, the general's son, Lieutenant Havelock, headed a few men of the 64th Foot to capture one of the enemy's guns; he literally walked his horse directly up towards the gun, in spite of repeated firing, and succeeded in the capture—an achievement which won for him the Victoria Cross. What the officers as well as the rank and file had to bear, in those days of long marches, constant fighting, and fierce sun's heat, is well shewn in the case of one young officer, a stripling volunteer horseman of eighteen. He was on picket all night, with no refreshment save biscuit and water; he marched with his corps 16 miles during the next forenoon; stood sentry for an hour with the enemy hovering around him; fought during the whole afternoon; lay down supperless to rest at nightfall, holding his horse's bridle the while; mounted night-guard from 9 till 11 o'clock; and then had his midnight sleep broken by an alarm from the enemy.

Neill and Havelock had been so much delayed in their march from Calcutta to Cawnpore, that Nana Sahib's fiendish work was achieved before Havelock's column arrived. The hapless women and children, and all that remained of poor Wheeler's band of military and civilians, were put to death by the filthy ruffian just two days before Havelock entered Cawnpore.

In what direction the prowess of the gallant general next shewed itself, will be seen presently.

LUCKNOW: SIR HENRY LAWRENCE'S DEATH.

The story of Lucknow is by far the most interesting of all which the mutiny presented; for there was six months' perpetual display of heroism, military skill, and untiring patience, although not the tragic horrors of Cawnpore. We shall best understand the events by treating them in four or five brief episodes.

After a very stormy history, under Mohammedan sovereigns, the kingdom of Oude was annexed to the British dominions in 1856, by the Earl of Dalhousie. The irritating influence of this measure was felt in 1857, when the mutiny broke out. On Sunday the 3d of May (just one week before the outbreak at Meerut), some of the native troops at Lucknow displayed insubordination, which gave great uneasiness to their officers. Sir Henry Lawrence, chief commissioner or viceroy over the whole of Oude, harangued the troops in their own native language, exhorting them to remain true to Queen Victoria; he had temporary success; but every day produced additional symptoms that insurrection was probable. The military cantonment was six miles out of the city; the British troops were only a few hundreds in number, while the native were many thousands. Just outside the city was a building which became very famous—the *Residency*. It was, in fact, a large enclosure, bounded on four sides by walls, and containing the chief commissioner's house and other public buildings. The English women and children, the sick, a large amount of stores, and a few faithful English soldiers, were prudently brought within this enclosure by Sir Henry Lawrence, who watched with uneasiness the growing turbulence of the natives. The month of May ended very gloomily. Of the native troops, many escaped to join malcontents elsewhere; and during the early days of June, it became evident that various towns and stations in Oude—Seetapore, Shahjehanpore, Secrora, Beraytch, Fyzabad, Jounpore—were in the hands of mutineers, who meditated a combined attack on Lucknow, and an expulsion of the British. The telegraphic wires were cut, spies and watchers were placed on the various roads, and Lawrence had the utmost difficulty in sending messages to, or receiving them from, the authorities at Calcutta. The whole month of June passed in this way, until the 30th, when a powerful force of rebels approached from Fyzabad. Lawrence went out to encounter them, but his native troops deserted him almost to a man, and he was obliged to flee back into Lucknow, with such of his officers as escaped death. On the 1st of July, he abandoned all the outposts, blew up a vast magazine, to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy, and shut himself up with his companions in the Residency, there to make a stout resistance until haply aid might come. But Sir Henry Lawrence did not live to welcome this aid. On the very next day, July 2, he was killed by a shot from the enemy; and many months elapsed before the authorities at Calcutta knew how the little band in the Residency at Lucknow bore up under this and an accumulation of other calamities.

LUCKNOW: DEFENCE OF THE RESIDENCY BY INGLIS.

The defence of the Residency, after Sir Henry Lawrence's death, was a notable exemplification of undaunted courage, heroic patience,

and fertility of resources in time of extreme peril. It was on the 2d of July that the gallant man fell; it was not till the 25th of September that another gallant man came to the rescue; and what the British in the Residency bore up against, during these eighty-five days, can with difficulty be realised. Sir John Inglis succeeded to the command after Sir Henry Lawrence's death, and his difficulties were great. 'He occupied one corner of a great city,' it has been said, 'every other part of which was swarming with deadly enemies. No companion could leave him, without danger of instant death at the hands of the rebel sepoys and the Lucknow rabble; no friends could succour him, seeing that anything less than a considerable military force would have been cut off ere it reached the gates of the Residency; no food or drink, no medicines or comforts, no clothing, no ammunition, in addition to that which was actually within the place at the beginning of July, could be brought in.' The Residency was not one single structure; it was a walled enclosure, with the British commissioner's residence as the principal building. Within this enclosure all were cooped up—officers, soldiers, judges, magistrates, collectors, chaplains, merchants, clerks, ladies, and children; together with a few faithful natives. The total number appears to have been about 1200. It was hardly possible to say who were fighting-men, for almost every man had to fight in turn. All the buildings were fortified as well as circumstances permitted, and arrangements made for hospitals, dispensaries, barracks, magazines, store-rooms, &c. The rebels kept up a siege, a continuous pouring in of shell and shot, bullet and ball, for the whole of the eighty-five days; and for not one single hour could the garrison (whether military or civilian) relax their watchfulness. The sufferings were very great, and of a multifarious kind. Mines, dug from the street outside, exploded within the Residency; ladies were struck by cannon-balls while sitting quietly at their work; bullocks' fodder was fired by the enemy's shot, and endangered the powder-magazines; balls entered the mess-room where the officers took their hurried meals, and on one occasion cut off both the legs of an officer; bombarding was kept up more fiercely by night than even by day, to prevent the beleaguered garrison from obtaining any rest; dead bullocks had to be buried, lest their decaying carcasses should pollute the air; artillery-horses went mad for want of water; hot vapours from stagnant pools produced fever, cholera, dysentery, and diarrhœa; the poor children died rapidly, unable to bear up against the accumulated sufferings; half rations were very early adopted, as a matter of precaution against absolute famine; and what food there was became almost poisoned by flies and mosquitoes. Inglis tried every means of sending messengers to Cawnpore, with entreaties for aid; but very few of them escaped the alertness of the enemy. At the end of July, a rumour spread that aid was coming; but August advanced, no assistance came, and the garrison were in danger of

sinking into despondency. Out of twenty letters or messages at different times, only one received a direct reply from Cawnpore, and that one told that the time was still far distant when a military force could be sent from that town to Lucknow. The little band became weakened day by day, while the enemy waxed more strongly than ever. No one could pass the open ground without being shot at, by rebel musketeers posted on various buildings outside. One of the civilians, writing afterwards of this extraordinary scene, said: 'At one time a bullet passed through my hat; at another, I escaped being shot dead by one of the enemy's best riflemen, by an unfortunate soldier passing unexpectedly before me, and receiving the bullet through the temples instead; at another, I moved off from a place where, in less than a twinkling of an eye afterwards, a musket-bullet stuck in the wall; at another, a shell burst a couple of yards away from me, killing an old woman, and wounding a native boy and a native cook.' So wore on the terrible month of August, at the end of which another letter was stealthily brought in from Cawnpore, announcing that three more weeks must elapse before aid could reach Lucknow. Every kind of misery was more intense in September than in the preceding months—death, wounds, disease, hunger, thirst, fatigue. A few poor little creatures—'siege-babies,' as their mothers called them—were born at this terrible time, and began their existence amid the sound of cannon-balls. All the suffering had to be borne, however, for there were at least 5000 rebels investing the place; yet was the cry: 'No surrender.' As for dress, the whole of the inmates of the garrison were a mere bundle of rags; fire, wear, and tear had done their work; shirt, trousers, and slippers were all the costume of many an officer accustomed to military trappings.

At length the reward came. Some wept for joy, some laughed and shouted, some sank on their knees in prayerful thankfulness, when—on the 21st of September—authentic news arrived that succour was really at hand. It came. On the 25th, Inglis shook hands with two trusty generals within the Residency.

LUCKNOW: ACHIEVEMENTS OF HAVELOCK AND OUTRAM.

General Havelock's advance from Cawnpore to Lucknow, to relieve Inglis and his gallant band, was a work of great difficulty, long delayed for the need of increased reinforcements. He had cut his way triumphantly from Allahabad to Cawnpore; he had now greater numbers and sterner enemies to meet between Cawnpore and Lucknow. Neill hastened up from Allahabad, after Havelock's capture of Cawnpore on July 16; he assumed command there, while Havelock prepared to cross the Ganges, and march towards Lucknow. The prospect was somewhat appalling. Leaving his sick and wounded at Cawnpore, Havelock's little army was actually limited

to 1500 men, with 10 badly equipped guns. He crossed the broad and turbulent Ganges with his troops on the 25th; on the 27th, he defeated a large force of rebels at Onao; on the same day, he vanquished the enemy again at Busherutgunje; and on the next three days, he was marching and fighting with very little intermission. But now a deep mortification was in store for him. Every fight cost him some men, even if only a few. He calculated that, by the time he reached Lucknow, he would only have 600 fighting-men left, after allowing for killed, wounded, and sick; he would then have two miles of street-fighting, before reaching the Residency; and the result would probably be, that only 200 or 300 troops would succeed in joining Sir John Inglis—certainly too few to relieve and liberate the gallant but weakened band at the Residency.

Havelock retreated to Mungulwar, with little more than 1000 men, there to wait for such reinforcements as good fortune might send him from Cawnpore; and there soon accumulated between him and Lucknow a rebel army of no less than 30,000 men and 50 guns. He fought a second battle of Busherutgunje on the 4th of August, and a third on the 11th—defeating an enormous force of the enemy on each occasion. On the 13th he recrossed the Ganges to Cawnpore, because every battle he fought, and victory he achieved, cut up some or other of his glorious little band. The next five weeks were vexing weeks to him; he knew that the British at Lucknow were suffering much, though he did not know how much; and yet he was too weak to advance to their rescue. He had perforce to wait at Cawnpore until reinforcements reached him. Meanwhile, Nana Sahib was collecting a large number of rebel sepoys at Bithoor, ready for an attack on the British at Cawnpore. Havelock and Neill resolved to anticipate him. Marching out with 1300 men (all that he and Neill could muster), Havelock thoroughly defeated Nana Sahib at Bithoor, and thereby earned a few days' rest for his over-worked troops at Cawnpore. It was a wonderful work which this brave man achieved—gaining 10 battles in 37 days, against enormous odds. By the 21st of August, his position had become extraordinary; he and Neill together had only 700 men fit for the field, so largely had the sick and wounded lessened the number of effectives; while it was known that more than 35,000 rebel troops menaced him on the north, south, and west.

Another name now comes upon the scene. General Sir James Outram, after bringing the brief war with Persia to a conclusion, was appointed to command the whole military district from Dinapoor to Cawnpore, all the other officers being placed under him. This gave increased unity of purpose, though it could not possibly give greater heroism or fortitude. Every exertion was made to send up troops, by land and by water, as fast as they could be got together in small bands; these were sent on during the first half of September, on the 15th of which month Havelock and Neill had the pleasure

of seeing Outram himself enter Cawnpore. Havelock had before superseded Neill in command, and now Outram superseded Havelock; but all three were chivalrous men, who knew how to interpret the etiquette of their profession. Outram especially behaved nobly at this juncture; he requested Havelock to retain the command until Lucknow should be relieved—Outram himself, although a superior officer in rank, promising to act as a subordinate. This generosity, and the reinforcements forthcoming, quite reanimated Havelock and his gallant little band. Havelock crossed the Ganges again into Oude on the 19th, at the head of a larger force than he had yet had under him. He beat back the enemy day after day, in their endeavour to frustrate his passage. On the 23d, he reached a large building outside Lucknow, called the Alum Bagh; and here, as he knew the little band in the Residency would be able to hear his guns, he purposely poured forth a thundering salvo: how this sound cheered the hearts of Inglis and his companions can but faintly be conceived by those who know not the agony of the preceding three months. Exhausted by a deluge of rain, scanty food, and slight covering, Havelock allowed his troops the whole day on the 24th to rest. On the 25th, leaving his baggage and tents under an escort at the Alum Bagh, he marched on towards the Residency—now traversing roads cut by trenches, crossed by palisades, and intersected by houses held by rebel musketeers; now passing a bridge where a perfect storm of shot from a large body of the enemy met them; then through a range of streets of flat-roofed and loop-holed houses, each house a fortress. At last they reached the Residency, where they were received with cheers that rent the skies. Havelock's loss was very severe, more than 530 killed, wounded, and missing—shewing how desperate the fighting had been. Outram received a flesh-wound, and—much more lamentable—the gallant Neill was struck dead by a cannon-ball. One noble regiment, the 78th Highlanders, bore the brunt of the fighting; and of that corps no fewer than ten officers were killed or wounded. Within the Residency, there was almost a frenzy of joy. A story arose that one Jessie Brown, a corporal's wife, cheered the little band at night, in the depth of their despair, by starting up and declaring that she caught the faint sound of the *slogan* or war-cry of the approaching Highlanders, particularly that of the clan Macgregor, 'the grandest of them a'.' No one else could hear it; but she insisted. And she was right: it *was* the Macgregor, and all went down on their knees in thankfulness.—The story was touching, and has been made the basis of song, drama, and romance; but it has never been traced to an authentic source, and is not accepted in the best-informed quarters.

LUCKNOW: OUTRAM, HAVELOCK, AND INGLIS BESIEGED.

We have now to tell how Havelock, Outram, and Inglis were all alike hemmed in for nearly two months longer—instead of being able to emerge and confront the rebels in other regions.

Havelock gave back the trust which Outram had generously awarded to him; and now Outram became first in command at Lucknow, Havelock second, and Inglis third. By the conquest of several palatial buildings near the Residency, the area in possession of the British was increased threefold; but they soon found that they had very little other hold on the city of Lucknow. They could neither take the ladies and children to safe shelter at Cawnpore or Allahabad, nor maintain their own position without constant watchfulness. Little did Havelock think, when he left his sick, wounded, ammunition, and baggage, under an escort of 300 men, at the Alum Bagh, on the 24th, that he would be cut off from communication with that place by a body of rebels wholly beyond his present power to subdue. In short, the 'relief' of Lucknow was more in name than in substance; if there were a few more hundred men to fight, there were the same extra number to be fed, with very little additional means for doing so. The enlarged area, with its buildings, became a garrison or camp, outside which the rebels had undisputed control. Throughout the month of October, the rebels kept up a night-and-day attack upon the British; while the latter made frequent sallies to capture guns, blow up buildings, and dislodge parties of the enemy. The same thing continued till beyond the middle of November; Havelock, Outram, and Inglis being virtually prisoners in one corner of the great city of Lucknow.

What was doing at the Alum Bagh during these eight weeks, was almost absolutely unknown to the British in the city, so completely did the rebels cut off communication between the two. The Alum Bagh was heroically maintained. Although nothing could be done on the Lucknow side, the road was less guarded on the Cawnpore side; and a few hundred troops, with convoys of provisions, succeeded in reaching the place. The subordinate officers at the Alum Bagh had no more idea of yielding than the three generals at the Residency.

LUCKNOW: THE RESCUE, BY SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

Sir Colin Campbell now comes upon the scene. As soon as the news reached London, early in July, that General Anson was dead, Sir Colin was chosen to succeed him as commander-in-chief in India. Distinguished for his services on many a hard-fought field, Campbell's appointment met the approval of the nation; and his Wellington-like promptness and simplicity were looked upon as a

good augury. On Saturday the 11th, the offer was made to him; on Sunday the 12th, he started for India, taking little with him but the clothes on his back. Taking the quickest route by Marseille and Suez, he steamed to Calcutta at once. During that same month, no fewer than thirty troop-laden ships left England for India, carrying from 130 to 440 soldiers each; but Sir Colin Campbell was wanted at once, to do the best available with the forces then in India. Arriving at Calcutta in September, he found it necessary to remain there several weeks, to make a comprehensive plan for the military operations in India generally; he would gladly have advanced to the relief of Lucknow at once, but he had tens of thousands of mutineers to think about elsewhere. Having sent on all the troops he could muster, and arranged for the destination of those who were to come, he started off on the 28th of October, travelled like a quiet courier, narrowly escaped capture by some rebels on the way, availed himself of the railway so far as finished, and reached Cawnpore, November 3. Here, joining a column under Sir Hope Grant, and other troops from various quarters, he made an advance towards Lucknow. Captain William Peel's Naval Brigade was not the least interesting component element in this force. Lord Elgin (engaged in a sort of war with China) had placed at the disposal of the governor-general the two war-steamers *Shannon* and *Pearl;* from the seamen of these ships a naval brigade was formed of 400 men with ten 68-pounders; and this brigade was placed under the command of Captain Peel, a son of the eminent statesman. Peel and his blue-jackets entered joyfully upon the work; but it was slow work to get such heavy ordnance up the Ganges. When he arrived at Allahabad, he employed himself in facilitating the passage of troops, seamen, and guns up to Cawnpore.

The 12th of November saw Campbell, Grant, and Peel all advancing from Cawnpore towards Lucknow. After all his exertions, the commander had with him less than 4000 men, consisting mostly of British and Punjabees. Sir Colin, knowing how severely Outram and Havelock had suffered when cutting their way through the city of Lucknow to the Residency, resolved to attack the suburbs and outer defences one by one, clearing a path for his troops as he went. This was done, against constant and determined resistance from the enemy. Various palaces and large buildings had to be conquered during this progress, by bombarding and street-fighting alternately, greatly to the delight of Peel's seamen, who felt the excitement quite a relief after a somewhat monotonous time of it in the China seas. The rebels fought so well as to excite the admiration even of those who were attacking them; and the siege proved to be a most determined hand-to-hand contest. Sir Colin had contrived to exchange secret messages with Havelock. Leaving his heavy baggage in a safe position outside the city, Sir Colin was fighting hard in Lucknow itself on the 15th and 16th; and he and Havelock shook hands together

in the Residency on the 17th—to the indescribable joy of all the British then in Lucknow. The losses were severe: Sir Colin had to mourn over 470 killed and wounded; while the rebel loss is supposed to have exceeded 3000.

Then ensued the exodus from Lucknow—one of the most remarkable events in the whole war. The British were triumphant; but there were no less than 50,000 fighting-men in the rebel ranks in and near the city; Sir Colin would have found it hard to keep the place against them; and if they had succeeded in shutting *him* up in the Residency, his plans for active work elsewhere would have been frustrated. He resolved to withdraw all the British from Lucknow to Cawnpore—troops, seamen, civilians, women, and children—and leave the permanent reconquest of the city for a later period. Many of the officers were disappointed, for they wished for a little jubilation between old and new friends, to be followed by a further 'thrashing' of the enemy; but the commander's plans were to be judged as a comprehensive whole—and so the thing was done. They all had to pass through a city swarming with armed rebels; and wonderful precautions were taken in sending off the sick and wounded on one day, the women and children on another, the Company's treasure-chests, the property that was worth the trouble of taking. Sir James Outram so planned that each corps and regiment, each detachment and picket, should march out silently from the Residency in the dead of the night, without exciting suspicion among the rebels; and yet that there should be guns and riflemen so posted as to repel the enemy in case of any serious molestation. In so masterly a way was all this managed, that after the whole of the British, of all ages and conditions, and of both sexes, had quitted the Residency (on the night of November 22—23), the rebels believed the place to be still occupied, and kept up a musketry-fire against it. The ladies and children had many privations to bear during this hurried departure, but not a life was lost; and the exodus from Lucknow ended as a pre-eminently successful achievement.

THE PUNJAB PRESERVED BY SIR JOHN LAWRENCE.

While these extraordinary events were occurring at Allahabad, Cawnpore, and Lucknow, the operations of the overtaxed troops further westward were paralysed by the position of the rebels as masters of the great city of Delhi. Nothing effective could be achieved towards the thorough suppression of the mutiny until this stronghold was recaptured. Little was it suspected, on the 11th of May, how long a time would elapse before this recapture could be effected.

At the time when the mutiny began, Sir John Lawrence, the gallant brother of the gallant Sir Henry, was chief in command in

the Punjab, an important country situated near the extreme north-west of India. The principal inhabitants of that province are Sikhs, a kind of Hindu dissenters, very brave and warlike. They sympathised but little with the Hindus and Mohammedans of Bengal and Oude; and it was mainly owing to their good faith that Sir John was able to keep that part of India under control. Not that military insubordination was absent; there was much of it at first; but the native troops most affected by it were not Sikhs. There were great military stations at Lahore, Umritsir, Ferozpore, Jullundur, Phillour, Peshawur, and other places in and near the Punjab; and the British authorities had to adopt a bold and decisive course at all those places, as soon as the events at Meerut and Delhi became known. Near Lahore was a large military cantonment called Meean Meer, occupied by three native infantry regiments, one of native cavalry, H.M. 81st Foot, and some artillery; while a smaller number (mostly native) were in a fort within the city. It became afterwards known that the 15th of May was the day fixed upon for a general rising in the Punjab as well as in Bengal, and that the Meerut mutineers had somewhat disarranged the plan by beginning five days too soon. On the 12th, the news from Meerut and Delhi was known at Lahore; and on the very next day, by a most admirably conceived and executed plan, 3000 native troops were disarmed by 900 British. Lahore was saved, and with it the Punjab. Umritsir, another important military station, was kept from insurrection by prudent tactics rather than by disarming the native troops; the religious animosities between the Sikhs and the Mohammedans were made use of to prevent either from joining in plots with the other. Ferozpore, a small but important town on the Sutlej, owing its value chiefly to its position, had a large encampment just outside it. There were stationed in it two regiments of native infantry, two of native cavalry, H.M. 61st Foot, and some artillery, provided with a large amount of military stores. On the arrival of the news from Meerut, precautionary measures were taken, but not skilfully; the native troops succeeded in making off in a body, taking their arms with them; Ferozpore and its vast military stores were saved, but the mutineers went off to join other malcontents elsewhere. Jullundur, on the high-road between Umritsir and Lahore, contained, like the other stations, many native troops and a few British; but by a plan similar to that adopted at Umritsir, the place was kept tranquil without disarming the natives. Phillour, nearer than any other of the stations to Delhi, contained few native troops, and no British, but a vast magazine of warlike material. The officer in command, quickly estimating the perilous character of the events at Meerut, sought and obtained the aid of a few British troops from Jullundur. Not a day too soon; for it afterwards transpired that the enormous military stores were to have been seized on the 15th, as a reserve for the whole rebel army in that part of India. Peshawur was the

greatest of all the military stations at the time, containing no less than 14,000 troops. The city lies almost at the extreme north-west of India; and a large force was kept there to overawe the unruly tribes in that region. By a series of masterly movements, a small number of British troops, aided by several native corps *not* containing the Bengal element, succeeded in keeping down the rebellious tendency within manageable limits.

The responsible officers at the above-named places were obliged to act promptly on the best of their judgment; for there was no time, just at that critical middle of May, to wait for instructions from Sir John Lawrence. At several other towns between Delhi and the north-west frontier, there were attempts at mutiny about the same time, presenting various fluctuations of success and failure. At Bhotuck, at Jelum, at Sealkote, such scenes took place; attended in a few instances with hair-breadth escapes on the part of the ladies and children of officers stationed at those places. There was a very touching incident at Sealkote, where a Roman Catholic nunnery had been established. The mutineers, before the British could get the mastery over them, attacked the building; and the poor nuns had to flee for safety, undergoing terrible privations before they reached friendly succour.

DELHI: PREPARATIONS FOR RECAPTURE.

The great duty of Sir John Lawrence and his trusty lieutenants was, not only to retain the Punjab, but to assist in despatching forces for the recapture of Delhi. When the outbreak began, the commander-in-chief, General Anson, was at Simla—a pleasant summer retreat among the hills. On receiving by telegraph the disastrous news from Meerut and Delhi, he hastened down from Simla to Umballa, in order to despatch a field-force to Delhi, made up of such reliable troops as could be spared. On the 25th of May, General Anson was stricken down by cholera, and it devolved upon others to carry out the plan of operations. Troops were got together with great difficulty, from widely scattered places; and it was only by slow degrees that they could be assembled. An advance was made from Umballa to Kurnaul, then to Paniput, then to Alipore; where a junction was made with another force under Colonel Archdall Wilson. This last-named force had achieved a bit of gallant fighting. General Hewett, after the disaster at Meerut, received orders to send part of the British troops at that place to aid in the siege of Delhi. All he could safely spare were 500 infantry, 200 cavalry, and about eight or ten guns. Colonel Wilson started with this little force on May 27; and he had ten days' hard work before him, for there were 5000 or 6000 rebel troops endeavouring to dispute his march. He succeeded in reaching Bhagput on June 7, where he joined the force from Umballa under Sir Henry Barnard.

Some of the troops in that force had marched at least 800 miles from the Afghan frontier; and among them were a gallant band which gained renown as the Punjabee Guides—half-soldier, half-police, but faithful from first to last.

The siege of Delhi commenced on the 8th of June; and a much more wearisome siege it proved than the commanders had anticipated. The rebels were very numerous, very determined, and strongly posted within a walled city: not only walled, but provided with strong forts and bastions, and defended by a broad ditch sinking 35 feet below the top of the wall. The camp of the besiegers was fixed on the old parade-ground, a mile and a half from the city; and all the successive onslaughts were made from that starting-point. The rebels shewed more skill and pluck than had been anticipated; and as the boundary was too extensive, the rebels too numerous, and the besiegers too few, to permit of the garrison being starved out, nothing remained but a series of bombardings and assaults. It was mortifying to the British to see additional regiments of rebel sepoys enter Delhi, with bands playing and colours flying, triumphant and defying: they were too weak to prevent this kind of augmentation to the numbers of the enemy. During the whole remainder of the month of June, the besiegers were as often the assailed as the assailants, owing to the frequent sallies made by the enemy; and it became at length apparent that the British force was too weak. On the 5th of July, Sir Henry Barnard died; he was succeeded by General Reed; but Reed himself broke down on the 17th, and then Sir Archdall Wilson took the command. These failures at headquarters, the large amount of sickness in the camp, and the increased daring of the enemy, somewhat dispirited the besiegers—especially as newspapers from home, reaching the camp from time to time, contained many complaints and some taunts at the non-success of the small band. By the end of July, there were no less than 8000 men under Wilson, besieging Delhi—a number that would have appeared irresistible to Lawrence at Lucknow, Wheeler at Cawnpore, or Colvin at Agra; but out of the whole there were 1100 sick and wounded, and only half the effectives were British troops. On the other hand, it was known that, between May 11 and the end of July, more than twenty rebel regiments had marched into Delhi: making all allowance for losses, there were at least 20,000 armed men in this strong place, aided by a formidable number of guns. So far as was known to the British, the city itself appears to have been a prey to plunder, anarchy, and violence—the debauched old descendant of the once great Mogul emperors of India trying in vain to maintain a semblance of sovereign power.

Sir John Lawrence, up in the Punjab, hearing at intervals of the course of events at Delhi, strained every nerve to forward supplies. Now he sent a corps of Sikhs, now of Punjabees; then he organised a small band of Ghoorkas and of Guides; on one occasion, a few

British artillery were sent, in charge of siege-guns; next, a few Hindustanee cavalry in whom he believed he could trust; and—very sparingly—a sprinkling of those most precious of all troops, infantry of the Queen's regular army. What these troops suffered, during many hundred miles' march, under a burning Indian sun in July, none can tell but soldiers who have actually been so engaged.

August began, and with it proof that the besieged were far stronger than the besiegers in men, guns, and stores of all kinds. In addition to the 20,000 rebel troops within Delhi, there were large numbers swarming about the country on all sides, continually harassing Wilson's force, and endeavouring to cut off supplies and convoys.

DELHI: FINAL STORMING AND CAPTURE.

Brigadier-general Nicholson—a second Havelock—brought welcome succour. Appointed in June, by Sir John Lawrence, to command a hastily collected flying column, he pursued the rebels everywhere with a celerity that astounded them. Now at Wuzeerabad, now at Sealkote, now at Goordaspore; then on the banks of the Chenab, then on the Sutlej—distance seemed of no account to him; and wherever he encountered a body of the enemy, he at once attacked and defeated them. The trusty element in his column was H.M. 52d Foot—a regiment which, on two intensely hot Indian July days, marched sixty-two miles, fighting a short but fierce battle on the way. Nicholson brought his column of 2500 men to Delhi on 14th August. Still, Wilson could not bombard and storm the city; he had to wait for a siege-train of heavy guns from the Punjab. The second half of August presented many fierce encounters by Nicholson and other gallant men with hordes of rebels, in a vast area of country around Delhi. Early in September, the siege-train arrived from the Punjab—thirty large guns, howitzers, and mortars, with men, carriages, horses, ammunition, food, and camp-equipage; it had been a work of immense difficulty to collect, preserve, and forward them.

At length came the eventful 14th of September, the day of the real storming of Delhi. Sir Archdall Wilson, from all sources and on all sides, had collected 10,000 effective troops; a further number of 3000 sick and wounded was of course an element of anxiety, and not of help to him. Instead of being the assailed, which he had been for many weeks, he now became the assailant. Busily from the 7th to the 13th, were the Sappers and Miners making the advance-works for the siege, protected by the cavalry and infantry, and followed by the artillery with the heavy guns; the enemy harassed them the whole of the time, but without effect. The big guns opened their tremendous fire on the 11th, and continued till the morning of the 14th in battering down or making breaches in certain parts of the

walls and bastions. The troops advanced in four columns, against four different points; they came under a withering fire in crossing the open ground between the trenches and the walls, but on they rushed, down into the ditch, up the scarp, and in through the breaches which had been made. The Cashmere Gate into the city was blown in by a devoted little band under Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, and one of the columns entered there. During a similar attack upon the Lahore Gate, the gallant Nicholson fell riddled with bullets—to the great grief of the whole army. When the night ended, the British were within the place; the rebels having reigned triumphant there from 11th May to 14th September. But the reconquest was far from complete, seeing that the portion of the city held by the British bore but a small ratio to the whole area. Wilson had to mourn over 1135 killed and wounded on this sanguinary day. From the 14th to the 20th, the fighting was incessant. The British had to advance literally inch by inch, through streets crowded with rebel troops; and those rebels, supplied with a seemingly inexhaustible store of artillery, rifles, and ammunition, fought throughout with desperate energy and determination. The conquest was final, but it had been paid for at a high price, seeing that—from first to last—at least 4000 men had been killed or wounded on the part of the British—including such valuable officers as Nicholson.

THE LEAGUER OF AGRA.

The great city of Agra, containing some of the architectural glories of India, was one of the centres in which British power was maintained under very trying circumstances. Situated 150 miles from Delhi, 500 from Lahore, 750 from Bombay, and 800 from Calcutta, and possessing, moreover, a very large and strong fort, its retention was of the first importance. Mr Colvin, the chief civil authority in all that part of India, trusted the sepoys too kindly and too long. One regiment after another mutinied in and around Agra, and Mr Colvin was obliged to disarm the remainder. When the month of May ended, and June was somewhat advanced, Agra was the only place for hundreds of miles around where a stronghold was undeniably in British hands; hence it was that fugitive, wounded, sick, and exhausted civilians, ladies, and children, from numerous other stations, hurried thither to seek shelter. The fort at Agra, a large and well-armed place, became gradually thronged with people. Mr Colvin, responsible officially for the whole of that part of India, was only just able to maintain his own position at Agra—dismissing native troops, and organising volunteer companies among the clerks and civilians, to assist in the defence. On the 5th of July, the British were obliged to go out and fight a battle against a force of 5000 rebels, armed with ten or twelve guns; they lost one-fourth of their number during a gallant struggle, and were then

obliged to retreat into Agra, where, abandoning the city altogether, they confined themselves to the fort; for the rebels were in wild triumphant licence in all the streets. On the 26th of July, Mr Colvin caused a census of all the people within the fort to be taken: they amounted to 5845, of whom no less than 856 were women, and 2028 children. This was a kind of responsibility which pressed more distressingly than any other on the British officers in India during the mutiny; they would have run through any perils to save the women and children, but the very presence of the defenceless impeded the operations of the defenders. Nevertheless, Colvin's position at Agra was incomparably better than poor Wheeler's had been at Cawnpore; his supplies were relatively greater, and his stronghold was both elevated and well armed. August and September thus passed on; the rebels accumulating in greater and greater force around. In October, a column of 3000 men, gallantly led by Colonel Greathed, arrived, and defeated an immense body of rebels; but many months elapsed before the women and children could be removed from Agra.

GRADUAL SUPPRESSION OF THE MUTINY.

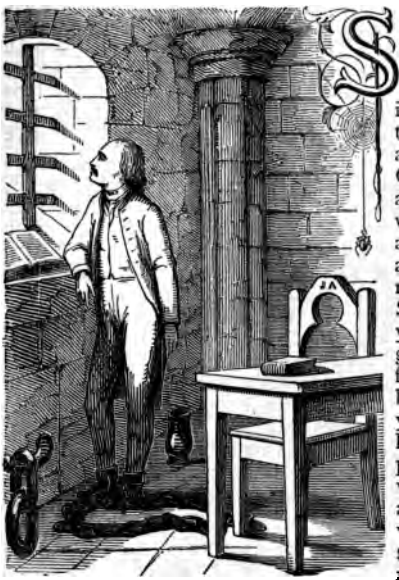
It does not come within the scope of this brief history to trace in detail the subsequent troubles and fightings in India. They lasted till November 1858, when conquest was finally achieved, and British power re-established. The stirring events at Meerut, Delhi, Benares, Dinapoor, Arrah, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra, and the military stations in the Punjab, serve to illustrate the desperate attacks, the heroic resistance, the indomitable perseverance, the enduring patience, the tremendous marchings, the unspeakable sufferings, which marked the progress of those events. The operations that followed were more purely military, attended with less of misery to civilians, gentle women, and tender children. Regiments of trusty soldiers came in, one by one, from Pegu and other regions beyond the Ganges; from China, when the disputes with that country had come to an end; from Persia, when the war with that power was also terminated; from the presidencies of Bombay and Madras, which were very little troubled with mutineers; and from England, whence every soldier that could well be spared was sent off. On the other hand, many native princes, independent or semi-independent in position, threw their swords into the balance against the British, and brought all their available sources into the field. During the second half of 1857, the Mahratta country, between Agra and Bombay, became troubled by rebellious bodies of horse at Gwalior and other large towns; and these troubles continued with little intermission for a whole year. Numerous principalities in Rajpootana and Bundelcund—altogether southward of the Ganges and the Jumna, and belonging rather to Central India than to Hindustan—

were in like manner infested with warlike rebels, who marched over hundreds of miles with a celerity which taxed the powers of the British greatly.

The opening of the year 1858 shewed that much would have to be done before the mutiny could really be put down. The strength of the enemy may be judged from the fact, that 30,000 of them gave battle to Sir James Outram near the Alum Bagh. In February, Sir Hugh Rose was engaged against them at Saugor, Maxwell at Chowra, Franks at Chundah and at Humeerpoor, Hope Grant at Meeangunje, and Outram (once again) at Alum Bagh. This was the month, too, in which a great convoy of women and children left Agra for a place of safety, under a strong protective force. The month of March found Generals Rose, Roberts, Showers, Stuart, and other energetic officers, incessantly confronting the rebels, chiefly in Central India; while Sir Colin Campbell succeeded at last in really conquering and re-occupying Lucknow. In April, a new rebel chieftain rose up to embarrass the British, one Tanteea Topee, a man so incredibly swift in his movements as commander of a large rebel force, that he taxed the utmost energies of Rose, Roberts, and Napier (Sir Robert, afterwards made Lord Napier for his achievements in Abyssinia), to pursue, overtake, and defeat him. Throughout the whole summer did Tanteea trouble Central India, and trouble the British officers, who, nevertheless, could not help admiring the military qualities of the man. The six months from May to November (1858) were in a similar way marked by fierce encounters, to re-establish British ascendency in Oude, Bahar, Bundelcund, Rajpootana, Central India, Rohilcund, and the Cis-Sutlej provinces. It was done, gradually though effectually; but at a heavy sacrifice of life.

The fighting ended in November. The royal families of Delhi and of Oude were—some killed, some punished in other ways, some banished, and some pensioned off. The miscreant Nana Sahib escaped to Nepaul, and very little was afterwards known concerning him. The East India Company was virtually abolished by act of parliament, and British India placed under the direct government of Queen Victoria. The nation mourned over the deaths of such noble heroes as Lawrence, Havelock, Neill, Wheeler, Nicholson, and Peel (for Captain Sir William Peel, one of those who were wounded at Lucknow, afterwards fell at Cawnpore), and rewarded by military honours (in some cases augmented by rich booty) many of the survivors. And years afterwards the same questions were asked as at the beginning: Did the greased cartridges cause the mutiny? If not, what were the causes?

STORY OF SILVIO PELLICO.



SILVIO PELLICO, the story of whose wrongs created a sympathising interest over Europe, was born at Saluzzo, in Piedmont, a province of the Italian kingdom, in 1788, at which time his father, Onorato Pellico, held a situation in the post-office. He was afterwards promoted to a seat in the ministry of war at Turin, to which place he removed with his family. Silvio was at that time six years of age, and had already given token of his poetical feelings. Ossian was the bard to whom his earliest years were consecrated. In his sixteenth year he accompanied his twin sister, to whom he was devotedly attached, to Lyon, in France, where he remained until some verses of Foscolo, the most eminent of modern Italian poets, awakened in his breast so passionate a reminiscence of his native country, that he hastened towards it, and rejoined his father, then settled at Milan. The latter was in the war department, under the government of Napoleon as king of Italy. The restoration of Lombardy to the emperor of Austria on the overthrow of Bonaparte, displaced Onorato Pellico, who then returned to Turin, accompanied by all his family, excepting Silvio, who preferred remaining at Milan.

Young Silvio, with a poetic temperament and love of letters, had formed an intimacy with Monti, Foscolo, and other eminent literary characters residing in Milan, the whole forming a brilliant society, who sighed over the abased condition of the country under a foreign yoke. Silvio himself became known as the author of a tragedy, *Francesca da Rimini*, which was acted in all the theatres of Italy with the highest applause, and is stated to have been translated into

English by Lord Byron, though not published amongst his works. Pellico had become acquainted with Byron at Milan, and partaking the admiration, which was felt in Italy and Germany much more intensely than in Britain, for the poems of that noble personage, he translated into Italian prose the poetical drama of *Manfred*. Upon presenting it to Byron, the latter expressed his surprise that he should have turned a poem into prose; and as Pellico maintained it was impossible to translate it properly into poetry, Byron presented to him, upon a subsequent meeting, his own tragedy in an English poetical dress, as a practical refutation of his opinion.

The great acquirements of Pellico, and his amiable and pleasing manners, rendered his society much sought after in Milan. The Count Briche committed to his care one of his sons, and subsequently he became tutor to the sons of Count Porro Lambertenghi, one of the wealthiest of the Lombard nobility, in whose house he associated with persons of the first distinction. With the Count Porro himself he was united in the closest friendship.

Distressed with the general want of enlightenment among the people, and conceiving that the establishment of a literary and scientific journal might improve the public mind, Silvio, in 1819, broached the idea to Porro and some of his literary companions. All were delighted with it; Count Porro advanced the funds necessary for the purpose, and the plan was put in execution. The journal was called *The Conciliator*, and had for contributors men of the greatest eminence in Italy. Besides those resident in Milan, were Romagnosi of Venice, a celebrated jurisconsult; Melchior Gioja, a political economist; Manzoni, at once a poet and prose-writer of the first order; Grossi, the author of *Ildegonda;* and Brechet. Maroncelli, fated to be Pellico's future companion in captivity, was also one of the contributors.

The press was under the strictest censorship. The Austrian government seemed to tremble at the least symptom of liberality of opinion. *The Conciliator* was soon exposed to the corrections of the censor. Though politics were not discussed, the liberal tone of some of its articles on literature was offensive. They were erased, and the journal went forth with half its columns blank. It was therefore given up.

In 1820 the unfortunate revolution of Naples took place. The jealous government of Austria had its fears more than ever excited. A proclamation was issued, attaching the penalty of death to the offence of belonging to a secret society. The party in Italy whose object it was to cast off the galling yoke of foreigners, was styled that of the *Carbonari*, for the suppression of whom every Italian government diligently laboured. The emperor of Austria was not in the rear: numberless arrests were made, on the merest suspicion of disaffection, throughout the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. Two distinguished citizens of Milan were exposed to the jealousy of the

government, owing to the enlightened efforts they had made for the improvement of their country. These were the Counts Porro and Confalonieri, who appropriated a great part of their possessions to the truly patriotic designs of founding infant and other schools, of promoting the arts, and of introducing into Italy the great discoveries of modern times. Confalonieri visited Paris and London to study the modes of instruction in the schools of France and England, in order to institute them in Italy. He also sent from London the necessary apparatus for the manufacture of gas, for lighting the streets of Milan, the expense of which he and Porro bore jointly. They also, in conjunction with Alexander Visconti, constructed the first steam-boat which appeared in Italy. These were the exertions that rendered them objects of hatred and suspicion to the Austrians. The contributors to *The Conciliator*, established at the expense of Porro, were also looked upon with an evil eye. Orders for the arrest of them all were issued. Porro was the only person who escaped, by a timely flight into a foreign country. Confalonieri was taken from a sick-bed and the arms of an affectionate wife. Pellico and the others were all arrested. Alas! poor Pellico. Let us follow him to prison, and hear him tell the story of his sufferings.*

IMPRISONMENT AT MILAN.

On Friday the 13th of October 1820, I was arrested at Milan, and conducted to Santa Margherita—formerly a convent, and now the head office of the extensive police establishment. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and, after an examination, I was consigned to the charge of the jailer, who, having conducted me to the apartment destined for me, politely invited me to deliver into his hands, to be restored at the fitting time, my watch, purse, and anything else I might have in my pockets.; which having obtained, he with some ceremony wished me good-evening.

In less than half an hour my dinner arrived; I ate a few mouthfuls, drank a glass of water, and was left alone. My room was on the ground, and opened on a courtyard, with cells all around, cells on the right and on the left, opposite and above me. I leaned against the window, and stood some time listening to the tramp of the jailers as they went to and fro, and to the dissolute songs of some of the prisoners.

I fell into reflection: a century ago, this prison was a nunnery. Could the holy penitents who inhabited it have ever believed that a day would come when their chambers would resound no longer with the prayers and lamentations of devout women, but with blasphemies and detestable ribaldry, and would hold within them the refuse of

* What follows is an abridgment of Pellico's narrative, translated from the original Italian.

society—wretches destined to the hulks or the gallows? And in another century, who will breathe in these cells? Alas for the swiftness of time and the instability of things! Should any one complain that fortune ceases to smile upon him, or grieve that he is cast into a prison and threatened with the gibbet? But yesterday I was one of the happiest of men! to-day, I have lost everything that conduced to the joy of my existence—liberty, friends, hope! It would be absurd to delude myself. I leave this place only for a dungeon more horrible, or for the hands of the executioner. Be it so! When I am dead, it will signify little whether I yielded my last sigh in a dungeon, or am borne to the tomb in all the grandeur of funereal pomp.

It was thus my mind found strength in thinking of the inexorable sweep of time; but shortly the remembrance of my father, my mother, my sisters, my brothers, and of a family which I loved as tenderly as if it were my own, came to assail me, and the arguments of philosophy were powerless. Tenderer thoughts came over me, and I wept like a child.

During the night, I slept a little. I became gradually resigned to my unhappy fate. Towards morning, my agitation was calmed, and I was astonished at the change. I yet thought upon my parents, and upon all those whom I loved; but I no longer despaired of their strength of mind: the recollection of those virtuous sentiments which I had known sustain them in previous calamities, consoled me on their behalf.

In the course of the day which followed, I was again called to an examination; and it was renewed during several successive days, without any other interval than that allowed for my meals.

Whilst the process thus continued, the days passed rapidly, owing to the constant exercise in which my mind was kept, from the necessity of answering, without intermission, the most varied questions, and of collecting my energies during the intervals of the examination in recalling all that had been asked of me, what answers I had given, and in reflecting upon all those things upon which I would probably be next interrogated.

At the end of the first week, a most cruel misfortune happened to me. My poor friend Piero, equally eager with myself to establish a communication between us, wrote me a letter, and sent it, not by a *secondino* (officer of the prison), but by an unfortunate prisoner who was employed in performing services in our rooms. He was a man of from sixty to seventy years of age, condemned to I know not how many months of imprisonment. With a needle which I had, I pricked my finger, and wrote a few lines in reply with my blood, which I gave to the messenger. He had the misfortune to be observed, was seized with the note upon him, and, if I am not mistaken, scourged. I heard frightful cries, which struck me as coming from the poor old man. I never saw him afterwards.

Called to the bar, I shuddered at having presented to me my little letter covered with blood, although, thanks to Heaven, it contained no dangerous matter, for there were only a few words of friendly salutation. I was asked with what I had drawn blood. The needle was taken from me, and the ruffians laughed in derision. But I could not laugh! I could not forget the countenance of the old messenger. I would willingly have suffered any punishment to have procured his pardon; and when I heard those cries, which I believed were his, my heart was dissolved in tears.

It was in vain that I repeatedly asked the jailer and his *secondini* after him. They shook their heads, and said: 'He has paid dearly for his fault; he will not do the like again; he is now somewhat more quiet.' And they refused to give any further explanation. Did they refer by that to the narrow prison in which the wretched man was confined, or did they mean that he had died under the blows inflicted upon him, or from the consequences of those blows?

One day I thought I saw him beyond the courtyard beneath the portico with a load of wood upon his shoulders, and my heart beat as if I had seen a brother. When I had no longer to undergo the torment of answering interrogatories, and there was nothing to occupy the day, I found in all its bitterness the weight of solitude.

I was allowed to have a Bible and a copy of Dante; the jailer placed his whole library at my disposition, which contained some romances by Scuderi, Piazzi, and others worse than they; but my mind was too agitated to devote itself to reading anything. I got by heart every day a canto of Dante; but this exercise was so mechanical, that, in pursuing it, I thought less of the verses than of my misfortunes. It was the same when I read any other thing, except at certain passages of the Bible, which deeply affected my feelings, and inspired me with fortitude and resignation. To live free is a thing infinitely more pleasant than to live in prison; and yet even in the gloom of a prison, when one reflects that God is present, that the joys of this world are transitory, that true happiness consists in a good conscience, and not in exterior objects, there is a charm in living. In less than a month I resigned myself to my fate with a tranquillity which, if not perfect, was at least tolerable. I was aware that, being resolved not to commit the infamous action of purchasing impunity by the destruction of others, my lot could be no other than the gibbet or a long imprisonment. It behoved me, therefore, to conform to destiny. 'I will breathe,' said I, 'as long as they grant me a puff of air; and when they take it away, I will do what all others do at the last gasp—I will die.'

I did all in my power to be satisfied with everything, and to let my mind have all possible enjoyment. My most ordinary plan consisted in making the enumeration of the advantages which had brightened my existence—an excellent father, an excellent mother, excellent brothers and sisters, such-and-such for friends, a good

education, a love of letters, &c.; who had had more happiness than I? Why not render thanks to God, although this happiness was at present interrupted by misfortune? Sometimes, in making this enumeration, I grew tender-hearted, and wept for a moment; but my courage and my satisfaction soon returned.

During the first days, I had made a friend: it was not the jailer, nor any of his secondini, nor any of those conducting my process. I speak, nevertheless, of a human creature. Who was it, then? A deaf and dumb child of from five to six years old. The father and the mother were felons, and the law had disposed of them. The unfortunate little orphan was reared by the state with several other children in the same condition. They all lived together in one room opposite mine, and at certain hours their door was opened, and they came out to take the air in the courtyard.

The deaf and dumb boy came under my window, smiled at me, and made some gesticulations. I threw to him a lump of bread; he took it up, made a few gambols from joy, ran to his companions, gave some to all, and came afterwards to eat his small portion close to my window, expressing to me his gratitude with a smile from his beautiful eyes.

The other children looked at me from a distance, but durst not approach. The deaf and dumb one had a great sympathy for me, which was sufficiently disinterested. Sometimes he did not know what to do with the bread I threw to him, and he made signs to me that he and his comrades had eaten enough, and could not swallow any more. If he saw a secondino going into my room, he gave him the bread, that he might restore it to me.

Yet, although he expected nothing from me, he continued to play before my window with a grace perfectly delightful, placing his happiness upon being seen by me. Once a secondino permitted him to enter my prison. The boy had no sooner entered than he ran to me to embrace my knees, uttering a cry of joy. I took him in my arms, and I cannot describe the transports with which he caressed me. How much love was there in that dear little breast! How I should have wished to educate him, and to have saved him from his abject state!

I never knew his name; he himself did not know he had one. He was always cheerful, and I never saw him weep but once, when he was beaten, I know not wherefore, by the jailer. Strange! we look upon it as the height of misfortune to live in such places, and yet this child found certainly as much happiness there, as could the son of a prince at his age.

In the solitude of my dungeon, and with a yearning desire for something to love, I looked forward with pleasure to my intercourse with the poor child; but I was doomed to disappointment. One day I was removed to a cell on the opposite side of the courtyard, but, alas! no longer on the ground floor, no longer in a place where

it was possible for me to converse with my little mute. Traversing the court, I saw the dear child seated on the ground, terrified and sad. He had comprehended he was about to lose me. In a moment he sprang up and ran towards me: the secondino wished to remove him: I took him in my arms, and dirty as he was, embraced him with affection, and separated from him—shall I say it?—with my eyes full of tears.

In my new chamber, so gloomy and so unclean, deprived of the companionship of my little mute, I was overpowered by sadness. I remained several hours at the window, which opened upon a gallery, and whence I could see the bottom of the courtyard and the window of my former lodging. Who, then, had replaced me there? I saw a prisoner walking up and down with the rapid step of a person highly agitated. Two or three days after, I saw that they had given him writing materials, and then he remained all the day at his table.

At last I recognised him. He issued from his chamber in company with the jailer, and went to the examination. It was Melchior Gioja, an amiable man, and the most profound thinker that the economical sciences have had in Italy in these latter times. My heart was seized with agony. And thou, too, worthy man, art here!

After spending some time in looking at him, in speculating, from his movements, whether his mind was calm or agitated, in giving him my best wishes, I found myself more fortified, more rich in ideas, more contented with myself. This shews that the appearance even of a human creature for whom one experiences a sympathy, is sufficient to relieve the tedium of solitude. Such a benefit I had first received from a poor dumb boy; at present I experienced it from the distant view of a man of great merit.

Some secondini told him, doubtless, where I was. One morning, in opening his window, he waved his handkerchief as a salutation to me; I used the same signal to reply to him. O what joy filled my bosom at that moment! It appeared that all distance was annihilated—that we were together: my heart beat like a lover's when he meets his mistress; we gesticulated without comprehending each other, and with the same vivacity as if we were perfectly conscious of each other's meaning. In reality we did understand one another; those gestures expressed all that our souls felt, and the one was not ignorant of what was passing in the mind of the other.

O what consolation this intercourse seemed to promise me for the future! The future came; but our signals were not repeated! Every time that I again saw Gioja at the window I waved my kerchief, but in vain! The secondino told me that he had been commanded not to provoke my signals, or to reply to them. Nevertheless, he looked at me frequently, and I as frequently at him; and we thus knew how to say a good many things to each other. In a

few weeks I was consoled in knowing that the worthy man had been set at liberty.

One morning an official who had taken down my examination entered my cell, and announced to me, with some mystery, that I should prepare myself for a visit which would be agreeable to me; and when he thought he had sufficiently prepared me, he said: 'It is your father; be good enough to follow me.' I followed him into the office, agitated with joy and tenderness, and striving to preserve a serene air, to tranquillise my father.

When he learned my arrest, he hoped that it had taken place from suspicions of little importance, and that I should soon regain my liberty; but seeing that my captivity was prolonged, he solicited the Austrian government for my discharge. Deplorable illusion of paternal love! My father could not conceive me rash enough to expose myself to the vengeance of the laws; and the studied contentment with which I spoke to him, convinced him that I was under no apprehension of evil.

The short conversation which was allowed us agitated me more than I can tell, so much the more that I compelled myself to repress every symptom of it. The most difficult task was to conceal it when the moment of separation came.

In the circumstances of Italy at that period, I was convinced that Austria would make examples with extraordinary rigour, and that I should be doomed to death or to a long imprisonment. To conceal this conviction from a father, to flatter him with the hope of my approaching liberty, to refrain from tears whilst embracing him, or talking of my mother, my brothers, my sisters, whom I thought at least I should never see again in this world; to beseech him, without my voice being choked with sobs, to return to see me if he were able. O never, never did I do myself such violence!

He quitted me, almost consoled, and I returned to my prison with my heart torn. Scarcely did I find myself alone, than I endeavoured to ease my emotions by abandoning myself to tears: this relief was denied me. I burst into sobs, but could not shed a tear. Not being able to weep in excessive grief is the most deplorable of misfortunes, and it is what I have often suffered.

I was seized with a burning fever, accompanied by a horrible headache. I could not swallow during the whole day a mouthful of soup. Next day I had recovered my fortitude, and my feelings were more composed.

On New-year's Day 1821, the Count Luigi Porro obtained permission to see me. The close and tender friendship which united us, the numberless things we wished to say to each other, the obstacle which the presence of an officer presented to the overflowing of our minds, the short period which was allowed us to be together, the gloomy presentiments which oppressed me, the mutual efforts we made to appear tranquil—there was in all these things enough to

raise in my heart a terrible tempest. Severed from a friend so dear, I felt myself calm; much affected, but still calm. Such is the efficacy of precautions against strong emotions!

IMPRISONMENT AT VENICE.

Nothing remarkable occurred until the night between the 18th and 19th of February, when I was awakened by the noise of bolts and keys, and I saw several men enter with a lantern. My first idea was, that they had come to murder me; but whilst I was looking at them with anxiety, I saw advancing towards me the Count B——, who politely requested me to take the trouble of dressing myself as quickly as possible, with a view to an immediate departure.

This intimation surprised me, and I was foolish enough to hope that they were going to conduct me to the frontiers of Piedmont. Was it possible that so threatening a storm should thus be dissipated?—that I should again enjoy the sweets of liberty?—that I should once more embrace my beloved parents, my brothers, and my sisters?

Such delusions agitated me a few moments. I dressed in haste, and followed my companions. 'Where are we going?' said I to the count, as I got into a carriage with him and an officer of gendarmerie.

'I cannot tell you until we are a mile beyond Milan,' he replied. I did not speak. It was a beautiful night, and the moon shone serenely. I looked upon those well-known streets, which I had traversed for so many years in happiness; upon the houses and the churches. All brought back to me a thousand sweet recollections!

The public gardens, where I had so often walked with Monti, Ludovico di Breme, Pietro Borsieri, Porro and his sons, and with others who were dear to me, conversing full of life and hope—alas! as I looked upon them for the last time, as we drove rapidly past, I felt that I had loved them, and loved them still! As we went out of the eastern gate, I pulled my hat over my eyes, and wept unobserved.

I allowed more than a mile to be passed, when I said to the Count B——: 'I suppose we are going to Verona?'

'A good deal farther,' answered he; 'we are going to Venice, where I have to consign you to a special commission.'

We travelled without stopping, and on the 20th of February we reached Venice. In the month of September of the preceding year, a month before my arrest, I was at Venice, and had dined with a numerous and joyful company at the Hotel *della Luna*. It was strange enough that the count and the gendarme conducted me to that very same hotel.

A servant of the hotel trembled when he recognised me, and perceived that I was in the hands of the police, in spite of the disguise assumed by the gendarme and his satellites, who were dressed as servants. I was glad at this meeting, for I was sure the servant would inform several persons of my arrival.

We dined, after which I was conducted to the palace of the doge, where the tribunals now sit. On arriving at the palace, the count delivered me over to the jailer, and in taking leave of me, embraced me with emotion.

I followed the jailer in silence. After having traversed several galleries and rooms, we reached a small stair which led us under the *Leads*, celebrated as state prisons since the time of the Venetian republic. There the jailer took a note of my name, and shut me up in the chamber destined for me. The Leads are the highest part of the ancient palace of the doge, which is entirely covered with lead.

My room had a large window, with enormous iron bars, and looked upon the roof of the church of St Mark, also covered with lead. Beyond the church, I saw in the distance the extremity of the Piazza, and on all sides an infinity of cupolas and steeples. The gigantic steeple of St Mark was only separated from me the length of the church, and I heard the people on the summit talking when they at all raised their voices. I could see also, on the left of the church, part of the great court of the palace, and one of the entrances. In this part of the court was a public well, to which was a perpetual resort for water. But at the height I was, those whom I perceived below appeared like children, and I could only distinguish their words when they happened to shout. I thus found myself yet more solitary than in the prison of Milan.

For the first few days, the anxieties of the criminal process which was instituted against me by the special commission produced a degree of sadness, which was increased perhaps by the bitter sensation of more complete loneliness. I was, besides, at a greater distance from my family, and no longer received any tidings from them. The new faces which I saw did not create in me antipathy; but there was a seriousness upon them which caused me alarm. Report had exaggerated the plots of the Milanese, and the rest of Italy, to achieve independence: in their eyes I was doubtless one of the least worthy of pardon amongst the instigators of this frenzy. My slight literary celebrity was known to the jailer, to his wife, his daughter, his two sons, even to the two secondini. Who knows but they looked upon a maker of tragedies as a species of magician! They were grave, distrustful, eager to learn everything connected with me, but at the same time full of politeness.

After a certain period they were less reserved, and appeared good enough people. The woman was the best calculated to maintain the air and character of a jailer. Her visage was of a peculiarly harsh

expression, bearing the marks of forty years or thereabout; her words were few; and she gave no symptoms of benevolence but for her own sons.

She was accustomed to bring my coffee in the morning and after dinner, as well as water, linen, &c. She was generally accompanied by her daughter, a girl of fifteen, who was not pretty, but who had compassion in her looks, and by her two sons, of whom one was thirteen, and the other ten. They retired, following their mother, and turned their young countenances mildly towards me as the door was closing. The jailer never entered my room except when he had to conduct me to the hall where the commission met to interrogate me. The secondini rarely came, as they had to take charge of the prisons of the police, situated a story below, where there were always plenty of robbers. One of these secondini was an old man of seventy years of age, but still quite fit for so fatiguing a life, which consists in running without relief from one cell to another, first up stairs and then down; the other was a young man, twenty-four or twenty-five years old.

My examinations were now renewed. I was distracted with the questions put to me, and the suspicions entertained of my motives. I should have been driven mad, but for the consolations of religion.

My loneliness in the meantime increased. The two sons of the jailer, who at first occasionally visited me, were sent to school, and remaining afterwards only a short time at home, came to see me no more. The mother and daughter, who, when the boys were there, often stopped to talk with me, appeared only to bring my coffee, and immediately retired. For the mother I cared little, as she did not shew much compassion; but the daughter had a softness in her looks and words which was not without value to me. When she brought my coffee, and said: 'I have made it myself,' I was sure to find it excellent; when she said: 'It is mamma's,' it was hot water.

Seeing human creatures so rarely, I turned my attention to some ants which came upon my window, and I fed them so sumptuously, that they brought a whole army of their companions, and my window was soon filled. I occupied myself likewise with a spider, which spun its web on one of the walls; I gave it gnats and flies, and it became so familiar as to come upon my bed and into my hand to seize its prey.

Would that these insects had been the only ones to visit me! It was yet spring, and the gnats increased frightfully in numbers. The winter had been peculiarly mild, and after some winds in March, the heat came on. It is not possible to imagine how heated the air in my den became; placed to the south under a leaden roof, with a window opening to the roof of St Mark, likewise of lead, the refraction was terrific. I could scarcely breathe. I had no idea of a heat so overpowering. To this torment, in itself so sufficient, were added such swarms of gnats, that if I made the least movement, and

disturbed them, I was completely covered—the bed, the table, the chair, the floor, the walls, the ceiling, the whole room was filled with them—a countless multitude, which went and came through the window with an intolerable buzzing. The bites of these insects are very painful; and when one is punctured with them from morning to night, and from night to morning, and the attention is incessantly occupied in devising means to lessen the infliction, there is enough of suffering, in all conscience, for both mind and body.

When I found by experience the misery of this visitation, and could not obtain a change of room, I felt arise within me once more an inclination for suicide, and sometimes I feared I should become mad. But, thanks to God, such frenzies did not last long, and religion continued to sustain me. It convinced me that man ought to suffer, and to suffer with firmness; it made me feel in my grief a certain joy, a voluptuous satisfaction in not being vanquished, in rising superior to every evil.

To strengthen and occupy my mind, I conceived the idea of committing my thoughts to writing. The misfortune was, that the commission, in granting me pen, ink, and paper, ordered the sheets to be counted, and prohibited me from destroying any, reserving to themselves the right of examining to what use I had applied them. To supply the want of paper, I had recourse to the innocent artifice of polishing with a piece of glass a rough table that I had, and there I recorded every day my lengthy meditations upon the duties of mankind, and especially upon my own.

I do not exaggerate when I say that the hours thus occupied appeared to me delightful, in spite of the difficulty I experienced in breathing, from the excessive heat, and the painful stings of the gnats. To diminish the number of these, I was compelled, notwithstanding the heat, to envelop my head and limbs, and to write not only with gloves, but with my wrists bandaged, so as to prevent the little animals from getting up the sleeves.

These meditations of mine took a biographical form. I composed the history of everything that had operated for good or for evil within me since my infancy. I discussed questions with myself, ascertained, as far as practicable, all my knowledge and all my ideas upon every matter.

When all the disposable surface of the table was covered with writing, I read and re-read, I meditated upon my own meditations; and at last I resolved (often with regret) to scratch out with the glass what I had written, so as to render the surface fit to receive the fresh impress of my thoughts. Thus I continued my history, often interrupted by digressions of all sorts, by an analysis of some point in metaphysics, morals, politics, or religion; and when all was full, I recommenced reading, re-reading, and then effacing.

In order to avoid any impediment to my justly and freely accounting with myself for the facts which I recollected, and for my opinions,

as well as to avert the consequences of any inquisitorial visit, I wrote in a sort of jargon; that is to say, with transpositions of letters and abbreviations which were quite familiar to myself. However, no such visit was ever made to me, and no one had any idea that this sad period passed so tranquilly for me. When I heard the jailer or any other person open the door, I covered the table with a cloth, and placed upon it the inkstand and the *legalised* quire of paper.

This quire had also some of my hours devoted to it, frequently extending to a whole day or an entire night. I wrote several literary works, dramatic and poetical.

As it was not easy for me to get, as promptly as I could wish, the supply of paper renewed when it was finished, I cast my first ideas in composition upon the table or the waste paper in which I had dried figs or other fruits brought to me. Sometimes, by giving my dinner to one of the secondini, and persuading him that I had no appetite, I induced him to bring me as a present a few sheets of paper. I availed myself of this scheme only when the table was already crammed with writing, and I could not prevail upon myself to erase it.

With these efforts at amusement the summer vanished. In the latter part of September the heat diminished. October came, and I rejoiced at having a room which in winter would be agreeable. But one morning the jailer came, and announced to me that he had received orders to change my abode.

Although I had suffered much in this chamber, I was sorry to quit it, not only because it would be comfortable in cold weather, but for many other reasons. I, first of all, had those ants, which I loved and nourished with a solicitude which might be called paternal, if the expression were not ridiculous. A few days previously, a spider which had become familiarised with me departed, I know not for what reason; but who knows, thought I, but it will remember me, and return? And now that I am going away, if it return, it will find the prison empty; or if it meet with a new host, he will be, perchance, an enemy to spiders, who will sweep away with his slipper this goodly web, and crush the poor animal.

The room they put me in was also under the Leads, but to the north and west, with a window on each side—a place for perpetual colds, and of horrible chillness in the winter months.

The window fronting the west was very large, that to the north small and high, and placed immediately above my bed.

I looked out at the first, and found that it opened upon the palace of the patriarch. Other cells were near mine in a wing of small extent to the right, and in a prolongation of the building in front of me. In this prolongation were two prisons, one above the other. The lower one had an enormous window, through which I saw a man walking about in very splendid attire. It was the Signor Caporali di Cesena. He saw me, made a sign to me, and we communicated to each other our names.

I wished afterwards to examine where the other window looked to. I put the table on the bed, and on the table a chair, on which I climbed, and saw myself on a level with part of the palace roof. Beyond the palace appeared a fine view of the city and the canal.

I stood enjoying this beautiful prospect, and hearing the door open, I did not stir. It was the jailer, who, seeing me in so elevated a position, and forgetting that I could not pass, like a magician, through the bars, imagined I was about to escape, and, in the first impulse of his alarm, jumped upon the bed, in spite of a sciatica which tormented him, and seizing me by the legs, screeched like an eagle.

'Do you not see,' said I, 'most stupid man, that the iron bars are here to prevent me escaping? Can you not comprehend that I have mounted here through curiosity?'

'I see, sir, I see; I understand; but come down, I pray you, come down: there is a great temptation to escape.' So I descended, laughing.

At the windows of the side prisons I recognised six others detained for political causes. Thus, then, at the moment when I was preparing for a solitude more perfect than the past, I found myself in a sort of world, and was occasionally able to exchange words and signs of civility and compassion.

The month of October brought round a most cruel anniversary. I had been arrested on the 13th of that month the preceding year. Many recollections equally sad tormented me during this month. Two years before, also in October, a man of merit, whom I greatly esteemed, had been unfortunately drowned in the Ticino. Six years before, still in October, Odoardo Briche, a youth whom I loved as if he had been my son, had shot himself involuntarily. In my early youth, in an October, another heavy affliction had occurred to me. Although I am not superstitious, so fatal a concourse of bitter recollections springing from this month weighed upon my spirits.

I took up the pen to compose verses, or to follow some other literary bent, but an irresistible force seemed to compel me into another channel. Into what? Into writing long letters, which I could not send—long letters to my beloved family, in which I poured out my whole heart. I wrote them on the table, and then obliterated them. They were the warm expressions of my tenderness, of my recollections of the felicity I had enjoyed with my indulgent and affectionate parents, brothers, and sisters. The love which drew me to them, inspired me with a thousand impassioned sentiments. And after writing hours and hours, there were always thoughts which remained for expression.

These recreations at length affected my mind, and in my dreams, or rather in my delirium, I saw my father, my mother, or some other of those whom I loved, lamenting my unhappy lot. I heard their distressing sobs, and I was suddenly aroused, also sobbing and affrighted.

Sometimes, during these short hallucinations, I thought I heard my mother consoling the others, coming with them into my prison, and addressing to me solemn exhortations to resignation; and at the moment that I was rejoicing at her fortitude, and that of the others, she burst into tears, and they all wept together. No one can conceive how at such times my heart was lacerated.

At night, my imagination was excited to such a pitch that I seemed to hear, although wide awake, groans and stifled laughter in my room. In my infancy I had never believed in witchcraft or in ghosts, and yet now these groans and laughs terrified me, and I could not explain the cause. I was forced to doubt whether I were not the sport of some mysterious and malevolent power.

I often took the light, with a trembling hand, and looked under the bed, to see if no one were concealed there; and it frequently occurred to me that I had been removed from my first chamber into this, because the latter had a trap-door, or some hole in the wall, by which my keepers saw all that I did, and diverted themselves by frightening me.

Seated at my table, it sometimes seemed to me that I was pulled by the coat, sometimes that a hidden hand pushed away my book, until I saw it falling on the ground; sometimes that some one came behind me to blow out the candle. Then I started to my feet with precipitation, I looked around me, I trod with apprehension, and I asked myself if I were mad, or in my proper senses.

I know how absurd such aberrations of the mind appear to others, but to me, who have experienced them, they were so hurtful that I yet shudder at them.

In the morning they always vanished; and so long as the light of day lasted, I felt my mind so braced against these terrors, that I thought it impossible they should again pursue me. But when the sun set, I recommenced my trembling, and each night brought back the extravagant phantoms of its predecessors.

One morning, after coffee, I was seized with diarrhœa and vomitings. I thought I was poisoned, but it was only an effort of nature. After the attack had passed off, I found myself well, and the illusions that had haunted me disappeared.

On the 24th of November, Dr Foresti was removed from the prisons of the Leads, and taken I knew not whither. The jailer, his wife, and the secondini were in terror, but none of them would explain to me the mystery. At length one of them told me that poor Foresti had been taken to the criminal prisons. The reader may imagine the agitation I was in all that day and the following night, and during several days that I could learn no further intelligence.

This uncertainty lasted a month. At length the sentences of a number of persons were made public, but no names were as yet given. Nine were condemned to death, but their sentence would perhaps be commuted into imprisonment for twenty years; others

were to be imprisoned for fifteen (and in both cases they had to undergo their sentence in the fortress of Spielberg, near the city of Brünn, in Moravia), and some for ten years at the least (these last in the fortress of Lubiana). Was I among the number who had been condemned to death? If the term of my existence is come, thought I, am I not more happy that it comes in a manner to allow me time to collect myself, and to purify my conscience by repentance? Judging with the vulgar, the gibbet is of all modes of death the worst. But, in the opinion of the wise, is not this death preferable to many others which ensue after long disease, in which the intellect is debilitated, and the mind has not force to cast aside petty thoughts?

The justice of this reasoning was so firmly fixed in my mind, that the horror of death, and of this mode of death, was entirely dissipated. I meditated deeply on the sacraments, for which all the strength of my mind was required at this solemn moment, and I thought myself in a state to receive them in a beneficial manner. The dignity and peace of mind, the placid affection for those who hated me, the joy of sacrificing my life to the will of God, all which I seemed now to feel—could I have preserved them if I had been led forth to the last punishment? Alas! how many contradictions in man! Alas! when he appears the most sanctified and firm, an instant can precipitate him into weakness and crime! God only knows whether I were then fit for death: I have not confidence in myself to affirm it. I had attained a degree of firmness, as I thought, which would overcome the pang of dissolution, when one evening, seated at my table studying, quite chilled with cold, some voices near me (they were the voices of the jailer, his wife, his sons, and the secondini) exclaimed: 'Fire! fire! we are lost!' The chillness quitted me in a moment. I sprang to my feet in a sudden perspiration, and looked all round to see where the flames were: they were not to be seen.

The fire was, however, in the palace, in some offices adjoining the prisons. One of the secondini shouted out: 'But, master, what are we to do with the prisoners if the fire advances?'

The jailer answered: 'I haven't the heart to let them be roasted. However, we cannot open the prison without the consent of the commission. Go, then, I say; run as quick as you can to ask for leave.'

'I will run, master; I will run; but the answer will not come in time, recollect!'

And where, then, was that heroic resignation that I believed myself so sure of possessing, whilst thinking on death? Why did the idea of being burnt alive put me in a fever? As if there were more pleasure in being suffocated by the throat than consumed by fire. I made this reflection, and was ashamed at my terror. I was about to cry to the jailer to open the door for the love of God, but I checked myself; nevertheless I was in fear.

After a lengthened disturbance, the noises subsided, and I doubted not that the fire had been extinguished. The following morning, I learned from one of the jailers the particulars of this fire, and I laughed at the terror it had excited in him, as if mine had not equalled, perhaps surpassed his.

On the 11th of February 1822, about nine o'clock in the morning, I was informed that I was to be immediately removed to a prison in the island of St Michael of Murano, not far from Venice; but for what purpose was not mentioned. A moment after, the jailer entered, accompanied by the secondini, and a man whom I had never seen before. The jailer appeared confused, and the new-comer took the word: 'Signor, the commission orders you to follow me.'

'I am ready,' I answered; 'and you, who are you?'

'I am keeper of the prison of St Michael, where you are about to be transferred.'

The jailer of the Leads handed over to the latter my money which he had in his hands. I asked and obtained permission to make some present to the secondini; I put my clothes in order, took the Bible under my arm, and departed.

We went out at a door which opened on the canal, where a gondola, with two secondini of the new jailer, awaited us. I entered the gondola, a prey to a thousand inconsistent feelings. On the whole, I felt happy at finding myself in the open air, after so long a seclusion—at seeing the sky, the waters, and the city, without the sad intervention of close bars—at the remembrance of the joyous gondola which in a more happy time bore me on this same canal, of the gondolas of the Lake of Como, of the Lake Maggiore, of the light barks of the Po, the Rhone, and the Saone! O smiling years, for ever gone! Who in the world had enjoyed a happiness equal to mine?

In the midst of these reflections I arrived at St Michael, where they shut me up in a room which looked upon a court, upon the canal, and the beautiful island of Murano. I sought intelligence respecting Maroncelli from the jailer, his wife, and the four secondini; but they made me only short visits, and full of distrust, would tell me nothing.

I lived in ignorance of my fate till the 21st of February. On that day the jailer came for me about ten o'clock in the morning; he led me into the hall of the commission, and retired. I found upon their seats the president, the inquisitor, and the two assessors, who all rose.

The president, with a tone of dignified commiseration, told me that the sentence had arrived; that it was a terrible one, but that the emperor had already mitigated it.

The inquisitor read this sentence: 'Condemned to death.' Then he read the imperial rescript: 'The penalty is commuted to fifteen years of imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg.' I replied: 'God's will be done!'

I had, in truth, the disposition to receive like a Christian this horrible annunciation, and neither to testify nor to cherish resentment against any one. The president applauded my moderation, and counselled me always to preserve it, adding that, at the end of two or three years, this resignation would perhaps render me worthy of a greater favour.

The other judges also addressed me with words of consolation and hope. 'To-morrow,' said the inquisitor, 'we shall have the disagreeable duty of announcing the sentence to you in public, but it is an indispensable formality.'

'Be it so,' I replied.

'From this moment,' he resumed, 'we allow you the society of your friend.'

And having called the jailer, they consigned me into his hands, and ordered him to put me with Maroncelli.

How sweet a moment was that, for my friend and myself, in which we saw each other again, after a separation of a year and three months, after so many afflictions! The ecstasies of friendship made us almost forget for the moment our condemnation.

I soon tore myself, however, from the arms of Maroncelli, to take the pen and write to my father. I ardently desired that the news of my sad lot should reach my family through me, rather than through others, in order that the grief of those beloved hearts should be mitigated by the pious calmness of my language. The judges promised to expedite my letter without delay.

Maroncelli talked to me afterwards of his process, and I of mine. We related, by turns, our prison adventures; and then going to the window, we saluted three of our friends who were at theirs. They were Canova and Rezia, who were together, each condemned to imprisonment, the first to six years, and the second to three. The third was the Doctor Cesare Armari, who, during the previous months, had been my neighbour in the Leads. No judgment had been pronounced against him, and he was not long in being liberated as guiltless.

We conversed together all the day and all the evening; it was for both an agreeable distraction. But when in bed, the light extinguished, and silence established, I felt it impossible to sleep. My brain was on fire, and my heart bled on thinking of my family. Could my poor old parents bear up against so great a misfortune? Would their other sons suffice to console them? They were all as much beloved as myself, and more worthy to be so; but do a father and a mother ever find, in the children who are spared to them, a compensation for those who are lost?

At nine in the morning, Maroncelli and I were made to enter a gondola, to be conducted into the city. The gondola stopped at the palace of the doge, and we ascended to the prisons. We were put into the chamber which Signor Caporali had occupied a few days

before. I am ignorant of his fate. Nine or ten officers were seated there to guard us, and we walked about, waiting for the moment when we had to appear in the Piazza. We waited a long time. It was already noon when the inquisitor came to announce that we had to proceed. The physician came also, and recommended us to drink a glass of mint-water; we followed his advice, and were grateful to him, not so much for this attention, as for the profound pity the good old man testified for us. His name was Doctor Dosmo. The head officer afterwards appeared, and put manacles on us. We followed him, accompanied by the other officers.

Walking between two rows of Austrian soldiers, we arrived at the scaffold, and then looking around us, saw in the immense crowd nothing but expressions of terror. In the distance were other soldiers, drawn up at various points. We were told that cannons were fixed, with the matches ready lighted.

The Austrian commander ordered us to turn towards the palace, and raise our eyes. We obeyed, and saw an official of the court upon the terrace holding a paper in his hand. It was the sentence. He read it aloud.

There was a profound silence, until the expression, '*Condemned to death.*' Then arose a general murmur of compassion. Silence was restored to hear the rest, and a new murmur greeted these words: '*Condemned to close imprisonment; Maroncelli for twenty years, and Pellico for fifteen.*'

The captain made us a sign to descend: we did so, after casting another glance around us. We returned to the palace, remounted the staircase, and entered again the chamber from which we had been taken. Having removed our manacles, we were conducted back to St Michael.

Those who had been condemned before us had already departed for Lubiana or Spielberg, under the conduct of a commissary of police. They now waited the return of this same commissary, he being intrusted also with the duty of convoying us to our destination. We waited for him a month.

When he arrived, and visited us, 'I have the pleasure,' said he, 'of being able to afford you some consolation. In returning from Spielberg, I saw his imperial majesty, the emperor, at Vienna, who told me that your days of imprisonment should be twelve hours long, and not twenty-four. It is a mode of intimating to you that the punishment is reduced one-half.'

This intelligence was never officially confirmed to us; but there is no probability that the commissary spoke falsely, the more especially as he did not communicate it in secret, but with the consent of the commission. And yet I could not rejoice at it. In my mind seven years and a half in irons were not much less horrible than fifteen. It seemed to me impossible that I could live so long. My health had become affected. I suffered much in the chest,

attended with coughing, and I thought my lungs attacked. I ate very little, and that little was indigestible.

IMPRISONMENT AT SPIELBERG.

Our departure from Venice took place in the night of the 25th and 26th March. We were permitted to embrace our friend Doctor Armari. Then an officer fastened on us a chain, passing transversely from the right hand to the left foot, so as to render flight impossible. We entered a gondola, and the guards rowed us towards Fusina.

At Fusina we found two carriages ready. Rezia and Canova got into one, Maroncelli and I into another. In the first sat the commissary, and in the second a sub-commissary, each with two prisoners. Six or seven police guards completed the convoy, armed with sabres and muskets; some behind the carriages, others on the drivers' seats.

Being forced to quit one's country is always a cruel calamity; but to quit it in chains, and to be carried to a horrible climate, there to languish for years, surrounded by jailers, is a misfortune so dreadful that I have not words to describe it.

Before passing the Alps, my country became every hour more dear to me, from the sympathy which everywhere the persons we met expressed for us. In every town, in every village, in every solitary hamlet, we were looked for, as our condemnation had been known for several weeks. In some places the commissary and the guards could with difficulty remove the crowd which surrounded us. The interest which was manifested on our account was surprising.

In travelling through Austria the same compassion followed us, and the consolation which I derived from these marks of kindness, diminished my resentment against those whom I deemed my enemies. On the 10th April we reached the place of our destination.

The town of Brünn is the capital of Moravia, and the residence of the governor of the two provinces of Moravia and Silesia. It is situated in a fertile valley, and has the appearance of being opulent. Several cloth manufactories were then in a state of prosperity, which are since fallen to decay. The population was about 30,000. Near its walls, on the west, stands a hill, on which is erected that fatal fortress of Spielberg, formerly the palace of the lords of Moravia, and at present the most rigorous place of imprisonment in the Austrian dominions. The citadel was of great strength, but the French bombarded and took it at the time of the famous battle of Austerlitz (the village of Austerlitz is at a short distance). Since then it has not been restored so as to serve as a citadel, but they have contented themselves with rebuilding a part of the outer wall, which was thrown down. About three hundred condemned persons,

chiefly robbers and murderers, are detained there; some subjected to hard labour (*carcere duro*), others to the hardest labour (*carcere durissimo*).

The *carcere duro* consists in being obliged to work, to drag a chain at the feet, to sleep upon naked boards, and to be fed upon the poorest imaginable nourishment. The *carcere durissimo* consists in being chained in a manner yet more horrible, with an iron girdle round the loins, and a chain fixed in the wall, scarcely affording scope to turn round on the plank which serves for a bed. The food is the same, although the law prescribes *bread and water*. We, as prisoners of state, were condemned to the *carcere duro*.

On reaching the summit of the hill, we turned our eyes behind, to bid adieu to the world, ignorant whether the gulf which was about to swallow us alive would ever open again to let us out. Outwardly I appeared calm, but within me raged a tempest. In vain I had recourse to philosophy to tranquillise my mind; the reasonings of philosophy were insufficient.

Having left Venice in bad health, the journey had been attended with wretched fatigue; my head, my whole body, was distracted with pain—and I burned with fever. Physical distemper contributed to the irritation of my mind, which in its turn doubtless aggravated my bodily ills.

We were delivered into the hands of the superintendent of the fortress, who inscribed our names amongst those of the malefactors. On quitting us, the imperial commissary embraced us with affection. 'I recommend you to be docile,' said he to us; 'the least infraction of discipline will receive from the superintendent a severe punishment.' The ceremony of delivery being completed, they conducted Maroncelli and me into a subterranean corridor, in which two dark cells were open for us, at a distance from each other. Each was locked up in his den.

The bitterest of all calamities surely occurs when, after bidding adieu to so many objects, and two friends equally unfortunate are left alone, these friends are forcibly separated. Such a separation is the bitterest of calamities. Maroncelli, on quitting me, saw me ill, and wept for me as a man whom, without doubt, he should never behold again. I wept for him, blooming in the vigour of health, torn, perhaps for ever, from the refreshing light of the sun. And, like a beautiful flower cast into darkness, how has he in reality drooped and faded! He has again emerged into light, but alas, in what a state!

When I found myself alone in this horrible cavern, and heard the bolts drawn—when, by the feeble light which fell from a narrow window above, I perceived the naked plank which was given for a bed, and an enormous chain fixed to the wall—I seated myself shuddering on the bed, and taking up the chain, I measured its length, thinking it destined for me.

Half an hour afterwards I heard the keys rattle, and the door opened. A jailer, whose name was Schiller, entered, and delivered me a pitcher of water. He was an old man, and I could observe that he felt compassion for my fate.

In this horrible dungeon I very soon became exceedingly ill, which being perceived by the superintendent of the prison in his daily visits of inspection, the physician of the establishment was requested to see me, and report on my case. Dr Bayer found me in a fever, ordered me a straw pallet, and insisted upon their removing me from this subterranean vault to the story above. They could not, as there was no room. But a report upon the subject having been addressed to the Count Mitrovski, governor of the two provinces of Moravia and Silesia, who resided at Brünn, the count replied that, in consequence of the severity of the illness, the orders of the doctor should be followed.

Into the chamber which they gave me a little daylight penetrated; and, creeping to the bars of the narrow window, I could see the valley which the fortress commanded, a part of the town of Brünn, a suburb with a multitude of small gardens, the necropolis, the small lake of the charter-house, and the woody hills which separated us from the celebrated field of Austerlitz. This view enchanted me. O how I should have rejoiced to partake it with Maroncelli!

They were preparing, in the meantime, our prison dresses, and at the end of five days they brought me mine. These were a pair of pantaloons of rough cloth, the right side gray, and the left side a brown colour; a close coat of two colours disposed in the same manner; a vest similarly variegated, with the slight difference of the gray colour being to the left, and the capuchin to the right. The stockings were of thick wool, the shirt of unwoven flax, stinging to the skin like a true haircloth; for the neck, was a cravat of the same stuff as the shirt. A pair of laced half-boots of untanned leather, and a white hat, completed the wardrobe.

This livery was accompanied by irons to the feet—that is to say, a chain that extended from one leg to the other, the rings of which were fastened by nails riveted upon an anvil. A few minutes after the blacksmith had gone, I heard the hammer upon the anvil sounding from below—doubtless they were riveting the irons on poor Maroncelli.

From the window of my new cell I found that I could converse with the prisoner in an adjoining apartment, the Count Antonio Oroboni. This intercourse was frequently interrupted by the sentinels; but by habituating ourselves to speak in whispers, and at certain intervals, we contrived in a great measure to elude the vigilance of our guards. We thus became united in a tender friendship. Oroboni narrated to me his life, and I mine to him; the sorrows and consolations of the one became the sorrows and consolations of the other. O how greatly we comforted each other!—how many times,

after a sleepless night, did each of us feel his sadness alleviated, and his courage fortified, by our morning salutation and interchange of words! Each of us felt himself indispensable to the other, and this persuasion incited us to an emulation in amiability, and produced that delicious feeling which a man experiences, even in distress, when he can gladden the heart of a fellow-being.

The physician perceiving that none of us could eat the food which they gave us during the first days, put us on a diet which was called 'a quarter portion'—that is to say, hospital regimen. It consisted of three very light soups each day, a very small morsel of roast lamb, which could be swallowed at a bite, and about three ounces of white bread. As my health grew stronger every day, my appetite kept increasing, and I felt this 'quarter' verily too little. I tried to return to the allowance of those who were in health, but I took nothing by the attempt: it disgusted me so effectually that I could not eat it. I was driven back to the 'quarter.' For more than a year I learned what the pangs of hunger were. Many of our companions suffered these pangs yet more violently; for, being of robuster constitutions than I, they were accustomed to a more ample nourishment. I know several of them accepted bread from Schiller, whose kind-heartedness was remarkable, though he had a rough exterior.

Several times this good man brought me a piece of boiled meat, begging me to eat it, and assuring me it cost him nothing—that it was left from his own dinner—that he could do nothing with it except to give it to others, if I would not take it. I would willingly have flown to devour it; but if I had taken it, would not Schiller desire to bring me something every day?

Twice only I yielded. One day he brought me a plate of cherries, and another some pears. The sight of these fruits was irresistible. I repented of having accepted them, because he did not cease to offer me more.

From the first period of our confinement, it had been established that each of us should have, twice a week, an hour's walking; afterwards this consolation was extended to us every other day; and at last, every day, except festivals.

We each went separately to the promenade between two guards, with muskets on their shoulders. As I lodged at the extremity of the corridor, I passed, in going out, the cells of all the Italian political prisoners, except that of Maroncelli, who alone languished beneath.

'A pleasant walk!' murmured each of them through the loophole of his door; but I was not permitted to stop to exchange salutations with any one. We descended the staircase, and traversed a court which led us to a terrace with a southern aspect, whence we could see the town of Brünn, and a considerable part of the surrounding country.

In the court of which I speak was always a great number of

ordinary criminals, who went and came from their work, or walked about conversing. Amongst them were several Italian robbers, who saluted me with much respect, saying amongst themselves: 'This is not a rogue like us, and yet his punishment is more severe than ours.' They had, in fact, much more liberty than I. These words, and many others, I heard, and I cordially returned their salutation.

The constraint of the irons at the feet, by preventing sleep, contributed to ruin my health. Schiller wished me to remonstrate, maintaining that it was the duty of the physician to cause their removal.

For some time I did not follow his advice; but at last I yielded, and I begged the physician that he would order me to be relieved of the chain, at least for a few days, so that I might procure a little sleep.

The physician answered that the fever had not yet arrived to such a height that he could grant my request, and that it was necessary I should accustom myself to the irons. I was vexed with having made the request.

I was still able, however, to take my usual walk, and one morning, on returning from my promenade, I observed that the door of Oroboni's cell was open. Schiller, who was within, had not heard me coming. My guards wished to advance apace to close the door; but I got before them, sprang into the room, and was instantly in the arms of Oroboni.

Schiller stood in astonishment; he raised his finger in a menacing attitude; but his eyes were filled with tears, and with sobs he cried: 'O my God! shew mercy to these poor young men, and to me, and to all the unfortunates who have been wretched on this earth!'

The two guards wept also. The sentinel in the corridor, attracted from his post, was also in tears. Oroboni said: 'Silvio, Silvio, this is one of the happiest days of my life!' I did not know what to reply: I was beside myself with joy and emotion.

When Schiller conjured us to part, alleging the necessity of obedience, Oroboni burst into a flood of tears, and faltered out: 'Shall we never see each other again in this world?'

We did not see each other again. Some months after, his cell was vacant, and Oroboni lay in the cemetery which I had before my eyes.

I was able to move about up till the 11th January 1823. On that morning I arose with a slight headache, and a disposition to faint. My limbs trembled, and I could scarcely draw breath.

Oroboni also, for the last two or three days, had been ill, and did not rise.

They brought me the soup: I scarcely took a spoonful, when I fell, deprived of sensation. The sentinel of the corridor looked by chance through the wicket of the door a few moments after, and seeing me extended on the floor, with the pot upside down lying near me, he judged me dead, and called Schiller.

The superintendent came also; the physician was likewise called, and I was put to bed. It was with difficulty I recovered. The physician declared my life in danger, and caused my chains to be removed. He ordered me some sort of a cordial, but my stomach would retain nothing. The headache grew to an intolerable height. A report to the governor was immediately made as to my condition, and he despatched a courier to Vienna to ask how I should be treated. He was ordered in reply not to send me to the infirmary, but to cause me to be attended to in the prison with the same care as if I had been in the infirmary. Farther, the superintendent was authorised to furnish me with soups and pottages from his own kitchen as long as the malady should continue serious.

This last precaution was quite useless to me at first. Neither meat nor drink passed my lips. For a whole week I got worse and worse; I was delirious day and night.

Kral and Kubitzky were given me as attendants, and they served me with affection. Each time that I resumed a little consciousness, Kral repeated to me: 'Have confidence in God, sir; God alone is good.'

'Pray to Him for me,' said I to him; 'not that He will cure me, but that my misfortunes and my death may be received in expiation of my sins.'

He suggested to me the idea of calling for the sacraments.

'If I have not demanded them already,' I answered, 'attribute it to the weakness of my head, but it will be a great consolation for me to receive them.'

He reported my words to the superintendent, who brought the chaplain of the prison. I was pleased with this priest; his name was Sturm. The reflections which he delivered to me upon the justice of God, the injustice of mankind, the duty of forgiveness, the vanity of all the things of this world, were not commonplaces; they bore the stamp of a high and cultivated intellect, and of a lively sentiment of the love due to God and our neighbour.

The effort which I was called upon to make in receiving the sacraments, seemed at first to exhaust the slight remains of life; but it afterwards served to assist me, by plunging me into a lethargy, which produced some hours of repose.

I awoke a little relieved, and seeing Kral and Schiller near me, I took their hands in mine, and thanked them for all their care.

Towards the end of the second week, a crisis occurred in the malady, and all danger vanished.

I was about to rise one morning, when my door opened, and the superintendent, Schiller, and the physician entered with smiling countenances. The first of them ran to me and said: 'We have received permission to give you Maroncelli for a companion, and to allow you to write to your parents.' Maroncelli was conducted to my arms.

O what a moment was that! 'Thou yet livest, my friend, my brother!' we each exclaimed. 'How happy a day we have been reserved to see! Praise be to God!'

But our joy, great as it was, was soon damped by mutual compassion. Maroncelli was necessarily less struck at finding me so wasted, knowing from how severe an illness I had just escaped. But I, with all my knowledge of what he had undergone, could not have imagined so great a difference from what he was before—I scarcely recognised him. His beautiful countenance, so radiant with health, was withered from grief, from hunger, from the bad air of his gloomy prison.

However, it was a source of consolation to see and hear each other, to be assured we should not again be separated. It was likewise consolatory to write to my parents, which I now did, and the letter was duly forwarded.

The dispositions of Maroncelli and myself harmonised perfectly together. The courage of the one sustained the courage of the other. If either of us was seized with melancholy, or excited to anger by the hardships of our condition, the other restored his friend's equanimity by some pleasantries or appropriate reasonings. A smile generally tempered our sorrows.

As long as we had books, though we had read them often enough to know them by heart, we possessed an agreeable means of mental cultivation, because they were a perpetual excitation to fresh examinations, comparisons, criticisms, and corrections. We read, or meditated in silence, the greatest part of the day, and we gave to conversation the times of dinner and of the promenade, and all the evening.

Maroncelli, in his dungeon, had composed a great many verses of superior beauty. He recited them to me, and composed others; while I also composed some which I recited to him, and our memories were exercised in retaining all this. We acquired by these means a wonderful facility in the composition, from memory, of long poems, a power of polishing and improving them at repeated intervals, and of bringing them to as high a state of perfection as we could have done by writing them. Maroncelli thus composed by degrees, and delivered to memory, several thousands of lyric and epic verses. As for me, I composed the tragedy of *Leoniero da Dertona*, and various other pieces.

At the commencement of 1824, a number of additional prisoners were brought to Spielberg, among whom were some of our unfortunate acquaintances; and the rigours of our confinement were increased. How did we pass all the years 1824, 1825, 1826, and 1827! We were refused the use of our books, which the governor had granted provisionally. The prison became for us a real tomb, in which, however, we were not allowed even the tranquillity of the tomb. Each month, on an indeterminate day, the director of the

police, accompanied by a lieutenant and his guards, came to make a severe inspection. They stripped us naked, examined all the seams of our clothes, and, in the fear that any paper or other thing was concealed therein, they opened our mattresses to search the insides. Although it was impossible they could find anything clandestine with us, this visit, made in so hostile a manner, so suddenly, and so often repeated, irritated me to a great extent, and always threw me into a fever.

The preceding years had appeared to me so sad, and *now* I looked back with regret upon those years, as to a time of enjoyment!

By making the punishment commence, not at the epoch of my arrest, but at that of my condemnation, the seven years and a half finished in 1829, in the first days of July, if they were dated from the signature of the emperor, or on the 22d of August, if dated from the publication of the sentence. But this term passed like the others, and all hope was extinguished.

Up to that time, Maroncelli and I sometimes imagined that it might yet be possible we should once more see the world, our beloved Italy, and our relations; and it was for us a subject of conversation replete with anxiety, emotion, and love.

But when we saw August pass, then September, then that whole year, we accustomed ourselves to hope nothing more on this earth except the unvarying continuance of our mutual friendship, and the aid of God to perform worthily what remained to accomplish of our long sacrifice.

Ah! friendship and religion are two inestimable benefits! They embellish even the hours of prisoners for whom all hope of mercy has expired. God is indeed with the unfortunate—with the unfortunate who love Him!

The 1st day of August 1830 appeared. It was not far from ten years since I had lost my liberty, and eight and a half since I had been subjected to the *carcere duro*.

It was a Sunday. We went, as on other holidays, to the usual enclosure, and looked again, from the low wall running round it, upon the valley and the graveyard in which Oroboni and Villa lay, talking to each other of the repose which our bones would one day find in the same place.

This day, after returning from the chapel, and when preparing to eat our wretched dinner, the sub-intendant entered the cell. 'I am very sorry to disturb your dinner,' said he, 'but have the goodness to follow me; the director of the police is here.'

As this latter personage never came but for disagreeable purposes, such as searches or inquiries, we followed the sub-intendant, in very bad humour, to the room of audience.

We found there the director of police and the superintendent; the former moved to us more graciously than usual.

He took a paper in his hand, and, in disconnected words, as if he

were afraid of producing upon us too great a sensation of surprise by a more rapid delivery, said to us: 'Gentlemen, I have the pleasure —I have the honour—to inform you—that his majesty the emperor—has performed another act of mercy'——

And he hesitated to inform us in what the mercy consisted. We thought that it referred to some mitigation of our punishment, such as exempting us from the tiresomeness of labour, permitting us some more books, or granting us less disgusting food. 'Do you not understand?' added the director.

'No, sir; have the goodness to explain to us what sort of mercy is meant.'

'It is liberty for you both, and for a third, whom you are about to embrace.'

Apparently our joy should have broken forth in loud jubilee. But our thoughts immediately ran upon our parents, of whom we had had no intelligence for so long a time. Should we still find them on earth? This doubt occurred to us in such force, that it certainly destroyed the pleasure the news of our freedom should have given us.

'You remain mute,' said the police-director. 'I expected to have seen you jump for joy.'

'I beseech you,' answered I, 'to be good enough to transmit our gratitude to the emperor. But if no account is given us of our families, it is impossible not to fear that some very dear individuals are now lost to us. This uncertainty overpowers us, even in the moment which should be that of supreme joy.'

He then gave to Maroncelli a letter from his brother, which consoled him. He told me there was none from my family, and that redoubled my fear that some misfortune had happened.

'Return into your chamber,' resumed the director, 'and before long I will shew you the other prisoner who has also received pardon.'

We retired, and waited for this third person with anxiety. We would have taken with us all the others, but there could only be one. Might it be the poor Munari? or such a one? or such another? It was not one of those for whom we offered our prayers. At last the door opened, and we saw that our companion was the Signor Andrea Tonelli da Brescia. We embraced. We could eat no dinner. We conversed until the evening, compassionating the lot of those dear friends who remained behind us.

At nightfall the director of police returned to take us from this place of misfortune. Our hearts were lacerated as we passed before the cells of so many beloved beings, without being able to take them with us! Who knows how long they must still languish there! How many of them would become the slow victims of death!

They cast on the shoulders of each of us a soldier's greatcoat, and a cap on our heads; and thus, in the clothing of galley-slaves, with the exception of chains, we descended that disastrous hill, and were conducted into the city to the prisons of the police. It was a

beautiful moonlight night. The streets, the houses, the persons whom we met, all appeared to me so strange and pleasant, after the many years I had passed without beholding a similar scene!

We waited in the prisons of the police for an imperial commissary, who was to come from Vienna to accompany us to the frontier. In the meantime, as our trunks had been sold, we provided ourselves with linen and clothes, and laid aside the prison livery.

At the end of five days the commissary arrived, and the director of police delivered us into his hands. He handed over to him at the same time the money that we had brought to Spielberg, and that which resulted from the sale of our portmanteaus and books, all of which was restored to us at the frontier. The expense of our journey was defrayed by the emperor, and nothing was spared. I was far from well, and when we arrived at Vienna, I was in a fever; for eight days I was under medical treatment, and at length I recovered. Being now comparatively well, I was anxious to depart, the more especially as the news of the *three days* of Paris had just reached us.

The emperor had signed the decree for our liberty the very day that revolution broke out. He assuredly would not now revoke it; but it was very probable that, as the crisis was becoming critical for all Europe, and as popular movements were feared also in Italy, Austria would not at such a moment allow us to return to our country. We were well convinced they would not take us back to Spielberg, but we were afraid it might be suggested to the emperor to consign us to some town of the empire far removed from the peninsula.

At last we left Vienna, and I was able to get as far as Brash; there I again became ill; but at the end of two days I insisted upon resuming the journey. We traversed Austria and Styria, and reached Carinthia without accident; but when we arrived at a village called Feldkirchen, a short distance from Klagenfurt, there came a counter-order. We were commanded to halt in this place until further directions.

I leave it to be imagined how disagreeable this event was to us. I had, in addition, the unpleasant reflection of being the cause of so great a calamity to my two companions. My fatal malady was the reason they were debarred from returning to their country. We remained five days at Feldkirchen, and during that time the commissary did all in his power to amuse us. There was a small theatre of poor players, and he took us to it. Another day he procured for us the diversion of a hunt. Our host, and several young people of the country, with the proprietor of a fine forest, were the hunters, and we, placed in a favourable position, enjoyed the sport as spectators.

At length a courier arrived from Vienna with orders for the commissary to conduct us to our destination. This good news filled me

with joy, as well as my companions; but at the same time I trembled to see approaching the hour of a fatal discovery—the hour which would unfold to me that I had no longer either father or mother, nor several other connections, I knew not how many! Thus my melancholy increased as we advanced towards Italy.

From this side the approach to Italy is not agreeable, and the sterile aspect of the country contributed to increase my sadness. To see again our own sky, to meet human faces having no longer the northern expression, to hear on all lips the words of our language, affected me much; but the emotion produced tears rather than smiles. How often I covered my face with my hands, feigning to sleep, but shedding tears! How many nights I passed unable to close an eye, and burning with fever, sometimes bestowing the most impassioned benedictions upon my sweet Italy, and thanking Heaven for having restored me to it; sometimes tormenting myself with the absence of intelligence concerning my family, and conjuring up imaginary ills; sometimes in reflecting that I should shortly have to separate, perhaps for ever, from a friend who had passed through so many sufferings with me, and had given me such proofs of a fraternal affection!

At Mantua it was necessary to bid farewell to Maroncelli, for here we were to separate. It was a parting of the most tender kind, not unaccompanied with tears. At Brescia I left behind my other companion in misfortune, Andrea Tonelli. On the 9th of September, two days after, I arrived at Milan, where I was detained for several days, and then set out for Piedmont in charge of a brigadier of gendarmerie.

The state of my feelings may be judged on once more finding myself on the Piedmontese soil. Ah! much as I love all nations, God knows that Italy is dearest to me! and much as I dote upon Italy, God knows how infinitely sweeter to me than the name of every other country in Italy is the name of Piedmont, the land of my fathers!

I was still not free. The brigadier, on leaving me, handed me over to the Piedmontese carabiniers. After a short delay, a gentleman appeared, who begged me to permit him to accompany me to Novara. He had missed another opportunity, and now there was no carriage but mine; he was much obliged that I allowed him to take advantage of it.

This disguised carabinier was of a jovial turn, and kept me good company as far as Novara. When we arrived at that town, pretending to conduct me to a hotel, he directed the carriage to the barracks of the carabiniers, and there I was told there was a bed for me in the apartment of a brigadier, where I was to wait for higher orders.

Expecting to resume my journey on the following day, I went to bed, and after conversing a moment with my host, I sank into a

profound sleep. I had not slept so well for a long time. I awoke towards morning, immediately arose, and got through some very long hours. I breakfasted, chatted, walked about the room and on the terrace, and cast a look on my host's books. At last a letter arrived from my father.

O what joy to see again those much-loved characters! What joy to learn that my mother, my dearest mother, still lived!—that my two brothers and my eldest sister were also still alive! Alas! the youngest, the Marietta, who had entered the convent of the Visitation, as I had clandestinely learned in prison, had ceased to breathe nine months ago! It is sweet to think that I owe my liberty to those who loved me, who never ceased to intercede for me.

Days passed, and permission to leave Novara did not come. On the morning of the 16th September this permission was at last given me, and then I was freed from the tutelage of the carabiniers. O how many years it was since I had been able to go where I pleased, without the encumbrance of guards!

I obtained some money, received the greetings of a few persons, acquaintances of my father, and about three in the afternoon I departed. I had as companions on the journey a lady, a merchant, a sculptor, and two young painters, one of whom was deaf and dumb. We passed the night at Vercelli. The fortunate sun of the 17th of September arose. We continued our journey, and did not reach Turin until the evening.

Who, who could describe the emotion of my heart, of the hearts of those so endeared to me, when I beheld, when I embraced my father, my mother, my brothers! My sister, my dear Josephine, was not present, as her duties detained her at Chieri; but at the first news of my return, she hastened home to pass a few days in the bosom of the family. Restored to these five objects of my tenderest affection, I was, I am the most enviable of mortals!

CONCLUSION.

After his restoration to his native country, Silvio Pellico lived for some time in the bosom of his family. In his later years he became secretary and librarian to the Marchioness of Barolo in Turin, in whose house he died in 1854. The narrative of his ten years' captivity (*Le mie Prigioni*), published in 1831, had an immense popularity, and was translated into all the languages of Europe. It is written with great simplicity and apparent truthfulness, and breathes a spirit of the most entire Christian resignation. It produced two effects: it incited the Austrian government to introduce considerable reforms into their intolerable prison discipline; and it fixed the attention of Europe on the miserable condition of Italy, personified, as it were, in the prisoner of Spielberg. Silvio

Pellico did not suffer in vain; the clank of his chains served to loosen those of his country.

Of Pellico's other writings, a dramatic piece called *Ester d'Engaddi*, one of those composed under the Leads in Venice, was acted in Turin in 1831 with the highest applause, as well as another piece entitled *Gismonda;* but both were immediately suppressed by the jealousy of Italian despotism. He composed besides, other three dramas, one of them entitled *Tommaso Moro*. In 1837 appeared two volumes of *Opere Inedite*, consisting of mystical hymns, paraphrases of the *Imitation* of Thomas à Kempis, and other pieces. Among his latest productions was a kind of catechism on human duties (*Dei Doveri degli Uomini*). Long confinement and privation had completely undermined his originally feeble constitution, and induced on a mind more remarkable for sensitive goodness than strength, a tendency to mystic pietism; so that his views are better calculated to inspire passive resignation than to invigorate for action.

The Count Arrivabene, who is mentioned by Silvio Pellico as having been discharged from the prison of St Michael as innocent, found himself, shortly after, exposed to the suspicions of the government, and judged it expedient to flee. His only crime was having received Porro, Pellico, and some others at his country-house near Mantua, as they returned from a trip in Porro's steam-boat from Pavia to Venice. He fled from Mantua to Brescia, where he imparted his and their danger to his friends Ugoni and Scalvini, who joined him in his endeavour to escape into Switzerland. Gendarmes had been despatched on all the routes to arrest Arrivabene as soon as his departure was known. He and his friends effected their retreat into Switzerland, disguised as cattle-drovers, but were very nearly caught. They had to pass an inn in which three gendarmes, lying in wait for them, were asleep; and at the moment they reached the Swiss frontier, they were so exhausted, from having had no interval of repose for sixty hours, that they fell upon the ground in the presence of the Austrian soldiers, who were close upon their heels when they crossed the line which separated tyranny from freedom. They were, however, safe. Count Porro also effected his escape from Italy. The gendarmes entered his house at one door as he left it by another. Confalonieri was prevented from executing the same manœuvre by finding a door locked, the key of which had been altered by his intendant without his knowledge.

WILLIAM TELL AND SWITZERLAND.

SURROUNDED by some of the most powerful nations of Europe, Switzerland, a comparatively small country, has for ages maintained a singular degree of freedom and independence, and been distinguished for the civil liberty which its people generally enjoy. For these enviable distinctions, it is allowed to have been greatly indebted to its physical character. Composed of ranges of lofty mountains, extensive lakes, almost inapproachable valleys, craggy steeps and passes, which may be easily defended, it has afforded a ready retreat from oppression, and its inhabitants have at various times defeated the largest armies brought by neighbouring powers for their subjugation. How this intrepid people originally gained their liberty, forms an exceedingly interesting page in European history.

About six hundred years ago, a large portion of Switzerland belonged to the German Empire; but this was little more than a nominal subjection to a supreme authority. Socially, it consisted of districts which were for the greater part the hereditary possessions of dukes, counts, and other nobles, who viewed the people on their properties as little better than serfs, and made free with

their lives, their industry, and their chattels. In some instances, certain cities had formed alliances for mutual protection against the rapacity of these robbers, and demolished many castles from which they exercised their oppression upon the peaceful husbandmen and merchants.

Things were in this state, when, in 1273, Rodolphe of Hapsburg, one of the most powerful of the noble proprietors, was chosen Emperor of Germany, an event which added greatly to his means of oppressing his Swiss vassals. Rodolphe, however, was a humane master, and did not abuse his power. Albert, his son, who succeeded to the imperial dynasty in 1298, was a person of a different character. He was a grasping prince, eager to extend his family possessions, and wished to unite certain free Swiss towns, with their surrounding districts, called the Waldstädte, or Forest-towns, with his hereditary estates, proposing to them to renounce their direct connection with the German Empire, and to submit themselves to him as Duke of Austria. They rejected his advances, and hence commenced the first of the memorable struggles for civil liberty in Switzerland.

As the result of a direct attempt at subjugation might be doubtful, Albert resolved to proceed cautiously and by stealth. The Forest-towns had hitherto administered their laws and collected the imperial taxes themselves; and were only visited on stated emergencies by an imperial commissioner or governor. The first encroachment, then, was to send a governor or bailiff to take up his residence in the country. According to the usual account, the first permanent imperial bailiff in the Waldstädte was Hermann Gessler, who built a fortress for himself at Küssnacht in Uri, not far from the head of the Lake of Lucerne, on which the Waldstädte bordered. Once firmly established, Gessler, who was a fit instrument for the purposes of a tyrant, assumed an insolent bearing, and scrupled not to commit the most severe acts of oppression. Every great crisis in national disasters brings forth its great man: as Scotland, under the oppression of the Edwards, produced its William Wallace; as America its Washington, when its liberty was threatened; so did Switzerland, under the viceregal domination of Gessler, produce its WILLIAM TELL.*

* The story of Tell, as given in the text, has long passed current as history; that it is essentially a fable, however, may now be considered as a settled point. The earlier Swiss chroniclers, in narrating the rising of the Forest-towns, make no mention of Tell. The rude embryo of the story appears first in the Chronicle of Melchior Reuss, in the second half of the fifteenth century, and in a popular ballad of the same period. Successive versions added details and embellishments, until, in the sixteenth century, Tschudi and others gave the full-grown narrative, which Schiller has embalmed in his drama. As early, however, as the end of the sixteenth century, doubts began to be expressed as to its authenticity; and attention was called to the existence of similar legends of earlier date existing in other countries. Saxo Grammaticus, a Danish chronicler of the twelfth century, tells of a bowman named Palnatoke, who was compelled by the Danish king, Harald Blue-tooth, to shoot at an apple on his son's head, and who afterwards sent an arrow through Harald's own

William Tell, according to the received accounts, was born at Bürglen, a secluded hamlet in the canton of Uri, near the Lake of Lucerne, about the year 1275, and, like his forefathers, was the proprietor of a cottage, a few small fields, a vineyard, and an orchard. When William had reached the age of twenty, his father is said to have died, bequeathing to him these humble possessions. Endowed by nature with a lofty and energetic mind, Tell was distinguished also by great physical strength and manly beauty. He was taller by a head than most of his companions; he loved to climb the rugged rocks of his native mountains in pursuit of the chamois, and to steer his boat across the lake in time of storm and of danger. The load of wood which he could bear upon his shoulders was double that which any ordinary man could support.

In all outdoor sports Tell likewise excelled. During holidays, when the young archers were trying their skill, according to ancient Swiss custom, Tell, who had no equal in the practice of the bow, was obliged to remain an idle spectator, in order to give others a chance for the prize. With such varied qualifications, and being also characterised by a courteous disposition, Tell was a general favourite among his countrymen, and an acceptable guest at every fireside. As a wife he chose Emma, the daughter of Walter Furst, who was considered the best and fairest maiden of the whole canton of Uri. The birth of a son, who was named Walter, in honour of his grandfather, added to the felicity of the pair. Until the age of six, Walter was left to his mother's care, but at that period the father undertook his education, and made him his constant companion. Other children subsequently added to the ties of family.

With other sources of happiness, Tell combined that of possessing an intimate friend, who dwelt amid the rocky heights separating Uri from Unterwalden. Arnold Anderhalden of Melchthal was this associate. Although similar in many salient points of character,

heart. On this saga, Oehlenschläger, the Danish poet, has founded a tragedy. The Icelandic sagas attribute the feat to various personages, some earlier, some later, than Palnatoke. Perhaps the oldest form of the arrow-shooting legend is that in the *Vilkinasaga*, in which it is told of the hero Eigil, brother of Weyland the Smith. As was natural, these suggestions of doubt were distasteful to Swiss patriotism, and a book on the subject was burned by the public hangman of Uri; so that Swiss historians have been cautious in speaking of the subject. Tell's Chapel, said to have been erected in 1388, only eighty years after the death of Gessler, and other monuments commemorative of incidents in the story and claiming the same antiquity, are usually held to be proofs of the reality of the events. The date of these monuments, however, is far from certain; and, at best, the most that could be inferred from them is, that, on the rising of the Forest-towns, an obscure peasant shot an Austrian bailiff on the banks of the Lake of Lucerne, and that this became, in the popular memory, the central incident of the struggle, and gradually gathered round it the widespread mythical embellishments of the tyrant, the bowman, and the apple. For one thing, the tyrant Gessler is conclusively proved to be mythical. In a work, containing a series of documents concerning early Swiss history, published in 1835 by M. Kopp of Lucerne, it is satisfactorily shewn that, although a continuous series of charters exists relative to the bailiffs of Küssnacht in the fourteenth century, there is no Gessler among them.

there was still an essential difference between the two men. Arnold of Melchthal, while he loved his country with an ardour equal to that of Tell, and was capable of very great actions, was not prepared for much patient suffering or long endurance of wrong. Tell, whose temperament was more calm, and whose passions were more influenced by reason than impulse, only succeeded in restraining his friend's impulsive character by the stern force of example. Meantime the two friends passed their days in the enjoyment of one another's society, visiting at intervals each other's humble residence. Arnold had a daughter, Clair by name, and Walter, the son of Tell, learned as he grew up to love and cherish her. Thus, in simple and tranquil pleasures, in the industrious prosecution of their several occupations, these two families dwelt in tranquillity and mutual happiness.

The introduction to power of Hermann Gessler broke in upon the happiness of every citizen of Uri. Besides the allowance of the utmost licence to his soldiers, the tolls were raised, the most slight and trivial offences punished by imprisonment and heavy fines, and the inhabitants treated with insolence and contempt. Gessler, passing on horseback before a house built by Werner Stauffacher in the village of Steinen, near Schwytz, cried: 'What! shall it be borne that these contemptible peasants should build such an edifice as this? If *they* are to be thus lodged, what are we to do?' Tradition records the indignant remonstrance of the wife of Stauffacher upon this occasion. 'How long,' exclaimed she, 'shall we behold the oppressor triumphant, and the oppressed weep? How long shall the insolent stranger possess our lands, and bestow our inheritances upon his heirs? What avails it that our mountains and valleys are inhabited by men, if we, the mothers of Helvetia, are to suckle the children of slavery, and see our daughters swelling the train of our oppressors?' The energetic language of his wife was not thrown away upon Werner, but took root in his heart, and in due time brought forth fruit.

Meanwhile some of the instruments of oppression were punished when they were least prepared for retribution. As an example, we may instance the governor of Schwanau, a castle on the Lake of Lowerz, who, having brought dishonour upon a family of distinction, perished by the hand of the eldest son. As a parallel instance, we may mention that a friend of Berenger of Landenberg, the young lord of Wolfenchiess, in Unterwalden, having seen the beautiful wife of Conrad of Baumgarten, at Alzallen, and finding that her husband was absent, desired, in the most peremptory terms, that she should prepare him a bath; but the lady having called Conrad from the fields, and revealed to him the repeated indignities to which she had been exposed, his resentment was so inflamed at the recital, that, rushing into the bath-chamber, he sacrificed the young noble on the spot. In a state of society but

just emerging from barbarism, and which as yet knew but little of law or justice, continual instances were of daily occurrence in which private individuals thus took the law into their own hands. The result, however chivalric the custom may look in the abstract, was most fearful and terrible, and is but one of the many proofs how great a blessing civilisation has really been to mankind.

Tell foresaw, on the arrival of Gessler, many of the misfortunes which must inevitably follow his iron rule, and without explaining his views even to Arnold of Melchthal, without needlessly alarming his family, endeavoured to devise some means, not of bearing the yoke demurely, but of delivering his country from the galling oppression which Albert had brought upon it. The hero felt satisfied that the evil deeds of the governor would sooner or later bring just retribution upon him; for this, and many other reasons, therefore, despite his own secret wishes, when Arnold poured out his fiery wrath in the ear of his friend, he listened calmly, and, to avoid inflaming him more, avowed none of his own views or even feelings in return.

One evening, however, William Tell and his wife sat in the front of their cottage, watching their son amusing himself amid the flocks, when the former grew more thoughtful and sad than usual. Presently Tell spoke, and for the first time imparted to his wife some of his most secret designs. While the conversation was still proceeding, the parents saw their son rush towards them crying for help, and shouting the name of old Melchthal. As he spoke, Arnold's father appeared in view, led by Clair, and feeling his way with a stick. Tell and his wife hastened forward, and discovered, to their inconceivable horror, that their friend was blind, his eyes having been put out with hot irons. The hero of Bürglen, burning with just indignation, called on the old man to explain the fearful sight, and also the cause of Arnold's absence. The unfortunate Melchthal seated himself, surrounded by his agonised friends, and immediately satisfied the impatient curiosity of Tell.

It appeared that that very morning the father, son, and granddaughter were in the fields loading a couple of oxen with produce for the market-town, when an Austrian soldier presented himself, and having examined the animals, which appeared to suit his fancy, ordered their owner to unyoke the beasts preparatory to his driving them off. Adding insolence to tyranny, he further remarked that such clodpoles might very well draw their own ploughs and carts. Arnold, furious at the man's daring impertinence, was only restrained by his father's earnest entreaties from sacrificing the robber on the spot; nothing, however, could prevent him from aiming a blow at him, which broke two of his fingers. The enraged soldier then retreated; but old Melchthal, who well knew the character of Gessler, immediately forced Arnold, much against his inclination, to go and conceal himself for some days in the Righi. This mountain

rises in a somewhat isolated position—a rare circumstance with the Swiss Alps—and is one of the most conspicuous hills of Switzerland. In form a truncated cone, with its base watered by three lakes—Lucerne, Zug, and Zurich—this gigantic hill is pierced by deep caverns, of which two are famous—the Bruder-balm, and the hole of Kessis-Boden. Scarcely had Arnold departed in this direction, when a detachment of guards from Altorf surrounded their humble tenement, and dragged old Melchthal before Gessler, who ordered him to give up his son. Furious at the refusal which ensued, the tyrant commanded the old man's eyes to be put out, and then sent him forth blind to deplore his misfortunes.

Tell heard the story of Melchthal in silence, and when he had finished, inquired the exact place of his son's concealment. The father replied that it was in a particular cavern of Mount Righi, the desert rocks of which place were unknown to the emissaries of the governor, and there he had promised to remain until he received his parent's permission to come forth. This Tell requested might be granted immediately; and turning to his son, ordered him to start at once for the Righi with a message to Arnold. Walter gladly obeyed, and providing himself with food, and receiving private instructions from his father, went on his journey under cover of the night.

Tell himself then threw around his own person a cloak of wolf-skin, seized his quiver full of sharp arrows, and taking his terrible bow, which few could bend, in hand, bade adieu to his wife for a few days, and took his departure in an opposite direction from that pursued by his son. It was quite dawn when Walter reached the Righi, and a slight column of blue smoke speedily directed him to the spot where Arnold lay concealed. The intrusion at first startled the fugitive; but recognising Tell's son, he listened eagerly to his dismal story, the conclusion of which roused in him so much fury, that he would have rushed forth at once to assassinate Gessler, had not Walter restrained him. Schooled by Tell, he informed him that his father was engaged in preparing vengeance for the tyrant's crime, being at that moment with Werner Stauffacher concerting proper measures of resistance. 'Go,' said my father, 'and tell Arnold of this new villainy of the governor's, and say that it is not rage which can give us just revenge, but the utmost exertion of courage and prudence. I leave for Schwytz to bid Werner arm his canton; let Melchthal go to Stantz, and prepare the young men of Unterwalden for the outbreak; having done this, let him meet me, with Furst and Werner, in the field of Grutli.' *

Arnold, scarcely taking time slightly to refresh himself with food, sent Walter on his homeward journey, while he started for Stantz. Walter, when alone, turned his steps towards Altorf, where

* A lonely sequestered strip of meadow, called indifferently Rutli and Grutli, upon an angle of the Lake of Lucerne, surrounded by thickets, at the foot of the rock of Seelisberg, and opposite the village of Brunnen.

unfortunately, and unknown to himself, he came into the presence of Gessler, to whom he uttered somewhat hard things about the state of the country, being led to commit himself by the artful questions of the tyrant, who immediately ordered the lad into confinement, with strict injunctions to his guards to seize whomsoever should claim him.

Meanwhile certain doubts and fears, from he knew not what cause, arose in the mind of Gessler, and struck him with a presentiment that all was not right. He imagined that the people wore in their looks less abject submission to his authority; and the better to satisfy himself of the correctness or erroneousness of this view, he commanded Berenger to erect at dawn of day, in the market-place of Altorf, a pole, on the point of which he was to place the ducal cap of Austria. An order was further promulgated, to the effect that every one passing near or within sight of it should make obeisance, in proof of his homage and fealty to the duke.

Numerous soldiers under arms were directed to surround the place, to keep the avenues, and compel the passers-by to bend with proper respect to the emblem of the governing power of the three cantons. Gessler likewise determined that, whoever should disobey the mandate, and pass the ducal badge without the requisite sign of fealty, or who should exhibit by his bearing a feeling of independence, should be accused of disaffection, and be treated accordingly—a measure which promised both to discover the discontented, and furnish a sufficient ground for their punishment. Numerous detachments of troops, among whom money had been previously distributed, were then placed around to see that his commands were scrupulously obeyed. History scarcely records another instance of tyranny so galling and humiliating to the oppressed, and so insolent on the part of its author.

The proceedings of Tell in the interval were of the deepest concern to the country. Having arrived within the territory of Schwytz, and at the village of Steinen, he called at the house of Werner, and being admitted, threw at his feet a heavy bundle of lances, arrows, cross-bows, and swords. 'Werner Stauffacher,' cried Tell, 'the time is come for action;' and without a moment's delay he informed his friend of all that had passed, dwelling minutely on every detail; and when he had at length finished, the cautious Werner could restrain his wrath no longer, but exclaimed, clasping the hero's hand: 'Friend, let us begin; I am ready.' After further brief conference, they, by separate ways, carried round arms to their friends in the town and the neighbouring villages. Many hours were thus consumed, and when their weapons were at last distributed, they both returned to Stauffacher's house, snatched some slight refreshment, and then sped on their way to Grutli, accompanied by ten of their most tried adherents.

The Lake of Lucerne was soon reached, and a boat procured.

Werner, perceiving the water to be agitated by a furious tempest, inquired of Tell if his skill would enable him to struggle against the storm. 'Arnold awaits us,' cried William, 'and the fate of our country depends on this interview.' With these words he leaped into the boat, Werner jumped after him, and the rest followed. Tell cast loose the agitated vessel, seized the tiller, and hoisting sail, the little craft flew along the waves.

Presently, it is said, the wind moderated, and ere they reached the opposite side, had ceased altogether—a phenomenon common in these mountain-lakes. The boat was now made fast, and the conspirators hastened to the field of Grutli, where, at the mouth of a cavern of the same name, Arnold and Walter Furst awaited them, each with ten other companions. Tell allowed no consideration of natural feeling to silence the calls of duty, but at once came to the point. He first gave a brief sketch of the state of the country under the Austrian bailiffs, and having shewn to the satisfaction of his companions the necessity for immediate and combined action, is related to have added: 'We may have our plans frustrated by delay, and the time has come for action. I ask only a few days for preparation. Unterwalden and Schwytz are armed. Three hundred and fifty warriors are, I am assured, ready. I leave you to assign them a secluded valley as a place of rendezvous, which they may gain in small parties by different paths. I will return to Uri, and collect my contingent of a hundred men; Furst will aid me, and seek them in the Moderan and Urseren, even in the high hills whence flow the Aar, the Tessin, the Rhine, and the Rhone. I will remain in Altorf, and as soon as I receive tidings from Furst, will fire a huge pile of wood near my house. At this signal let all march to the rendezvous, and, when united, we will pour down upon Altorf, where I will then strive to rouse the people.'

This plan of the campaign was, after some deliberation, agreed to, and it was further resolved unanimously, that, in the enterprise upon which they were now embarked, no one should be guided by his own private opinion, nor ever forsake his friends; that they should jointly live or jointly die in defence of their common cause; that each should, in his own vicinity, promote the object in view, trusting that the whole nation would one day have cause to bless their friendly union; that the Count of Hapsburg should be deprived of none of his lands, vassals, or prerogatives; that the blood of his servants and bailiffs should not be spilt; but that the freedom which they had inherited from their fathers they were determined to assert, and to hand down to their children untainted and undiminished. Then Stauffacher, Furst, and Melchthal, and the other conspirators, stepped forward, and raising their hands, swore that they would die in defence of that freedom.

After this solemn oath, and after an agreement that New-Year's Day should be chosen for the outbreak, unless, in the meantime, a

signal-fire should arouse the inhabitants on some sudden emergency, the heroes separated. Arnold returned to Stantz, Werner to Schwytz, while Tell and Furst took their way to Altorf. The sun already shone brightly as Tell entered the town, and he at once advanced into the public place, where the first object which caught his eye was a handsome cap embroidered with gold, stuck upon the end of a long pole. Soldiers walked around it in respectful silence, and the people of Altorf, as they passed, bowed their heads profoundly to the symbol of power.

Tell was much surprised at this new and strange manifestation of servility, and leaning on his cross-bow, gazed contemptuously both on the people and the soldiers. Berenger, captain of the guard, at length observed this man, who alone, amid a cringing populace, carried his head erect. He went to him, and fiercely asked why he neglected to pay obedience to the orders of Hermann Gessler. Tell mildly replied that he was not aware of them, neither could he have thought that the intoxication of power could carry a man so far; though the cowardice of the people almost justified his conduct. This bold language somewhat surprised Berenger, who ordered Tell to be disarmed, and then, surrounded by guards, he was carried before the governor.

'Wherefore,' demanded the incensed bailiff, 'hast thou disobeyed my orders, and failed in thy respect to the emperor? Why hast thou dared to pass before the sacred badge of thy sovereign without the evidence of homage required of thee?'

'Verily,' answered Tell, with mock humility, 'how this happened I know not; 'tis an accident, and no mark of contempt; suffer me, therefore, in thy clemency, to depart.'

Gessler was both surprised and irritated at this reply, feeling assured that there was something beneath the tranquil and bitter smile of the prisoner which he could not fathom. Suddenly he was struck by the resemblance which existed between him and the boy Walter, whom he had met the previous day, and immediately ordered him to be brought forward. Gessler now inquired the prisoner's name, which he no sooner heard than he recognised him as the archer so celebrated throughout the canton, and at once conceived the mode of punishment which he afterwards put in practice, and which was perhaps the most refined act of torture which man ever imagined. As soon as the youth arrived, the governor turned to Tell, and told him that he had heard of his extraordinary dexterity, and was accordingly determined to put it to the proof. 'While beholding justice done, the people of Altorf shall also admire thy skill. Thy son shall be placed a hundred yards distant, with an apple on his head. If thou hast the good-fortune to carry off the apple in triumph with one of thy arrows, I pardon both, and restore your liberty. If thou refusest this trial, thy son shall die before thine eyes.'

Tell, horror-stricken, implored Gessler to spare him so cruel an experiment, though his son Walter encouraged his father to trust to his usual good-fortune; and finding the governor inexorable, the hero accepted the trial. He was immediately conducted into the public place, where the required distance was measured by Berenger, a double row of soldiers shutting up three sides of the square. The people, awe-stricken and trembling, pressed behind. Walter stood with his back to a linden-tree, patiently awaiting the exciting moment. Hermann Gessler, some distance behind, watched every motion. His cross-bow and one bolt were handed to Tell; he tried the point, broke the weapon, and demanded his quiver. It was brought to him, and emptied at his feet. William stooped down, and taking a long time to choose one, managed to hide a second in his girdle; the other he held in his hand, and proceeded to string his bow, while Berenger cleared away the remaining arrows.

After hesitating a long time—his whole soul beaming in his face, his paternal affection rendering him almost powerless—he at length roused himself, drew the bow—aimed—shot—and the apple, struck through the core, was carried away by the arrow!

The market-place of Altorf was filled by loud cries of admiration. Walter flew to embrace his father, who, overcome by the excess of his emotions, fell insensible to the ground, thus exposing the second arrow to view. Gessler stood over him, awaiting his recovery, which speedily taking place, Tell rose and turned away from the governor with horror, who, however, scarcely yet believing his senses, thus addressed him: 'Incomparable archer, I will keep my promise; but,' added he, 'tell me what needed you with that second arrow which you have, I see, secreted in your girdle? One was surely enough.' Tell replied with some slight evidence of embarrassment, 'that it was customary among the bowmen of Uri to have always one arrow in reserve;' an explanation which only served to confirm the suspicions of Gessler. 'Nay, nay,' said he; 'tell me thy real motive, and whatever it may have been, speak frankly, and thy life is spared.' 'The second shaft,' replied Tell, 'was to pierce thy heart, tyrant, if I had chanced to harm my son.' At these words, the terrified governor retired behind his guards, revoked his promise of pardon, commanding him further to be placed in irons, and to be reconducted to the fort. He was obeyed, and as slight murmurs rose amongst the people, double patrols of Austrian soldiers paraded the streets, and forced the citizens to retire to their houses. Walter, released, fled to join Arnold of Melchthal, according to a whispered order from his father.

Gessler, reflecting on the aspect of the people, and fearful that some plot was in progress, which his accidental shortness of provisions rendered more unfortunate, determined to rid his citadel of the object which might induce an attack. With these views he summoned Berenger, and addressed him in these words: 'I am

about to quit Altorf, and you shall command during my absence. I leave my brave soldiers, who will readily obey your voice; and, soon returning with supplies and reinforcements, we will crush this vile people, and punish them for their insolent murmurings. Prepare me a large boat, in which thirty men, picked from my guard, may depart with me. As soon as night draws in, you can load this audacious Tell with chains, and send him on board. I will myself take him where he may expiate his offences.'

Tell was forthwith immediately conducted to Fluelen, the little port of Altorf, about a league distant, at the foot of Mount Rorstock. Gessler followed, and entered the bark which had been prepared with the utmost despatch, ordering the bow and quiver of the famous archer to be carefully put on board at the same time; with the intention, it is supposed, of either keeping them under safe custody, or hanging them up, according to religious custom, as an offering for his personal safety. Having started with the prisoner, under the safe-conduct of his armed dependents, Gessler ordered them to row as far as Brunnen, a distance of three leagues and a half; intending, it is said, to land at that point, and, passing through the territory of Schwytz, lodge the redoubted bowman in the dungeon of Kussnacht, there to undergo the rigour of his sentence.

The evening was fine and promising; the boat danced along the placid waters. The air was pure, the waves tranquil, the stars shone brightly in the sky. A light southern breeze aided the efforts of the oarsmen, and tempered the rigour of the cold, which night in that season rendered almost insupportable so near the glaciers. All appeared in Gessler's favour. The extent of the first section of the lake was soon passed, and the boat headed for Brunnen. Tell, meantime, loaded with irons, gazed with eager eye, shaded by melancholy, on the desert rocks of Grutli, where, the day before, he had planned with his friends the deliverance of his country. While painful thoughts crossed his mind, his looks were attracted to the neighbourhood of Altorf by a dim light which burst forth near his own house. Presently this light increased, and before long, a tremendous blaze arose visible all over Uri. The heart of the prisoner beat joyously within him, for he felt that efforts were making to rescue him. Gessler and his satellites observed the flame, which in reality was a signal-fire to rouse the cantons; upon which, however, the Austrians gazed with indifference, supposing it some Swiss peasant's house accidentally on fire.

Suddenly, however, between Fluelen and Sissigen, when in deep water, intermingled with shoals, the south wind ceased to blow, and one of those storms which are common on the lake commenced. A north wind, occasionally shifting to the westward, burst upon them. The wind, which usually marked the approach of a dangerous tempest, raised the waves to a great height, bore them one against another, and dashed them over the gunwale of the boat, which,

giving way to the fury of the storm, turned and returned, and despite the efforts of the oarsmen, which were further damped by an unskilful pilot being at the helm, flew towards the shore, that, rocky and precipitous, menaced their lives; a bleak wind, also, brought frost, snow, and clouds, which, obscuring the heavens, spread darkness over the water, and covered the hands and face of the rowers with sharp icicles. The soldiers, inert and horror-stricken, prayed for life; while Gessler, but ill prepared for death, was profuse in his offers of money and other rewards if they would rouse themselves to save him.

In this emergency, the Austrian bailiff was reminded by one of his attendants that the prisoner Tell was no less skilful in the management of a boat than in the exercise of the bow. 'And see, my lord,' said one of the men, representing to Gessler the imminent peril they were all incurring—'all are paralysed with terror, and even the pilot totally unfit to manage the helm. Why then not avail thyself, in desperate circumstances, of one who, though a prisoner, is robust, well skilled in such stormy scenes, and who even now appears calm and collected?' Gessler's fear of Tell induced him at first to hesitate; but the prayers of the soldiers becoming pressing, he addressed the prisoner, and told him that if he thought himself capable of promoting the general safety, he should be forthwith unbound. Tell, having replied that by the grace of God he could still save them, was instantly freed from his shackles, and placed at the helm, when the boat answering to a master hand, kept its course steadily through the bellowing surge, as if conscious of the free spirit which had now taken the command.

Guiding the obedient tiller at his will, Tell pointed the head of the boat in the direction whence they came, which he knew to be the only safe course, and encouraging and cheering the rowers, made rapid and steady progress through the water. The darkness which now wrapped them round prevented Gessler from discovering that he had turned his back on his destination. Tell continued on his way nearly the whole night, the dying light of the signal-fire on the mountain serving as a beacon in enabling him to approach the shores of Schwytz, and to avoid the shoals.

Between Sissigen and Fluelen are two mountains, the greater and the lesser Achsenberg, whose sides, hemmed in and rising perpendicularly from the bed of the lake, offer not a single platform where human foot can stand. When near this place, dawn broke in the eastern sky, and Gessler, the danger appearing to decrease, scowled upon William Tell in sullen silence. As the prow of the vessel was driven inland, Tell perceived a solitary table rock, and called to the rowers to redouble their efforts till they should have passed the precipice ahead, observing with ominous truth that it was the most dangerous point on the whole lake.

The soldiers here recognised their position, and pointed it out to

Gessler, who demanded of Tell what he meant by taking them back to Altorf. William, without answering him, brought the boat suddenly close upon the rock, seized his bow, and with an effort which sent the unguided craft back into the lake, sprang on shore, scaled the rocks, and took the direction of Schwytz.

Having thus escaped the clutches of the governor, he made for the main road between Art and Kussnacht, and there hid himself until such time as the bailiff should pass that way. Gessler and his attendants having with great difficulty effected a landing at Brunnen, proceeded towards Kussnacht. In the spot still known as 'the hollow way,' and marked by a chapel, Tell overheard the threats pronounced against himself should he be once more caught, and, in default of his apprehension, vengeance was vowed against his family. Tell felt that the safety of himself and his wife and children, to say nothing of the duty he owed to his country, required the tyrant's death, and seizing an opportune moment, he pierced Gessler to the heart with an arrow.

This bold deed accomplished, the hero effected his escape to Steinen, where he found Werner Stauffacher preparing to march. Immediate action was now unnecessary, but the original decision of the conspirators remained unchanged. Accordingly, on the morning of New-year's Day 1308, the castle of Rossberg, in Obwalden, was taken possession of, its keeper, Berenger of Landenberg, made prisoner, and compelled to promise that he never again would set foot within the territory of the three cantons; after which he was allowed to retire to Lucerne. Stauffacher, the same morning, at the head of the men of Schwytz, destroyed the fortress of Schwanau; while Tell and the men of Uri took possession of Altorf. On the following Sunday the deputies of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden met and renewed that fraternal league which has endured even unto this day.*

In 1315, Leopold, second son of Albert, determined to punish the confederate cantons for their revolt, and accordingly marched against them at the head of a considerable army, accompanied by a numerous retinue of nobles. Count Otho of Strassberg, one of his ablest

* Although popular history, naturally enough, associates the beginning of the Swiss Confederacy with Tell and his mythical associates, it is now known that a formal league had been entered into among the three cantons as early as 1291. The original parchment of this Magna Charta of Switzerland, it appears, is still extant; and it purports to be only a renewal of a still older league. The contents of this compact and of other documents of the same kind, the examination of which has only recently been entered upon, reveal a state of matters very different from what has usually been believed. The battle of Morgarten is a historical fact, but the exact nature of the struggle between the cantons and the House of Austria, which preceded it, it will require further research to make clear. The real history of this period has yet to be written. A valuable contribution has recently appeared in *Les Origines de la Conféderation Suisse, Histoire et Légende*, par Albert Rilliet, Genève, 1868. See *Edinburgh Review* for January 1869. In the meantime, the popular story has its charm, and also its use. The belief of it influenced the character and actions of the people, and a knowledge of it is necessary to the right understanding of the subsequent real history. Much of modern literature would be dark to a person who had never heard of Tell and the other conspirators of Rutli.

generals, crossed the Brunig with a body of four thousand men, intending to attack Upper Unterwalden. The bailiffs of Willisau, of Wollhausen, and of Lucerne, meantime armed a fourth of that number to make a descent on the lower division of the same canton; while the emperor in person, at the head of his army of reserve, poured down from Egerson on Morgarten, in the country of Schwytz, ostentatiously displaying an extensive supply of rope wherewith to hang the chiefs of the rebels—a hasty reckoning of victory, which reminds us of similar conduct and similar results when Wallace repulsed the invaders of Scotland.

The confederates, in whose ranks were William Tell and Furst, in order to oppose this formidable invasion, occupied a position in the mountains bordering on the convent of our Lady of the Hermits. Four hundred men of Uri, and three hundred of Unterwalden, had effected a junction with the warriors of Schwytz, who formed the principal numerical force of this little army. Fifty men, banished from this latter canton, offered themselves to combat beneath their native banner, intending to efface, by their valour and conduct, the remembrance of their past faults. Early on the morning of the 15th of November 1315, some thousands of well-armed Austrian knights slowly ascended the hill on which the Swiss were posted, with the hope of dislodging them; the latter, however, advanced to meet their enemies, uttering the most terrific cries. The band of banished men, having precipitated huge stones and fragments of rocks from the hillsides, and from overhanging cliffs, rushed from behind the sheltering influence of a thick fog, and threw the advancing host into confusion. The Austrians immediately broke their ranks, and presently a complete rout, with terrible slaughter, ensued. The confederates marched boldly on, cheered by the voice and example of Henry of Ospenthal, and of the sons of old Redding of Biberegg.

The flower of the Austrian chivalry perished on the field of Morgarten, beneath the halberts, arrows, and iron-headed clubs of the shepherds. Leopold himself, though he succeeded in gaining the shattered remnant of his forces, had a narrow escape; while the Swiss, animated by victory, hastened to Unterwalden, where they defeated a body of Lucernois and Austrians. In this instance Count Otho had as narrow an escape as the emperor. After these two well-fought fields, the confederates hastened to renew their ancient alliance, which was solemnly sworn to in an assembly held at Brunnen on the 8th day of December.

In these first struggles for liberty, the men of the town and district of Schwytz had played such a prominent part, that the whole of the confederates became known as Schwytzer or Swiss, and the name was extended to all the cantons that afterwards joined them.

Tradition makes little mention of Tell after the death of Gessler, and the first rising in 1307; nor are the accounts consistent. He is represented as fighting on the field of Morgarten, and as being

present at a general meeting of the commune of Uri in 1337. According to one account, he perished in 1350, while trying to rescue a child from an inundation that destroyed the village of Bürglen, his birthplace. Another version of the story makes him, after the battle of Morgarten, become administrator of the affairs of the church of Beringer, and die there in 1354.

To pursue, however, the history of Swiss independence. Lucerne shortly after (1332) threw off the yoke of Austria, and joined the forest cantons: the Bernese, under Rodolphe of Erlach, with the assistance of the other Swiss, defeated in battle such of the nobles as oppressed them, and earned their freedom: about the same time Zurich overthrew its aristocratic government, and, aided by one of the nobles, gained a free constitution. In May 1351, Albert of Austria again threatening the land, Zurich demanded admittance into the confederation; a furious and bloody war ensued, which terminated in the utter defeat of the Austrians, and the further reception, at their own earnest request, of Zug and Glaris into the number of the cantons.

The nobility, however, supported by the power of Austria, continued to oppress the Swiss wherever they were able; and the emperor, by imposing heavy transit duties, increased their exasperation. Everything tended to another open rupture, and in 1386 a new war was entered on with the Austrians, and Archduke Leopold vowed this time to take vengeance on the confederates, who had so often insulted his power. Near the Lake of Sempach, with 9000 men-at-arms, on foot and in close array with levelled spears, he assailed the 1400 confederates that had come to oppose him. The Swiss were falling fast before the bristling wall of iron, when Arnold of Winkelried, in Unterwalden, grasping an armsful of the projecting spears, buried them in his body, and sank with them to the earth; through the breach thus made his companions burst, and the Austrian host was almost annihilated, Leopold himself being in the number of the slain. Another encounter ensued in 1388, equally successful on the part of the confederated cantons, with whom the Archduke of Austria was fain to conclude a treaty of peace for seven years.

On the 10th of June 1393, the Swiss drew up a mutual military obligation, which was called the Convention of Sempach. At the request of Austria, a further peace of twenty years' duration was then agreed on, and solemnly observed. The imposing appearance presented by this hardy people, thus gradually advancing towards nationality and freedom, had its due weight also with their other neighbours, who for some years left them in peace. This period of repose was used to advantage, the Swiss improving their internal condition, pursuing their agricultural labours, and gradually progressing towards civilisation. In a word, they enjoyed during a short time the incalculable advantages, and reaped the glorious results, of peaceful industry.

We, however, must quit the agreeable prospect of a happy, quiet, and contented people, and pursue the stormy history of Swiss independence. The canton of Appenzell, taking courage by the example of their neighbours, threw off the severe yoke of the abbots of St Gall, and was recognised by Schwytz and Glaris: war ensued, in which this new confederate for military glory gained two most brilliant victories over the Austrians, and finished by formally joining the confederation, which was soon further strengthened by the addition of Argovie. Switzerland now assumed a somewhat lofty position, dictating implicit obedience to all its neighbours: the Grisons, too, about this time began to hold their heads erect, and to defy the Austrian power.

Frederick of Austria, however, having come to the throne, proclaimed his intention of retaking all the places gained by the Swiss, and in 1442 secretly formed an alliance with Zurich most disgraceful to that canton: the indignant Swiss immediately declared war against their late ally, whom, in an encounter which soon after took place, they utterly defeated.

The Emperor Frederick, perceiving that he had little chance of quelling the insurrectionary spirit of the Swiss without the assistance of a foreign power, in 1444 concluded a treaty with Charles VII., king of France, who engaged to assist him in the subjugation of the revolted Swiss cantons. A French force, under the command of the dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., was accordingly despatched into Switzerland, and advanced upon the populous and wealthy city of Basle. Suddenly called together to repel this new invader, the small Swiss army hastened to Basle, and in the morning of the 28th of August (1444) came up to the attack. The battle which now ensued is one of the most memorable in the Swiss annals, and not less so because the French, by their overpowering force, gained the victory. The gallant resistance of the Swiss, however, was favourable to the cause of freedom. Basle, on surrendering, obtained favourable terms from the dauphin, who was so much pleased with the bravery of the Swiss soldiers, that when he became king of France, his first care was to engage a Swiss battalion in his service; and thus the practice of employing Swiss was introduced into the policy of the French monarchs. The engagement before the walls of Basle, usually styled the battle of St Jacques, is till this day commemorated every two years by a public festival.

The cession of Basle proved only temporary. Other battles ensued, in which the confederated Swiss were generally victorious. Indeed never, in the whole history of the world, has a more striking example been presented of the great moral force which right gives to a people than that presented by Switzerland. Strong in the love of liberty, and in the justness of their cause, they met and overcame the vast mercenary hordes of the conqueror, whose only claim was the sword, and whose aggressions were founded on no one principle of

legality or justice. The cession of Friburg to Savoy by Austria, when unable to preserve it herself, which occurred about this time, was one of those acts of arbitrary power which characterised the whole Austrian system of policy. The internal quarrels and dissensions in Switzerland could alone have rendered them blind to the necessity of preventing this transfer. At the same time, never were concord and unity of purpose more necessary; for Charles, Duke of Burgundy, surnamed the Bold, an ambitious prince, whose sole delight was in conquest, determined (1476) to add to his laurels by subjugating Switzerland. Fourteen years of desolating wars and internal dissensions had but ill prepared its people for new struggles; industry and commerce were expiring in the towns, and the culture of the fields was wholly neglected. The mad project of Zurich, in allying herself with Austria, cost that canton one million and seventy thousand florins, and obliged them to withdraw all their loans. War was never more pitiless in its course, or more pernicious in its results; it had already created an uneasy and savage spirit in the citizens; the humbler classes learned to prefer fighting and pillage to following the plough, feeding their flocks, and pursuing an honourable though laborious calling; and the townsmen were equally unsettled and restless.

Louis XI. of France, who held the Duke of Burgundy in utter detestation, had, by the exertion of much political intrigue, accompanied by valuable presents to the leading Swiss, engaged the confederation in a league against his formidable rival, the consequence of which was an irruption into his country. The Swiss were everywhere successful, severely punishing the people of Vaud for their devotion to Charles, taking Morat, and marching to the very gates of Geneva, then in alliance with Burgundy. Grandson, on the Lake of Neufchatel, was also captured and garrisoned by the Swiss. Suddenly both France and Germany made peace with the duke, and, despite all their pledges, abandoned the confederation to its own resources, even facilitating the passage of troops through their territory to attack the Swiss. These latter, utterly unprepared for this act of perfidy, endeavoured to come to terms with Charles; but their overtures were angrily rejected, and an army of sixty thousand men marched upon Grandson. Crossing the Jura, the duke found Yverdun in the possession of his troops, it having been treacherously betrayed into his hands, though the citadel held out bravely, as well as that of Grandson. Irritated that his progress should thus be stayed by a mere handful of men, the duke publicly announced his intention of hanging every Swiss within the walls in case of a prolonged defence. Unfortunately this menace terrified many, and a Burgundian, who could speak German, having gained admittance into the citadel, fanned the erroneous feeling, persuading them that Charles sympathised with their courage, and would, did they abandon a useless contest, allow them to retire home. The Swiss gave credit

to this statement, even rewarding the negotiator, and surrendered at discretion. However, as they marched out of the citadel, they were seized by order of the duke, stripped, and inhumanly murdered, to the number of 450, some being hung, while others were bound and cast into the lake.

Indignant at these horrors, the confederates hastened towards Grandson, having 20,000 men to oppose an army three times as numerous. In the first place the unprovoked invasion of Burgundy by the Swiss had imparted to the duke's enterprise some shadow of justice, but the barbarous action above described withdrew at once the sympathy of mankind from his proceedings, and never in the whole annals of human strife was an invader so justly punished.

On the 3d of March, at dawn of day, the advanced-guard of the Swiss appeared on the neighbouring heights, and the struggle at once commenced. The Burgundians almost immediately gave way, losing a thousand men, besides the garrison of Grandson, whom the Swiss hung up alongside their own relatives and friends—an act of reprisal only to be excused in consideration of the rudeness and semi-barbarism of the times. Charles escaped with difficulty, attended by a few followers, leaving behind a treasure valued at a million of florins, as also his camp equipage. Arrived at Nozeroy, and writhing under the humiliation of his overthrow, the duke speedily gathered together a more numerous army than he had before commanded, and marched to avenge his defeat. He entered Switzerland on this occasion by way of Lausanne, in the month of April, and reviewed his troops in the neighbourhood of that town. Thence he advanced to the Lake of Neufchatel, and took up a position on a plain sloping upwards from the north bank of the Lake of Morat—one of the worst which any general would have selected, for the lake in the rear cut off the means of retreat.

The immediate object of the duke was less to fight a regular battle than to capture the town of Morat. This town, however, was ably defended by Adrian de Bubenberg, at the head of 1600 Swiss soldiers, aided by the citizens of the town. Adrian's design was to hold out at all hazards till the confederated Swiss could reassemble their forces. This was not by any means of easy accomplishment. Morat was hard pushed; breaches were effected, and towers undermined. But the courage of Bubenberg withstood every effort; both he and the heroes he commanded holding out firmly until the confederates poured in, aided by their allies from Alsace, Basle, St Gall, and Schaffhausen. They were likewise promptly joined, despite the inclement weather, by the contingents from Zurich, Argovie, Thurgovia, and Sargens. John Waldmann, commander of the Zurichers, reached Berne on the night preceding the battle, and found the town illuminated, and tables spread before every house, loaded with refreshments for the patriot soldiery. Waldmann allowed his men but a few hours for repose; at ten at night the bugle was sounded for

departure, and on the following morning they reached the federal army at Morat, fatigued and exhausted, having continued their march all night under an incessant and heavy rain. The roads were consequently in a very bad state, so that they had been compelled to leave about 600 of their companions in the woods quite exhausted. After a very short rest, however, these latter also arrived and drew up with their friends.

Day appeared. It was Saturday, the 22d June 1476. The weather was threatening, the sky overcast, and rain fell in torrents. The Burgundians displayed a long line of battle, while the Swiss scarcely numbered 34,000. A vanguard was formed, commanded by John Hallwyl, who knelt and besought a blessing from on high. While they yet prayed, the sun broke through the clouds, upon which the Swiss commander rose, sword in hand, crying: 'Up, up, Heaven smiles on our coming victory!' The artillery thundered forth as he spoke, and the whole plain, from the lake to the rocky heights, became one vast battle-field. Towards the main body of the Burgundians, the Swiss army poured down with irresistible force and courage; and clearing all difficulties, they reached the lines of the enemy. A fearful slaughter now ensued. The Burgundians were utterly vanquished. The haughty duke, pale and dispirited, fled with a few followers, and never stopped till he reached the banks of Lake Leman. The rout was so complete among the Burgundian army, that many, in terror and despair, threw themselves into the Lake of Morat, the banks of which were strewed with the bodies of the slain. From 10,000 to 15,000 men perished on the field. The sun of Charles the Bold of Burgundy set on the plain of Morat. In about half a year after, in an equally futile attempt on Lorraine, he perished ingloriously at the battle of Nancy (January 7, 1477). His body was found a few days afterwards sunk amidst ice and mud in a ditch, and so disfigured, that he was only recognised by the length of his beard and nails, which he had allowed to grow since the period of his defeat at Morat. The page of history presents few more striking instances of the retributive punishment of inordinate pride, ferocity, and ambition.

The battle of Morat vies in history with the victories of Marathon and Bannockburn. As the deed which for ever freed a people from a grasping foreign tyrant, it was a matter of universal rejoicing, and till the present day is the subject of national traditions. According to one of these, a young native of Friburg, who had been engaged in the battle, keenly desirous of being the first to carry home tidings of the victory, ran the whole way, a distance of ten or twelve miles, and with such over-haste, that, on his arrival at the market-place, he dropped with fatigue, and, barely able to shout that the Swiss were victorious, immediately expired. A twig of lime-tree, which he carried in his hand, was planted on the spot in commemoration of the event; and till the present day are seen, in the market-place of

Friburg, the aged and propped-up remains of the venerable tree which grew from this interesting twig.*

Some years after the battle of Morat, the citizens of that town dug up and collected the bones of the Burgundians, as a warning to those who might in future attempt the conquest of Switzerland. Subsequently, they were entombed beneath a monumental chapel; but again they were disinterred, and long remained as scattered fragments on the margin of the lake, and became a marketable commodity. In the course of his travels, Lord Byron visited the spot, which he commemorates in his *Childe Harold:*

'There is a spot should not be passed in vain—
Morat!—the proud, the patriot field!—where men
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
Nor blush for those who conquered on that plain;
Here Burgundy bequeathed his tombless host,
A bony heap, through ages to remain,
Themselves their monument.' * *

On visiting the field of Morat in 1841, we found that the bones of the Burgundians had been once more collected and entombed by the side of the lake, at a central spot in the plain where the victory was achieved. Over the remains a handsome obelisk, commemorative of the battle, has been erected by the cantonal authorities of Friburg.

To return to the history of Switzerland. By the victory of Morat a number of the cantons were free to form an independent confederation, and the way was prepared for a general union. In 1481 Friburg and Soleure, and in 1501 Basle and Schaffhausen, were numbered among the free cantons. In 1512 Tessin was gained from Milan, and in 1513 Appenzell was admitted into the confederacy. Two important parts of modern Switzerland still remained under a foreign, or at least despotic yoke. These were Geneva and the Pays de Vaud, the latter a fine district of country lying on the north side of Lake Leman. The progress of the Reformation under Zuinglius and Calvin helped to emancipate these cantons. In 1535, the power of the Bishop of Geneva, by whom the town and canton had been governed, was set at naught, the Roman Catholic faith abolished by law, and the Genevese declared themselves the masters of a free republic. The Duke of Savoy, who latterly held sway over the Pays de Vaud, interfered to suppress the revolt of the Genevese; but this brought Berne into the field, and with a large army that canton expelled the troops of the duke, along with the Bishop of Lausanne, took the castle of Chillon, and, in short, became the conquerors of the Pays de Vaud. Chillon here spoken of is a strongly-fortified castle near the eastern extremity of Lake Leman, partly within whose

* In most of the towns and villages of Switzerland a 'Tree of Liberty' will be found, representing this ancient lime. An annual procession of the youths of the place (who, from the age of seven, are trained to arms), is marched in military costume and rank around this symbol of liberty, and there made to swear allegiance to their country's cause.

waters it stands. On the occasion of its capture the Genevese assisted with their galleys, while the army from Berne attacked it by land. On being captured, many prisoners were liberated; among others, François de Bonnivard, who had been imprisoned on account of his liberal principles and the sympathy he had manifested in the cause of the Genevese.

By the peace of Lausanne, in 1564, Savoy renounced her claims on the Pays de Vaud, and was thus driven from Switzerland as Austria had been before. Vaud henceforth became a portion of Berne, but has latterly been declared an independent canton. By the events narrated, the Swiss were not altogether free of occasional invasions from without; nor were they without intestine divisions, caused chiefly by religious differences; yet, on the whole, they maintained their integrity, and extended their boundaries by the absorption of districts hitherto under the oppressive dominion of feudal barons. By the peace of Westphalia, Switzerland was recognised by Europe as an independent republic.

SWITZERLAND AS AN INDEPENDENT COUNTRY.

From having been a country universally oppressed by native barons or foreign powers, Switzerland, after a struggle, as we have seen, of five hundred years, attained in 1648 its political independence. For nearly a century and a half after this event, the country, though occasionally vexed by internal dissensions, enjoyed a state of comparative repose. Commerce, agriculture, and manufactures prospered, and the arts and sciences were cultivated. The people generally enjoyed civil freedom and numerous municipal rights; certain towns, corporations, and families, however, inherited and maintained peculiar privileges, which were the source of occasional dispeace. From the reform of these abuses the nation was suddenly diverted by the French Revolution in 1790. The French took possession of Switzerland, and converted the confederacy into the Helvetic republic—Helvetia being the ancient Roman name of the country.

The oppressions of the French intruders at length roused the Swiss to attempt a relief from this new foreign yoke. A civil war ensued; and Napoleon Bonaparte, by way of conciliation, restored the cantonal system, and gave freedom to districts hitherto subordinate to the Swiss confederacy, so as to increase the number of the cantons. In 1814, with the sanction of the congress of Vienna, the old federal compact was established; and, November 20, 1815, the eight leading powers in Europe—Austria, Russia, France, England, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden—proclaimed, by a separate act, the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland, and the inviolability of its soil. The re-established confederation was divided into twenty-two cantons, each of which was represented in a Diet, which was

appointed to hold its annual meetings alternately at Berne, Zurich, and Lucerne. The old abuses which had crept into the constitutions of the cantons were revived, and representation in most of them became based on property qualifications. Officials, the aristocracy, and the clergy joined to oppose innovations, and succeeded in doing so until 1830, when the French Revolution broke out. Armed demonstrations were made against the towns, and universal suffrage was generally conceded. The consequences were not what had been expected by the liberals, who found that they had not yet the means of remedying the chief defect of the constitution—namely, the want of any efficient central power, either to control the action of the separate cantons or to unite them in the common defence. Then ensued a period of civil strife and confusion which lasted for more than a dozen years, and into the details of which we cannot enter. The struggle was at bottom one between liberalism and Protestantism on the one hand, and the reactionary and Ultramontane parties on the other. In Valais, where universal suffrage had put power into the hands of the reactionary party, a war took place, in which the latter were victorious. They then ruled with a strong hand, and actually forbade the celebration of Protestant worship within the canton. In Lucerne, the headquarters of the Jesuits, the Ultramontane party acted even more extravagantly; they so persecuted their political opponents, that the latter were compelled to leave the canton. These measures caused the greatest discontent. In 1844, a proposal was made in the Diet to expel the Jesuits; but that body declined to act. The radical party then determined to resort to force: they organised bodies of armed men, called Free Corps, which invaded the Catholic cantons; but they were defeated. Changes favourable to them took place in some of the cantons. The Catholic cantons then formed a league, named the Sonderbund, for defence against the Free Corps. This was a virtual secession from the confederation, and there was a general clamour for its suppression; but in the Diet the measure could not at first be carried. At last a majority in the Diet, in 1846, declared the illegality of the Sonderbund, and decreed the expulsion of the Jesuits. In the war which ensued between the federal army and the forces of the seven cantons constituting the Sonderbund, about 200,000 men, counting both sides, took the field. In two actions, at Friburg and Lucerne, the federals were victorious. The leagued cantons were made liable in all the expenses of the war, the Jesuits were expelled, and the monasteries were suppressed. An attempt was made by diplomatic notes to intimidate the Swiss government, but the revolution of 1848 broke out, and prevented further interference. In the same year, the radical party, convinced of the necessity of a more powerful central government, carried the new constitution, which is briefly described below.

The greatest danger that has since threatened Switzerland arose

regarding the canton of Neufchatel. This canton, although a member of the Swiss federation, was a monarchical principality, belonging by hereditary right to the king of Prussia. The events of 1830—48 had assimilated the constitution of Neufchatel to the rest of Switzerland, and the authority of Prussia had become almost nominal, when, in 1856, the royalist party rose in insurrection, and took possession of the government. The rising was immediately suppressed by armed force; but Prussia interfered, and demanded that those concerned, who were about to be tried, should be set free. The threat of war called forth an extraordinary burst of Swiss patriotism, and the whole trained population stood to arms. This energetic bearing led, through the intervention of the other powers, to a compromise by which the king of Prussia gave up all his rights, retaining merely the title of Prince of Neufchatel.

Constitution.—Switzerland is now composed of twenty-five cantons, having a united area of nearly sixteen thousand square miles, with a population of two millions and a half. The names of the cantons are: Zurich, Berne, Lucerne, Uri, Schwytz, Unterwalden (Upper), Unterwalden (Lower), Glarus, Zug, Friburg, Soleure, Basle (Town), Basle (District), Schaffhausen, Appenzell (Exterior), Appenzell (Interior), St Gall, Grisons, Aargau, Thurgau, Tessin or Ticino, Vaud, Valais, Neufchatel, and Geneva.

Owing to the nature of the country and the circumstances of its history, these cantons continue to this day to be in a great measure separate states, each managing its own internal affairs, and having its own form of constitution. The cantonal constitutions are divided into two classes, absolute democracies and representative democracies. In the former, the chief power belongs to the *Landesgemeinde*, an assembly of the whole adult male population, which meets once a year, to pass laws, and to regulate the taxes and expenditure of the canton. Uri, the Unterwaldens, Appenzell, and Glarus have constitutions of this kind. In the Grisons and the Valais, the people may be said to possess similar powers, as all measures must be approved of by them. In the other, the representative cantons, a great council is elected by the people, and to it are deputed most of the powers of the Landesgemeinde. These local assemblies produce a remarkable effect on the Swiss people. Their debates have an importance far beyond that of an English town-council, or even of a colonial parliament, for their power is much greater, and the population are more immediately interested in them. To the interest they excite is, no doubt, to be attributed, in a great degree, the intelligence and public spirit of the Swiss. The greatest disadvantage lay in the power the cantons formerly had to levy war against each other, and to resist the general government in conducting the foreign policy of the country. But these defects have been to a great extent remedied by the new constitution, which came into operation in 1848. It handed over the control of the army, the conduct of

foreign affairs, the settlement of disputes between the cantons, and the management of the police and post-office, to a Federal Assembly (*Bundes Versammlung*) representing all the cantons. The Federal Assembly consists of two chambers, first, the State Council (*Stände rath*); second, the National Council (*National rath*). The former is composed of 44 members, two representing each canton; the latter, of 120 members, elected by the cantons, in the proportion of one to 20,000 inhabitants. These bodies depute the executive authority to the Federal Council (*Bundes rath*), consisting of seven members, and holding office for three years. The president is merely one of the council, and he has none of the quasi-royal privileges of the American president, whose functions are discharged by the whole council. Different systems of law still prevail in the different cantons, which to some extent resemble each other, the most of them having grown out of the old German codes. In recent times, trial by jury has been introduced, but in the Catholic cantons the codes of law carry us back to the middle ages: they still prescribe for certain offences various degrees of corporal punishment, exposure on the pillory, and public penance in the churches. In Switzerland, property is much subdivided, and this has exercised a very marked effect on the population. Of 485,000 heads of families, no less than 465,000 possess landed property. In the absence of great landed estates, there is no powerful aristocratic class. There are no titles of Swiss origin, families possessing such distinctions deriving them from abroad.

There is no standing army in Switzerland, but every citizen is obliged to serve as a soldier, and military drill is taught at all the schools.

Language and Religion.—In the sequestered valleys of the Grisons, two-thirds of the population still speak a Latin dialect known as the Romaunsh; Italian dialects have penetrated up the valleys of Ticino; French prevails in Western Switzerland; in the rest of the country the dialects are German. Of every 1000 Swiss, 702 speak German, 226 French, 55 Italian, and 17 Romaunsh. The Swiss Reformation spread chiefly from Basle, Berne, and Geneva, and the chief Protestant districts are the countries communicating with these towns. The Alpine region is almost entirely Roman Catholic, the seven Catholic cantons being Lucerne, Zug, Schwytz, Uri, Unterwalden, Valais, and Ticino. Out of 1000 Swiss, 411 are Roman Catholics, 587 Protestants, and 2 Jews.

Education.—In no country is elementary instruction more widely diffused. Parents are compelled to send their children to school from five to eight, but not above that age. There are universities on the German model at Basle, Berne, and Zurich, and academies on the French plan at Geneva and Lausanne. The number of clubs for scientific and literary, musical and social purposes, is most remarkable. There are no pursuits to which a class of men can

devote themselves which are not represented by societies in Switzerland. The local political assemblies and other public meetings give ample employment to the newspaper and periodical press. In Switzerland there are accordingly 188 political journals, and 167 periodicals devoted to literature and science. There are 40 daily papers. This active intellectual life is, however, chiefly confined to the Protestant cantons.

Productions.—In Switzerland, where good coal is not to be had, and where the houses are built of wood, the forests, which cover one-sixth of the whole surface, acquire very great importance. Wood-cutting is one of the chief employments of the people. The trees cut down in the highlands are deprived of their branches, and shot with inconceivable rapidity over the slopes to the valleys below, whence they are removed by rafts, not only to different parts of Switzerland, but to France and Germany. It is, however, the mountain-pastures and the meadows, forming two-fifths of the whole surface of the country, that supply the chief occupations of the people —those of herdsmen and shepherds. During the summer, the cattle are driven into the mountains, and tended by herdsmen, who take up their abode in the rude wooden huts known as *châlets*, and there the butter and cheese are made. In summer, it is estimated that there are in Switzerland upwards of a million of horned cattle, one-fourth of which consists of milch cows. The produce of the dairy annually is valued at between one and two millions sterling. The best cheese is made at Emmen, Saanen, Simmenthal, Gruyères, and Ursern. The sheep of Switzerland are of inferior breed, and their wool is short and coarse; but the goats are numerous and fine. The plain is a fertile agricultural country; yet Switzerland, as a whole, produces only about two-thirds of the grain required for consumption. In Vaud and Neufchatel, the cultivation of the vine is the chief occupation of the people; and in other parts, more particularly on the shores of the Lake of Constance, there are extensive orchards, in which are prepared cider and *kirschwasser*, the latter being a liquor largely consumed in Switzerland. It will give some idea of the extent to which Switzerland is cultivated, to state, that out of every hundred square miles of surface, thirty are occupied by rocks, glaciers, and water; twenty by hill-pastures; seventeen by forests; eleven by arable lands; twenty by meadows; and one by vineyards.

Manufactures.—The manufacturing districts are not scattered over the whole surface of the country; they are met with chiefly on the northern frontier. The chief manufactures are—at Zurich, silk-stuffs to the value of £1,600,000 annually, and cottons; at St Gall and Appenzell, cottons; in Aargau and Glarus, cottons, linens, silks, and hosiery; at Basle, silk-stuffs to the value of £1,400,000, leather, paper, and tobacco; in Aargau and Lucerne, straw-plaiting; in Neufchatel, watch-making and cotton-printing; in Geneva, watch-

making and jewellery. Internal communication has long been facilitated in Switzerland by excellent roads, and every advantage has been taken of the lakes to introduce steam-navigation. The plain is now overspread from one end to the other with a network of railways, which in many directions send ramifications into the Alpine valleys, thus connecting closely all parts of the country.

Although Switzerland is inland, its commerce in proportion to population has long exceeded that of any other country of Europe. According to a calculation made in 1856, the value of the trade of Switzerland gave for each individual of the population 406 francs; while the rate in England was only 268, in France 101, in the German customs-union 83, and in Belgium 296. This remarkable result is owing partly to the system of free-trade early adopted and consistently followed, partly to the cheapness of the administration; and especially to the circumstance that there is no standing army to withdraw, as in other continental countries, an ever-increasing proportion of the population from productive industry.

The early establishment of freedom in trade is partly attributable to the contending interests of the different cantons. Some cantons are agricultural, and others contain large seats of manufacture. But the agricultural cantons would feel it very hard to be obliged to buy manufactured goods from a neighbouring canton at a dearer rate than they could buy them from somewhere abroad; the peasantry of Vaud have no idea of emptying their pockets to benefit the manufacturers of Basle or Zurich. The free system which thus grew up spontaneously, as it were, was all along consistently upheld by the central authorities, and was preserved essentially intact in the new constitution of 1848; for although it was necessary to raise a revenue for the maintenance of the central government, the duties imposed were very light, and were strictly financial and not protective. At the same time, all internal obstructions to commerce, in the shape of duties between the several cantons, and road and bridge tolls, were done away with, the confederation undertaking to pay a yearly sum as indemnity to the cantons concerned.

The Watch Manufacture.—Geneva and Neufchatel are the seat of the watch manufacture, a large proportion of the watches being made in hamlets and villages throughout the two cantons. In the long valley called the Val Travers, stretching from the neighbourhood of Neufchatel to the borders of France, and at Locle, in the same quarter, are numerous small factories of these elegant articles. The existence of a great manufacture in cottages scattered over fifty miles of mountains, covered some months in the year with snows so deep as to imprison the inhabitants in their dwellings, is a singular fact in social economy well worthy of notice. One of the most intelligent of the village watchmakers presented Dr Bowring with an interesting account of the origin and progress of this remarkable trade, from which we draw the following passages:

'As early as the seventeenth century, some workmen had constructed wooden clocks with weights, after the model of the parish clock which was placed in the church of Locle in the year 1630. But no idea had as yet been conceived of making clocks with springs. It was only about the latter end of the same century that an inhabitant of these mountains, having returned from a long voyage, brought back with him a watch, an object which was till that time unknown in the country. Being obliged to have his watch repaired, he carried it to a mechanic named Richard, who had the reputation of being a skilful workman.

'Richard succeeded in repairing the watch, and having attentively examined its mechanism, conceived the idea of constructing a similar article. By dint of labour and perseverance, he at length succeeded, though not without having had great difficulties to surmount; and he was compelled to construct all the different movements of the watch, and even to manufacture some ill-finished tools in order to assist him in his labours. When this undertaking was completed, it created a great sensation in the country, and excited the emulation of several men of genius to imitate the example of their fellow-citizen; and thus, very fortunately, watchmaking was gradually introduced among our mountains, the inhabitants of which had hitherto exercised no other trade or profession than those which were strictly necessary to their daily wants, their time being principally employed in cultivating an ungrateful and unproductive soil.

'For a number of years, those who betook themselves to watchmaking were placed at a great disadvantage, by having to import their tools; but these they in time learned to make and greatly to improve upon. In proportion as men embraced the profession of watchmaking, the art became more developed; several returned from Paris, where they had gone to perfect themselves, and contributed by their knowledge to advance the general skill. It is now little more than a century since a few merchants began to collect together small parcels of watches, in order to sell them in foreign markets. The success which attended these speculations induced and encouraged the population of these countries to devote themselves still more to the production of articles of ready sale; so much so, that very nearly the whole population has, with a very few exceptions, embraced the watchmaking trade. Meanwhile the population has increased threefold, independently of the great number of workmen who are established in almost all the towns of Europe, in the United States of America, and even in the East Indies and China. Latterly, the export of watches has been very considerable, and the small and delicate watches of Switzerland are known in almost every country in the world.'

FEATURES OF THE COUNTRY.

Switzerland is celebrated for its picturesque beauty, and is a favourite resort of tourists from England. Its lakes are the most beautiful of their kind, for they are surrounded with lofty hills, the lower parts of which are green, and the higher rocky and grand. The many pretty cottages on the hills are also a striking feature in the scene. The finest of the lakes is that of Lucerne, extending southwards from that town from 20 to 30 miles, and which, for the accommodation of travellers, is now traversed by steam-boats several times a day.

What imparts to the Lake of Lucerne a character beyond that of mere physical beauty, is its connection with the history of Helvetic independence. It is Tell's lake—its shores, as we have seen, are the scene of his exploits—and hence they bear that kind of moral charm which consecrates the ground on which heroic actions have been evoked.

The lake, which is most irregular in its outline, bending into divers forms, is sometimes named the Lake of the Four Cantons,

Tell's Chapel.

from having Lucerne, Unterwalden, Uri, and Schwytz as its boundaries. On the west side rises Mount Pilatus, and on the east the

Righi. Beyond this to the south, the shores are precipitous, and clothed with green shrubs. The ground in such places does not admit of roads; the only means of access from knoll to knoll being by boats or precarious pathways among the cliffs. Here the tourist arrives in front of what is called Tell's Chapel, which is situated on the eastern side of the lake, at the foot of the Achsenberg, a mountain rising to a height of 6732 feet, to which may be added a depth of 600 feet below the surface of the water. The chapel, which is a very small edifice, of a pavilion form, open in front, and distinguished by a small spire on its roof, is erected on a shelf of rock jutting out from the almost precipitous bank, and close upon the edge of the lake. The only means of access is by boats. Here, according to tradition, Tell leaped ashore, and escaped from the boat in which he was in the course of being conveyed to the dungeons of Kussnacht. The chapel, we are told, was erected in 1380, or thirty-one years after the death of the hero, by order of the assembled citizens of Uri, in commemoration of the event. The chapel is fitted up with an altar, and its walls ornamented with a few daubs of pictures; its general appearance is wild and desolate; and only once a year, on a particular festival, is any religious service performed within it. A few miles further on is Fluelen, the port of the canton of Uri; and here the lake terminates. Altorf, where Tell shot the apple, is a few miles distant, up the vale of the Reuss.

Passing southwards from Lucerne, the tourist generally visits a

region of lofty mountains, called the Bernese Alps—*alp* being a word signifying a height. The principal of these alps are the Wetterhorn, the Schreckhorn, the Finisterarhorn, the Eiger, the Mœnch, and the Jungfrau. We here present a sketch of these snow-clad mountains, as seen at a distance of thirty to forty

miles. The loftiest is the Jungfrau, which rises to a height of 12,000 feet. They are covered summer and winter with snow and ice, and have a dazzling white appearance on the horizon.

Having visited these interesting mountains, the traveller usually proceeds on his journey southwards till he reaches the Valais, a long and romantic glen, stretching in an easterly direction from Lake Leman, or Lake of Geneva, as it is sometimes called. This secluded valley is noted for the number of old and young persons called *Cretins*. These are a species of idiots, poor, miserable in appearance, and generally unable to attend to their own wants. Cretins occur in families in many parts of Switzerland, but most frequently in low and damp situations, and in cottages where there is a want of ventilation and cleanliness. In this and other parts of Switzerland are likewise seen individuals afflicted with swellings in the front of the neck, termed *goitres*. Females have more frequently goitres than males; and the cause of this singular swelling has never been correctly ascertained.

Through the lower part of the Valais flows the Rhone, here a small river, which afterwards expands, and forms the large and beautiful sheet of water, Lake Leman. This lake, which is from fifty to sixty miles in length, by from two to six or seven miles across, possesses a singular peculiarity. Its waters, though pure and colourless to the eye when taken up in a glass, are in their entire mass of a blue colour, as brilliant as if poured from a dyer's vat. This peculiarity in the waters of the lake, which has never been satisfactorily accounted for, does not exist in the lower part of the Rhone, which is of a dirty whitish appearance. At the outlet of Lake Leman on the west, stands the ancient city of Geneva, partly occupying a lofty height, and partly the low ground beneath, with several bridges connecting the two sides of the river, just issued from the lake. Geneva, in 1798, was incorporated with France, and it remained in this state till the restoration of its independence in 1814; since which period it has, along with a few miles of territory around, formed a distinct canton in the Swiss confederation. It remains, however, a French town as respects language, and partly manners and sentiments, but endowed with that heedful regard for industrial pursuits and rational advancement, which gives the place a distinguished name among continental cities. Among the foremost to embrace the Reformation, the inhabitants have ever readily afforded an asylum to the oppressed from all nations: at present it is a place of resort and settlement for intelligent strangers from all quarters. Latterly, Geneva has been greatly improved in appearance, and now possesses many fine streets and handsome buildings.

The environs of Geneva are beautiful, but so is the whole district bordering on Lake Leman. On its southern side lies Savoy, a generally high lying tract, over the top of which, and at the distance of sixty miles, is seen the white top of Mont Blanc, reposing in the

midst of a tumultuary sea of black hills. On the north side of the lake stretches the canton of Vaud, which in its whole extent is unexampled for rural beauty. About the centre of Vaud, overlooking the lake, is seen the pretty town of Lausanne, situated on a low hill, amidst vineyards and gardens. At the small port of Ouchy, below Lausanne, steam-boats take up passengers for various places on the lake. One of the most pleasant excursions is to Chillon, near the eastern extremity of the lake, on its north side. This interesting old castle is placed partly within the margin of the lake, at a part of the shore overhung by a precipitous mountain, and was built in 1238 by Amadeus IV., count of Savoy, as a bulwark for defence of his possessions, or a den whence he could conveniently make inroads on his neighbours. Since it fell into the possession of the Swiss, it has been used as a dépôt for military stores, and within its walls prisoners committed for political offences are confined. It consists of several open courts, environed by tall, rough-cast structures, of immense strength, and shews on all sides the character of a feudal fortress on a large scale. The chief building, as may be seen in the engraving, next page, is a heavy square edifice overhanging the lake. The most interesting part of this structure is a suite of gloomy arched vaults, which, from incontestable appearances, had been, what tradition affirms they were, the prison dungeons of Chillon. The last is the largest dungeon in the series, and is undoubtedly the prison in which Bonnivard was confined.

No one who has read the *Prisoner of Chillon* of Byron, can enter the low-arched doorway of this dreary tomb of living men without emotion. It consists of two aisles, separated by a row of seven massive pillars of stone; the aisle on the right, as we enter, being hewn out of the rock, and that on the left being of arched masonry. The floor is altogether of rock, and worn into various hollows. The only light admitted is by a small window, so high up the wall that no one could see out except by climbing; hence it could have afforded little solacement to the prisoners, more especially as the custom seems to have been to chain them to the pillars. On measuring the vault by pacing, it is found to be fifty-two steps in length, and it was at about two-thirds of this distance from the doorway that Bonnivard, one of the last victims of the Duke of Savoy, was confined. On the side of one of the pillars a strong ring is still attached, and the surface of the stone floor beneath is trodden into uneven forms by the action of footsteps. No poetic licence has therefore been taken in the forcible lines:

'Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod—
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod—
By Bonnivard! May none these marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God!'

The pillar thus connected with Bonnivard's imprisonment has been an object of curiosity to hundreds of visitors, both before and since the place was consecrated by the genius of the poet. It is carved all over with names, chiefly French and English; and among these Dryden, Richardson, Peel, Victor Hugo, and Byron may be observed. Bonnivard, as has been mentioned in our previous historical sketch, was imprisoned here on account of the sentiments of civil and religious liberty which he entertained. In the dungeon we have just noticed he was immured for several years, without hope of release; and it must have been to him a joyful sound to hear the attacks of the Bernese forces by land, and of the Genevese galleys by water, which at length reduced this stronghold of tyranny, and gave liberty to its forlorn captive.

THE HERRING AND THE WHALE.

THE HERRING.

THIS tiny fish is perhaps the greatest treasure of the sea. It is almost universally liked as an article of food; it is very abundant, and readily caught in great numbers; and being capable of being cured with comparatively little injury to its nutritive qualities, it can be sent to countries at any distance from the shores it frequents. Owing to these circumstances, it contributes more to the food-supplies of the human race than perhaps any other single fish. In the United Kingdom, around the shores of which it is particularly abundant, it constitutes a great industrial and commercial interest. Few persons not conversant with the statistics of trade have any idea of the quantities of pickled and smoked herrings that are annually sent to foreign markets. The gathering of this great sea-harvest, again, gives employment to vast numbers of the coast population, and involves, in the wages of fishermen and other labourers, in the building of boats and the making of nets and barrels, an expenditure of hundreds of thousands of pounds.

The herring-fishery has from early times been deemed worthy of

the fostering care of kings and governments. It is recorded that the Emperor Charles V. made a pilgrimage to the tomb of William Beukelsen, of Biervlet, near Sluis (died in 1397), who is said by one or two Dutch writers to have discovered the mode of curing herrings now in use. Edward III. of England encouraged the herring-fishery of Yarmouth; and Charles II., with the same intention, visited that port along with the Duke of York, and as a memorial of the occasion, was presented with four golden herrings. Several of the kings of Scotland, and notably James V. and VI., were zealous in aiding the Scottish fisheries. Repeated parliamentary inquiries and numerous acts of parliament testify to the importance that continues to be attached by the British nation to this branch of industry.

HISTORY OF THE HERRING-FISHERY.

The Scots must have been fishers from an early age, for we find notices, in Anderson's *History of Commerce* and in other works, of the Netherlanders trading with Scotland for herrings as early as the year 836. The Danes, we are told by Arnoldus de Lübeck, rose to wealth and distinction at an early period of history by means of their herring-fishery; they clothed themselves with scarlet or purple, and other nations carried to them abundance of gold and silver, being contented with herrings in exchange. This was about the eleventh century. In the year 1124, the value of herrings in Pomerania was a horse-load for a coin less in value than our penny. In 1138, the privilege of fishing for herrings at Renfrew was conceded by King David to the Abbey of Holyrood. In 1240, an act was passed by the Scottish parliament imposing a burgage duty of fourpence on every last of herrings. Yarmouth became very early a place of importance in connection with the herring-fishery. In the year 1270, a herring-fair was held there which lasted for a period of forty days. In the fifteenth century, the Scottish herring-fishery had grown to be an enterprise of great moment to the country, a considerable export trade having been originated both to Holland and the Mediterranean. Up till the time of the Union, the Scottish herring-fishery was becoming annually of greater importance, directly fostered as it was by the king and the nobles of the country. After the Union, the fishery declined; but in 1726 a reaction set in, and as greater attention was after that period paid to commerce and manufactures, the fisheries shared in this general revival, and have prospered ever since.

The herring-fishery was first developed into a systematic industry by the Dutch people. It is a common saying that Amsterdam is founded on herring-bones. The greatest possible attention was paid in Holland, at an early period, not only to the capture of the fish, but also to the best method of curing them. Even yet, the arrival of the steamboat with the firstlings of the season is anxiously

looked for, and the early fish are sold at a very high price, as much as two shillings of our money being charged for a single herring. As a rule, they are all pickled; *fresh* herring, as that delicacy is understood in Britain, being little known elsewhere. If the herring-cure of Holland was borrowed, as has been asserted, from Scotland, the Dutch have surpassed their masters. In Holland, and in Prussia and other parts of Germany, the pickled herring is eaten raw, being served at table as a whet, or as the *bonne bouche* of the banquet; and the flavour of these carefully pickled fish is really delicious. At one time, when the Dutch herring-fishery was in the heyday of its prosperity, a few of the earliest cured fish that arrived from the 'great fishery' were presented, with great ceremony, to the king, who always gave a liberal reward to the bearers of the precious kit containing the first-fruits of the representative industry of the kingdom. Every incident of the herring-fishery of Holland was at one time regulated by the Dutch legislature with great care: the time at which the fishery must begin, the size of the nets, the kind of wood of which the barrels must be constructed, the quality and quantity of the salt used in the pickling, and the exact mode of eviscerating the fish, were all laid down in great detail in the 'placarts,' and all captains and chief officers of 'busses' and 'boars' were sworn to see the laws rigidly carried into execution. As other sources of commercial wealth were opened up by the Dutch, they ceased to prosecute the herring-fishery with the same industry; indeed, they found the fish becoming scarce; and now the herring-fishery of Holland is not nearly such a source of wealth to the country as it was at one time. An attempt is, however, being made to revive it.

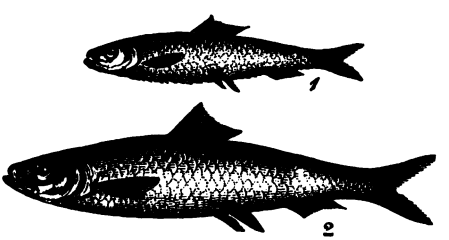
As the herring-fishery of Holland declined, that of Scotland rose into greater importance; but its growth was slow and fitful. At one time, no person would have ventured to prophesy that in the year 1868 there would be upwards of twelve thousand boats fishing under the surveillance of the Scottish Board of Fisheries. Great efforts were from time to time made to extend the enterprise, and bounties began to be granted in 1749 to those fitting out herring-busses, as well as premiums for the quantity of herrings captured. The plan of giving bounties and other advantages to those who engaged in this industry had ultimately to be abandoned, as the crown was supposed to have been defrauded by persons who had fitted out ships, not to capture the fish, but to catch the bounty. A remnant of this government patronage still remains; a staff of men being kept up, partly at the national expense, to certify the proper cure of the herrings, by putting a *brand* on each barrel that is cured to the satisfaction of the fishery officer. But the question of the brand will be afterwards spoken of.

The chief seat of the herring-fishery in Scotland is Wick in Caithness-shire, where there may be found fishing during the season a fleet of one thousand two hundred boats. A century

ago there were only two small herring-sloops at this port. What cotton is to Manchester or steel to Sheffield, the herring assuredly is to Wick and other towns on the north-east coast of Scotland. It has been calculated that at least sixty millions of herrings are annually brought into the conjoined harbours of Wick and Pulteneytown; and it is no exaggeration to say, that during an average fishing season as many as nine hundred millions of herrings are taken from the seas surrounding Scotland. Next to Wick, the chief stations are in various parts of Aberdeen, Sutherland, Elgin, and Banff shires. Fraserburgh sends out a fleet of 500 boats; Peterhead has 430 boats; and from Port Gordon, Buckie, and other places on the Moray Firth, an active fishery is carried on. There are also four herring-fishing stations in the Orkney Islands, and there is a considerable fishery at Shetland. There are in all 21 herring-fishery 'districts' in Scotland, and these districts embrace 565 ports or places. The total number of boats engaged in what is called the north-east coast-fishery in 1868 was 3449, a number rather above the average of former years. Important fisheries for the herring are also carried on at various places on both sides of the Firth of Forth, the fish being chiefly sold as 'fresh herrings.' The Loch Fyne herring has acquired a celebrity of its own (see page 13).

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE HERRING.

The common herring is the type of a family called by naturalists the *Clupeidæ*, and divided by them into several genera. The species are not very numerous, but some of them have a very wide geographical range. The chief species known on the British coasts are the common herring (*Clupea harengus*), the pilchard (*Clupea*



Sprat and Herring: 1, sprat; 2, herring.

pilchardus), and the sprat (*Clupea sprattus*). The sardine (*Clupea Sardina*), the anchovy (*Engraulis enchrasicholus*), and the shad (*Alausa*) are also members of the family; and the whitebait is now believed by some to be the young of the herring.

The herring is, in the opinion of some, the most beautiful fish that inhabits the British seas: the drawing of the nets in the early morning, just as the sun rises above the waters, is a sight not soon to be forgotten. Even the smallest sprats are beautiful when they first emerge from the water; and the glowing colours of a mass of pilchards might furnish an artist with a lasting stock of beautiful tints. The natural history of the herring is in many points as obscure as is the history of the trade of capturing it. Not many years ago, naturalists supposed they knew all about it. The herring, we were told, was an inhabitant of the inaccessible seas of the high northern latitudes. Pennant, who first gave publicity to this idea, is supposed to have founded it on information derived from fishermen. It was believed that these fish existed in the arctic seas in inconceivable numbers, and that, at the proper season, by some commanding impulse, they gathered themselves together and migrated southward. It was described with the particularity of an observed fact, how the great 'heer,' or army, as it was called, made its appearance off Iceland in March, occupying a space in the sea equal to the extent of the whole British Islands; how, when this army approached these islands, it divided itself into two columns, of which the one advanced along the west coast, the other along the German Ocean, throwing off battalions into every bay and firth. It is now known that all this is utterly without foundation. The herring is a native fish, and so far as can be ascertained, does not migrate to or from any distant place. Fishermen and dealers can easily distinguish the herrings of different localities; a coast-of-Caithness herring differs in many respects from a Loch Fyne herring, and both are different from a herring of the Firth of Forth in appearance and in flavour.

Geographically, the herring is widely distributed. It is found in all the seas which surround our own islands; it is abundant in the White Sea; and is also found in the Baltic, in the Zuider Zee, and in the Black and Caspian Seas. The fish taken at Bakoe are very highly prized, being called by the Persians the royal fish. Herrings are likewise taken in large numbers on the coast of Kamtchatka. On the American coast, especially off Carolina and Virginia, herrings appear very early, and continue for a month or two depositing their spawn. Everybody has heard of the Nova Scotia sprat, which is taken in great abundance. It is a very fat and rich fish, and is cured by smoking; as many as 100,000 boxes of 200 each are sent away in one season. Sweden, Denmark, and Norway have herring-fisheries of considerable value. Herrings are occasionally seen at Iceland, but they are small in size and of inferior quality. There is no doubt, however, that herrings are more abundant on the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland than anywhere else.

Although the herring is thus familiarly known to multitudes in all parts of the northern hemisphere, we have yet much to learn about it.

That it is prolific, we know: a herring of a few ounces in weight will yield from 20,000 to 35,000 ova. An ingenious naturalist has calculated that if the progeny of one pair of herrings were to be allowed to multiply without molestation for ten years, the result would be a bulk of herrings equal in size to the globe on which we live! It is not known how long a period elapses between the deposit of the ova and the birth of the herring. In the case of the salmon, we know it is a long time—occasionally upwards of one hundred days. Much depends on the temperature of the water; in very cold seasons, fish-eggs take longer to hatch than when the weather is more genial and open. Herring ova deposited in July or August, of course have the advantage of the summer warmth; but that the young fish are hatched in so short a period as ten days or a fortnight, as was stated in a parliamentary inquiry, is hardly credible. There is reliable evidence, however, of the young herring making their appearance in about seven weeks after the fishery had commenced. At that time, they are naturally very diminutive; but as to the rate at which they increase in size, the greatest diversity of opinion exists. There is at least weighty evidence to shew that a herring does not become reproductive till the third year of its age. Some naturalists have thrown out the idea that herrings spawn twice a year, which is not of course an impossibility, but is nevertheless exceedingly improbable. Herrings, however, spawn at all times of the year; there are shoals of herring that spawn in January, as well as others that do so in June and August. From this it is obvious that herrings come to maturity in distinct races or shoals. The winter fish are in many instances lean and flavourless, whilst the summer shoals, again, are fat and highly palatable.

It has long been a question among naturalists: 'What is whitebait?' The researches of Dr Gunther of the British Museum have led him to the conclusion that it is the young of the common herring; and in this conclusion the best authorities are disposed to concur.

Another question often asked is: 'Where do the herrings go after they spawn?' But that is one of the numerous mysteries of the sea. It is perfectly certain that herrings may be taken on our coasts all the year round, and there is a herring-fishery of greater or less magnitude constantly going on. It has been suggested that the herrings aggregate and segregate—in other words, that they do not constantly live in shoals, but instinctively come together at certain seasons. It is at anyrate curious that bodies of herring are found at particular places only during the spawning season, and that after that time it is needless to look for them. On the other hand, we know that herrings are found together when they are very young fish. As whitebait (and it is as whitebait, according to Dr Gunther, that we first know the herring), they are generally found in small shoals; and at a later period of the year, when large quantities of

sprats are taken, it is a curious circumstance that young herrings are mixed with them to the extent of a third of the total quantity. If the herrings keep together till they grow into sprat-sized fish, it is not likely that they will then separate.

As to the food of herrings, they will eat almost anything that inhabits the seas in which they live. It is obvious that a shoal of herrings must consume a large amount of food of some kind; and the poor flavour and lean condition of the herring of particular districts are generally accounted for by the want of sufficient food, as the fat condition and fine flavour of some other shoals are due, no doubt, to the excellence of their feeding-grounds. Herrings feed on all kinds of minute crustaceans, on sand-eels, on their own roe, and on the young of their own kind. The Loch Fyne herrings, having access to excellent feeding-grounds, are very plump and palatable; other herrings, in waters which are bounded by rocky shores, are frequently lean and lank.

A shoal of herrings is an immense body: it may extend for miles, and be composed of millions of fish. Herrings are said to be very capricious in their movements, deserting, apparently without cause, places where they had been known to congregate for many years. The fishermen always find some cause for a capricious movement of this kind. The herrings were believed to be driven from one coast by the firing of guns during a battle; and when steamboats were introduced upon some of our sea-lochs, the fish fled from them! It was affirmed by the fishermen of St Monance, in Fife, that the ringing of the church-bell used to scare away the herrings, and the bell was therefore removed during the time of the fishery. But the best anecdote about the herring is an Irish one: a clergyman of that country having intimated his intention of taking his tithe of fish, the herrings, disgusted at his greed, at once left that part of the coast, and have never come back!

Although many hundred millions of herrings may be taken annually from the sea as food for man, it is no exaggeration to say that an equal, or indeed a far greater number, fall a prey to other enemies. Some species of the whale, and many kinds of sea-birds, prey upon the herring. A missionary who lived, at the end of last century, upon the lone island of St Kilda, being an eye-witness of the ravages committed by solan geese, took the trouble to make the following calculation: 'Taking it for granted that there are 100,000 solan geese on the rocks of St Kilda, and that these birds sojourn on the island during seven months of every year, I shall assume that each of them eats, or at anyrate destroys, five herrings in a day, being 500,000 for the whole flock, or, roundly calculated, a total number of 105,000,000 per annum!' The dog-fish is likewise a persistent enemy of the herring, and is hated by the fishermen not only because a shoal of these ravenous animals will eat a large quantity of the fish while fast in the nets, but because they tear and

destroy the nets as well. On some occasions, more than two-thirds of the herring taken on a particular night have been eaten out of the meshes of the nets by the dog-fish; and at times considerable numbers of the dogs are captured in the hauling in of the drifts. The dog is a coarse, oily fish, and although occasionally eaten, it is usually sold for manure.

HOW THE HERRING IS CAUGHT.

The primary difficulty in catching herrings is to discover their whereabouts. There may be millions of herrings in the sea not very far off; but as they move in shoals, there must be miles on miles without a single fish, and only in certain confined areas can any success be looked for. There are indeed certain localities which the shoals are known to frequent oftener than others; but the chance of finding them there on any particular night is uncertain. When a great 'haul' has been got one night, many boats return next evening to the same place, very likely to find the shoal gone. Accordingly, when the 'drave,' as the herring-fleet is styled in some places, leaves the harbour, some of the boats may be seen turning to the right, and some to the left, each captain and crew thinking that they may be lucky enough at once to light upon the right spot.

It is curious to note the difference of fortune that attends different fishers in this respect. Some few skippers will secure their contract quantity early in the season; while others, although fishing diligently all the time the fishery lasts, will not have half of it. As regards a single night, one man may so exactly hit the fish as to get from forty to seventy crans of herrings at the first casting of his nets, whilst his neighbours, fishing right and left of him, may not have as many dozens. This is called 'luck,' and the fisher-folk are great believers in 'luck;' but although chance plays a part on single occasions, the fact of a habitually large catch only shews that one man is a greater adept at his business than another. Clever fishers gather, from a variety of indications, a tolerable idea where the shoal is. They can note by the appearance of an oily gleam upon the water whether they are over the fish; by observing the gulls also, they can judge whether the herrings are inshore or out at sea. The shrewd skippers who always get fish have, of course, a body of followers, who do as they do—who shoot their nets alongside of the lucky boats, and by means of such tactics, frequently obtain herrings when more adventurous fishers get none.

A brief description of a single night's operations will give the best idea of the business of herring-catching. The boats leave the harbour at a pretty early hour in the afternoon, as they never know at starting how far they may have to sail before they can begin fishing. Arrived at a place which the skipper considers favourable, the sails are lowered, and preparations made for 'shooting' the nets.

In the north of Scotland, the 'drift'-net is used. It consists of a series of oblong pieces, each 50 yards long, and from 20 to 31 feet deep. These are attached at one edge to a 'back-rope,' which holds them all together, and at the several junctions of the parts there are inflated bladders or dog-skins, to keep the whole afloat; while the opposite edges have weights attached, to make them hang perpendicularly in the water. The whole suite or drift may extend three-quarters of a mile, forming an immense perforated wall or fence in the sea. The nets used to be hand-woven, of fine hempen cord, and impregnated with bark, to keep them from rotting; but undyed machine-made cotton nets are now frequently in use, as they are much cheaper and finer. The meshes are generally an inch or an inch and a quarter wide—just enough to admit the slender head of the herring, but not its body. When a shoal of herrings happens to come against this wall, it is of course arrested; but if the head of a fish has fully entered a mesh, retreat is as impossible as advance, for the cords of the mesh catch the gills and hold it fast: the gills act as barbs, as it were.

This formidable apparatus had lain all day spread out on a grass field to dry, and before starting had been placed in the boat in careful coils, so as to come off without entanglement. In shooting the nets, two of the crew row the boat slowly forward, while others attend to the paying-out of the nets. The captain is of course at the helm, and overlooking the whole. The train of nets is fastened to the vessel by a long rope, and by means of the floating bladders the captain can see at a glance the track in which they lie, and is thus able to watch them so as to prevent accidents from their being fouled by other boats. When the nets are paid out, the men are able to sleep, or at least rest for a little; and do not fail to take a refreshment of oat-cakes and cheese, or of whatever else may be in the locker, with, perhaps, a top-dressing of whisky. Whilst all is quiet on board, and the boat is floating away to wherever the tide may carry it, a portion of the great shoal may silently strike upon the nets and bring fortune to the crew; or it may be moving at too great a depth; and thus the boat and its train may pass *over* myriads of fish, and not land a cran. After a time, the skipper, anxious about the result of his night's work, will eagerly scan the long line of floating bladders, to see if any of them have sunk down in the water, which is a token of a great catch; or he will slily 'pree' a corner of his neighbour's net to see what luck he may have had. Indeed, some cautious skippers do not shoot their own nets till they see from what their neighbours have done whether or not they are in a favourable spot. It is considered a hardship when the men have to haul in the nets and shoot them again the same night, although this is frequently done. Night is the proper time of capture, as the darkness makes the fish less likely to perceive the net before running against it. With the early morning begins the operation of hauling in, which, when the

take is heavy, is no easy matter. As portion after portion is drawn on board, the fish are shaken out into the bottom of the boat, and the empty net coiled aside. Cases have occurred when such a mass of fish was enmeshed as to sink the whole drift, and make it necessary to cut the boat clear, lest it should be drawn down along with it. A storm, too, sometimes makes it necessary to cut the nets adrift, and lose them and their contents.

The herring-fishery, as carried on in Scotland, is what may be called a shore-fishery, the boats being undecked, and going out and returning once in every twenty-four hours. A controversy has been carried on for a number of years as to the kind of boats best adapted for the fishery; and many advocate decked boats and the use of steam-power. The Dutch, who have to make long voyages to the best fishing-places, cure their herrings on board; but the necessity of curing on board limits the quantity of fish that can be taken, as the men act both as sailors and curers. By the Scottish system, there seems hardly a limit to the quantity that might be disposed of. On some days, as many as twenty thousand crans of herrings are brought into Wick and Pulteneytown, and are all gutted and cured right off hand. As to the use of steam-power, which is much canvassed at Wick, there is certainly one way in which it could be made useful, and that is by the employment of two or three powerful steam-tugs to take out and bring home the boats from the fishing-grounds. On some occasions, when there is little or no wind, it is a work of great labour and time to get the boats home, especially if they are heavily laden. A steam-tug could bring home fifty or a hundred boats with great rapidity; and as the fish are frequently not found till a great distance has been reached, the aid of a tug would be very advantageous.

HOW THE HERRINGS ARE CURED.

The process of curing begins the moment the herrings are brought on shore: they are generally received by the curer in one or more large vats; and a clerk or foreman of the yard keeps an account of the quantity received. They are counted out to the curer by the boat-owners in 'crans,' the *cran* being a measure capable of containing 45 gallons; and after being cured, they are sold in barrels. A barrel measures about 37 gallons, and according to the size of the fish, and the greater or less quantity of salt used, holds from 700 to 800 herrings. For home consumption, the fish in a barrel, free of salt and brine, should weigh 235 pounds; for the continental market, 224 pounds; and for places out of Europe, 212 pounds. Herrings for the last-mentioned destinations, after an interval of a fortnight, are taken out of the barrels, washed, and repacked with fresh salt.

Immediately upon being brought to the curing-yard and thrown into the vat, the fish, being plentifully sprinkled with salt, are then

handed over to the gutters to be eviscerated. These persons carry on their necessary but rather filthy operations with great dexterity and rapidity, a gang of four women having been known to eviscerate, 'rouse' in salt, and pack a barrel of herrings within ten minutes. Precise instructions as to the details of curing have been laid down by the Board of Fisheries, but the curers do not strictly adhere to them. More or less salt is used, according to the experience and knowledge of the curer. The herrings, on being brought from the gutting-trough, are 'roused' or shaken about in a tub full of salt; they are then laid into the barrels with great precision, 'tails inwards.' When the cure has been completed, a period of fifteen days is allowed to elapse before they can be branded. It is an imperative rule that all herrings be cured on the same day they are brought on shore, otherwise the officer will not certify them; and therefore, when a heavy 'take' occurs, it is no unusual circumstance for the whole staff of a curing-yard to work on till midnight, sometimes by torchlight. An enterprising curer requires to retain a large staff of persons, chiefly females, to gut and pack the herrings. A curer may have from thirty to sixty boats fishing for him at one station, and if these boats come in every morning with an average of even ten crans of fish, a good spell of work ensues. The head-cooper usually has full charge of the process of curing and packing; and the officers of the Fishery Board are constantly going about to see that the rules and regulations of the fishery are complied with.

THE BRAND QUESTION.

The 'brand question' has long been a source of controversy. 'Why should herrings be branded,' it is asked, 'any more than cotton, cheese, or steel?' 'The case of such goods is different from that of herrings,' say the advocates of the brand, 'as the latter are exported to great distances packed in close barrels, and the foreign buyers must have some guarantee of their quality, or they would not buy.' It is thought by many that if curers were allowed to stand or fall on the merits of their individual cure, the pickling of herrings might be greatly improved, instead of being, as they are under the present system, all of one uniform quality. As a compromise of the question, a fee of fourpence per barrel is now charged for branding or certifying the herring; and it is quite optional on the part of the curer whether to pay this small charge and obtain the necessary certificate, or to stand on the merit of his own name. Only a few thousand barrels are as yet sent away without the brand; but there can be no doubt that ultimately the most enterprising curers will give up the government system, and greatly improve on the present style of curing, which, to say the least of it, is

performed in a very perfunctory way; a Scottish pickled herring being very inferior to one that is cured in Holland.

A HERRING FISHING-PORT IN THE SEASON.

There is great bustle and animation at a fishing-place during the herring-season. The little town becomes all at once alive and cheerful, compared with its aspect for the other ten months, when only a few local boats pursue the white-fishery. As the season for the gathering in of the herring-harvest approaches, strange boats arrive, crowds of gutters come to the place in search of work, and the tradesmen busk their shops with all the attractions they can muster. When a great 'take' of herrings occurs, excited curers and coopers bustle about, the knives of the gutters move with the rapidity of lightning, and glad smiles light up the countenances of all concerned. For the herring-fishery is the industry of the year, and its success or failure is to them what a good or bad crop is to the farmer. The quays of Wick and Pulteneytown harbours present upon such occasions a most animated spectacle. A thousand boats have come in from the sea, each more or less laden—some have a dozen crans, some a score, and a few may have fifty, and one or two more. From dawn of day till long past noon, the fleet comes pouring in; the quays are crowded, carts are driving off the nets to distant drying-grounds, the crews of boats are employed in carrying the fish to the gutting-troughs, and the gutters are busily at work, while the 'cadgers' who deal in fresh herrings are busy purchasing their day's supply. After a while the bustle dies away, the wearied fishermen go home to rest, or are again away to the fishing-ground; but for an hour or two longer the process of curing is continued; and at the end of a fatiguing day all are gladdened at the thought that the fishery of the year has become a success. For the success or failure of the season usually turns on one or two great nights; as in 1858, when on two successive evenings in August an average of twenty crans was secured by the 1040 boats then engaged in the fishing at Wick.

COMMERCIAL ARRANGEMENTS OF THE FISHERY.

The Scottish herring-fishery is managed financially in a peculiar way; the fish are mostly sold long before they are caught. At the close of each season, the engagements are made for the next. The curers are the actors in these arrangements; they engage the boats, and provide all the apparatus of cure, such as salt, barrels, dye-stuffs, &c. The curer engages to take all the fish that the proprietor of a boat shall catch, at the rate, say, of twenty shillings a cran, besides advancing him a sum of perhaps £20, and providing drying-ground for his nets. Of course different kinds of bargains are made.

Some boat-owners will not bind themselves to any particular curer, but prefer to wait and take the market-price, which, if fish are scarce, may be considerably higher than could have been obtained by a previous engagement. The contract is generally for two hundred crans of herrings. It is not often, however, that the boats are able to obtain that quantity, but the curer takes as many crans as he can get. An extensive curer must necessarily be able to command considerable capital, as he requires to have always on hand a large quantity of barrels, either made up or in the wood, besides salt and other stores. Then he requires to keep a staff of coopers and an army of gutters—who are paid according to the work they do—likewise a clerk or two, and he has to provide a considerable amount for incidental expenses. The skipper who contracts to fish for any particular curer provides his own crew, and pays them as he may arrange. Very often the proprietor of a boat follows some other trade as well as that of fisherman; he may be a stone-mason or a shoemaker, and only go to sea during the herring-season. He and one or two of his friends may possess a boat among them, and do all the work themselves; or, if the boat be the property of only one person, then a crew of hired men has to be engaged to aid in the fishing. The crew of a herring-boat usually consists of four persons besides the skipper, that is, two to row the boat and two to shoot the nets, the owner acting both as helmsman and captain. The Scottish clinker-built herring-boats, for the building of which Leith is famous, are of great strength and durability. They vary considerably in size and value, the largest being about 35 feet keel. The cost of a boat with all its fixings, including a suite of nets, will vary from £100 to £250.

THE LOCH FYNE HERRING-FISHERY.

The Loch Fyne herring is considered the most delicate of its kind. Large quantities of the herrings taken both in Loch Fyne and on other parts of the west coast of Scotland reach Glasgow at an early hour every day by the Clyde steamboats, and are eagerly bought up. The Loch Fyne herring is also salted to the extent of fifteen millions yearly. The value of the fishery in this loch and about Cantire is estimated at £25,000 or £30,000 a year. These west-country herrings are also capable of being smoked into 'reds.' They are first laid in a strong pickle for twenty-four hours, after which they are spitted, and hung up in the smoke of brushwood and turf. A large proportion of the Loch Fyne herrings are taken by means of the seine-net, in the same way as pilchards. This mode of fishing is locally called 'trawling,' which is a misnomer. In 1851, the seine-net was made illegal, from the belief that it was exterminating the fish; but much dissatisfaction having arisen from the restriction, a commission of inquiry was ultimately sent, by order of parliament,

to sit upon the question; and after a prolonged and minute inquiry into the two systems, the commissioners came to the conclusion that the one was quite as good (or as bad) as the other; and in consequence, the act of 1851, which made trawling, or rather *seining*, illegal, was repealed.

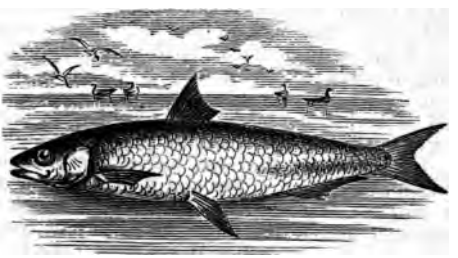
SMOKED HERRINGS—THE FISHERY AT YARMOUTH.

Yarmouth is also the headquarters of a very considerable herring-fishery, and the 'bloater' which is prepared at that place is a much esteemed breakfast delicacy throughout England. The system of fishing adapted off Yarmouth is different from that carried on at Wick, as the boats are much larger, many being thirty-four tons register, and so fitted that they can remain at sea for some days; and they admit of the cure being, to a certain extent, performed on board. Each vessel is provided with two large suites of nets, one being in use whilst the other is drying on shore. In the very large herring-busses, boats are kept from which the men fish; but from the more modern luggers the nets are cast directly over the side across the tide, and, as in the case of the Wick boats, they drift with the lugger. Great improvements have been effected of late years in the Yarmouth fishing-vessels, which, as a matter of course, are of much greater value than the open boats used on the Scottish coast. The cost of a modern Yarmouth lugger (which is about 55 feet in length), with from 100 to 140 nets—each net being 48 feet long and 30 feet deep—ranges from £700 to £1000. These vessels carry a crew of from 10 to 15 men, who are paid according to the 'take' of herrings, and can remain at sea till they obtain a good cargo; they require to carry salt, barrels, and all other necessaries of their business. The train of nets used by the Yarmouth boats is not so long as that of the Scottish fishing-boats, and is consequently much more manageable, so that the men can shoot and re-shoot their nets with great ease, and when they find they are not likely to capture fish at one place, they can more readily change their ground. The nets of each vessel are carefully marked by buoys, which are formed of small barrels, having the name of the ship and the port it sails from painted upon it. A light is hoisted upon a pole, which at night is placed at the bow of the vessel, and this serves to prevent the boats fouling each other; indeed, the utmost precaution is necessary to prevent the nets of different vessels from being mixed. The great fishery, of which Yarmouth is the headquarters, lasts two months, commencing about the end of September, or early in October. The Yarmouth fishery gives employment to a fleet of about 500 vessels of the kind described. The fish caught by the Yarmouth fleet are most of them cured in some way, except in the early part of the season, when there is a great demand *for fresh* herrings; and for about a fortnight or so after the fishery

has begun, the smaller luggers hurry into port with the newly-caught fish, which are at once sent on by train to the London and other markets. Enormous quantities of fresh herrings can be disposed of whenever there happens to be speedy railway communication from the fishing-port to inland towns with considerable populations. But, as has been stated, the herrings taken by the Yarmouth boats are mostly sold as cured fish; that is, as 'bloaters,' 'straitsmen,' 'reds,' and 'blacks.' For home use and a quick sale, the bloaters are only very slightly smoked; in fact, the Yarmouth curers all cure to suit some particular market. The fish are smoked, in houses erected for the purpose, by means of small billets of oak-wood. In order to be hung in these smokeries, the herrings have to be spitted: the spitting is accomplished with great dexterity, the women who run the spits through the gills of the fish being quite as rapid as the eviscerators of Wick. A Yarmouth woman accustomed to the business will spit a last in a day—that is, according to Cocker, 13,000 herrings. It may be explained that the word 'bloater' originated from the herring swelling or bloating during the process of cure.

THE PILCHARD-FISHERY.

An account of the herring-harvest naturally embraces the pilchard and sprat fisheries. The pilchard is very like the common herring,



Pilchard (*Clupea pilchardus*).

being nearly of the same size, only rather thicker; it has the lines of the back and belly straighter, the scales larger and fewer, and the dorsal fin rather further forward. The great field of the pilchard-harvest in Britain is around Land's End. What the common herring is to the people of the north-east coast of Scotland, the pilchard is to the fishers of Cornwall. Of late years, however, the takes have fallen off, owing to the diminution of the shoals. It is on record that as many as 10,000 hogsheads, each containing 2700 fish, have been enclosed in the seines of St Ives in one day. A haul

of three or four thousand fish in one net is not uncommon. The principal pilchard-fishery is in August and September, and as the season approaches, there is much bustle and preparation. Men called 'huers' walk the cliffs to watch for the approach of the shoal, which is known by the rippling of the water and other signs. When a spot of fish is descried, the huer signals its whereabouts to the fishermen, who lose no time in making for it. Pilchards are mostly caught by the process called seining; for this, two nets are required. The chief or stop-seine is from 160 to 220 fathoms long, and from eight to ten fathoms deep, and has corks attached to one edge, and leaden weights to the other. The boat containing the seine rows rapidly round the shoal, throwing out the net as it proceeds; and when the fish are thus enclosed as in a park, the net is moored by anchors at several points, to keep it in its place, and allow the fish to be taken out at leisure. Before anchoring the seine, it may even be floated, with its contents, inshore to a more convenient place. The other net, the 'tuck-seine' as it is called, is carried round the fish inside the stop-seine; it is of a bellied shape, and by drawing it together, the fish are gathered in a body to the edge, and are then lifted with baskets into boats. On one occasion, when fifty millions of fish were enclosed, it took a fortnight to empty the seine. Besides the two large boats containing the nets, the master-seiner attends in a small boat called the 'lurcher,' or watcher, to direct operations and see that the fish do not escape. A 'concern,' as the whole apparatus of boats and nets is called, requires about sixteen men to work it; it is usually a joint-stock affair among the fishermen themselves, and costs probably a thousand pounds. Drift-nets are sometimes used in the catching of pilchards, and a take of 50,000 by this means is not uncommon.

The method of curing the pilchard is as follows: the fish, when boated ashore from the seine, are carried by the wives and daughters to the curing-houses, where they are 'bulked' or piled up in heaps against the walls, first a layer of fish and then a layer of salt; this is done for the purpose of obtaining the oil with which the fish is largely impregnated, and which forms an article of commerce like the pilchard itself. At the end of thirty days, bulk is broken, the great mass of fish is disturbed, and the salt used is carefully collected by a process of sifting, in order that it may be again made use of. After the work of sifting out the salt has been gone through, the fish are carefully washed, and then packed in great barrels, in which holes have been made. The fish are pressed into the barrels by means of heavy weights, which serve the double purpose of compressing the pilchards, so as to get as many into the barrel as possible, and of squeezing out still more oil than has been obtained by the first process of bulking the fish. The pilchards are exported in great quantities to Spain and Italy, but none of them are smoked, although they are still called 'fumades.' Pilchard-oil is

in considerable demand for various purposes, and as much as nine gallons has been at times extracted from one hogshead of fish. The prices obtained for the pilchard and the common herring are very similar—varying, of course, as the fish are plentiful or scarce.

THE SPRAT-HARVEST.

The sprat is another well-known and very popular member of the herring family; it is caught in large quantities in the upper reaches of the Firth of Forth, and off the coasts of Kent and Essex during November and December, and the sums derived from the proceeds of the fishery add largely to the grand total of the wealth which this country derives from the sea. The sprat is taken in various ways, on the whole much as the common herring and pilchards are taken, and also by means of very fine bag-nets. Large quantities of the sprats taken in the British seas are cured as sardines, and it is within the mark to say that the annual value of the sprat-fishery is a million sterling. In Scotland, sprats are called 'garvies,' from the place in the Firth of Forth where great numbers of them are taken. In France, again, the sprat is called a sardine; the real sardine is rare. A great sprat or sardine fishery is carried on from Concarneau, on the coast of Brittany, 2500 boats and 11,000 fishermen being engaged in that particular sea-industry. As many as 80,000 barrels of sprats, each barrel containing 3000 of these fish, have been cured in various ways in one year at Concarneau, besides the large quantities sold fresh, and the countless thousands which, boiled in oil, are sent out as sardines. The ground is baited for the sprats with vast quantities of cod-roe, brought from Norway. It is an old idea that the Lord Mayor of London's inaugural banquet is never complete without a dish of sprats. An enormous number of sprats is used in the great metropolis. Mr Mayhew, in his work on *London Labour and the London Poor*, calculated that as many as 4,000,000 pounds' weight of these fish were annually vended by the costermongers.

MISCELLANEOUS FACTS AND FIGURES.

It is impossible to do more than estimate roughly the quantity of herrings caught yearly in the British seas. The Fishery Board takes cognizance only of those that are cured. Speaking roundly, the number of barrels annually cured in the British Islands is a million, each barrel containing 700 herrings. Now, it is not an unreasonable assumption, that an equal quantity is consumed fresh and in other forms not coming within the official returns, and thus we have our seas yielding us the inconceivable number of 1400 millions of one fish; which, at eightpence a dozen, represents a value of nearly four millions of pounds! Notwithstanding this enormous supply, herrings

are yearly becoming dearer. In the good old times—not so long ago either—'four a penny' was a common price; at present (1868–69), the cost rules at about three for twopence; so that the herring is no longer the poor man's fish. Indeed, the poor man has no fish now, for even sprats have become scarce, and consequently dear. The increase in price might be partly accounted for by the extended range of consumption, owing to the facilities afforded by railways for sending the fish in a fresh state to distant towns. But there is more in it than this; the fish are becoming scarce, or more difficult to catch. The fleet of boats engaged in the herring-fishery is twice as great as it was fifty years ago, and the netting of each boat has been doubled; but the capture is far from keeping pace with this increase of apparatus and labour. In the year 1820, the Wick fleet numbered 604, and each boat had on an average 148 crans; in 1868, there were 983 boats, and the average was only 44½ crans.

Opinions are divided as to the cause of this falling-off in the productiveness of the herring-fields. One set of economists attribute it to 'over-fishing,' which is actually, they think, exhausting and breaking up the shoals. Others laugh at this as a mere baseless theory, and an absurd one too. They hold that the shoals are so vast, that it is impossible for man to make any impression on them though he were to multiply his machinery of capture tenfold, and maintain that herrings are as plentiful in the sea as ever, only that they are more difficult to find. The other side reply, that the admitted fact of the fish becoming more and more difficult to find, is a proof that man is making an impression of some kind on the shoals; and that to hold that the fish are not diminished in numbers is a gratuitous assumption. It is an indisputable fact, that certain shoals have been destroyed: the July fishery at Wick, which at one time yielded from twenty to thirty thousand barrels, has dwindled away to a tenth of that quantity, which undoubtedly shews that that particular shoal is becoming exhausted.

THE WHALE-FISHERY.

THE whale-fishery at one time bulked largely in the proceeds of the sea-harvest of Britain; but although the return of the whaling-ships is still announced with interest in the local newspapers, it is no longer felt to mean, as it once did, the success or failure of a great national industry. Forty years ago, as many as 160 vessels of large tonnage left British ports for this pursuit; owing to long-continued want of success, the number is now reduced to less than a third. Luckily for the world, several substitutes for whale-oil have come

into extensive use—namely, gas for lighting, and petroleum in its various modifications both for lighting and lubrication. There are, however, two or three manufactures, notably the preparation of jute, for which fish-oil is essential; so that the article is still valuable, and would pay well if the fish were as readily found as they once were. It is chiefly from the ports of Peterhead and Dundee that the British whale-fishery continues to be prosecuted.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE WHALE.

The name whale is popularly applied to a good many of the larger kinds of the order of animals called by naturalists Cetaceans or Cetacea. These cetaceans, although living in water and having a fish-like form, are not fishes proper; they belong to the class Mammalia, for they have warm blood, breathe by lungs and not by gills, and bring forth their young alive and suckle them. One section of this order are herbivorous, and are not allowed by some naturalists to be cetaceans proper. Setting them aside, the ordinary or true cetaceans are divided into three families: 1. The *Delphinidæ*, containing the Dolphin, the Porpoise, the Bottlenose or Bottlehead, the Narwhal, &c. 2. The *Physeteridæ* or *Catodontidæ*. Of this family only one member seems to be known—namely, the Cacholot or Spermaceti Whale. 3. The *Balænidæ*, containing the Greenland Whale, the Rorqual, &c.

These creatures all feed on animal food, some of them pursuing and devouring fishes; others, and these the largest, subsisting chiefly on smaller prey, molluscs, small crustaceans, and even zoophytes, which they strain out of the water by a peculiar apparatus in their mouths. None of the true cetacea have molar teeth or grinders; all the teeth which any of them have are conical, but some of the largest are entirely destitute of teeth. The fore-limbs of the true cetacea are mere fins. The resemblance to fishes is increased in many of them by the presence of a dorsal fin. There is a wonderful provision to enable them to spend some time under water, before returning again to the surface to breathe—an arterial plexus or prodigious intertwining of branches of arteries, under the pleura and between the ribs, on each side of the spine. This being filled with oxygenated blood after the animal has spent some time at the surface breathing, the wants of the system are supplied from it whilst breathing is suspended, so that some whales can remain below even for an hour. The position of the nostrils is remarkable, almost on the very top of the head, so that the animal can breathe as soon as the head comes to the surface of the water; and the nostrils are furnished with a valve of singular but very perfect construction, a sort of conical stopper of fibrous substance, preventing the ingress of water even under the pressure of the greatest depths. The nostrils appear to be little

used for the purpose of smelling, the sense of smell being one which these animals either do not possess at all, or in a very imperfect degree; but they are much used, not only for breathing, but also for *spouting*, or the ejection of water from the mouth, for which reason they are generally called *blow-holes*. The height to which the water is thrown into the air is extraordinary, and the spouting of the whale is one of those wonders of the ocean never to be forgotten by those who have seen it.

A peculiarity in the skin of the true cetacea adapts them for their manner of life. The skin is extremely thick, the inner part of it consisting of elastic fibres interlacing each other in every direction, the interstices of which are filled with oil, forming the substance usually called *blubber*. The oil deposited in this unusual situation, not only serves the ordinary purposes of fat, but that also of keeping the body warm, which to a warm-blooded animal, continually surrounded with water, is of great importance; whilst the elasticity of this extraordinary skin affords protection in the great depths to which some of the whales descend, and in which the pressure must sometimes be enormous.

It is chiefly, however, with two members of the order that we have at present to do, as they alone have been the object of systematic pursuit—namely, the Greenland or 'Right' Whale (*Balæna mysticetus*), and the Cacholot or Spermaceti Whale (*Physeter* or *Catodon macrocephalus*).

The species of the genus *Balæna*, to which the Greenland whale belongs, are entirely destitute of teeth, instead of which the palate is furnished with an apparatus of *baleen* or *whalebone*, for the purpose of straining out of the water the small crustaceans and jelly-fish which form the food of these whales. The plates of whalebone in the mouth of a single whale amount to several hundreds on each side of the mouth, and weigh sometimes as much as two tons. They are suspended from the roof of the mouth; none proceed from the lower jaw. They extend on each side from the middle line of the palate, like the barbs of a feather; the base of each plate is embedded in the substance of the membrane that covers the palate, whilst its edge forms a loose fringe, composed of fibres or pliant bristles. The vast mouth being opened, water is taken in; and the small animals which enter with it being retained for food, the water is allowed to escape by the sides of the mouth.

The tongue is a soft thick mass, not extending beyond the back of the mouth. The gullet of these whales is very narrow; it is said not to be more than an inch and a half in diameter even in a large whale, so that only very small animals can pass through it. The head occupies from a third to a fourth of the whole length. The skull is unsymmetrical, the right side being larger than the left. The flesh is red, firm, and coarse. The skin is naked, with the exception of

a few bristles about the jaws, and its surface is moistened by an oily fluid. The lower surface of the true skin extends into a thick layer of *blubber*. The blubber is from a foot to two feet in thickness, the whole mass in a large whale sometimes weighing more than thirty tons.

It has been attempted to calculate the age of whales from the transverse lines on the plates of baleen, and in this way it has been computed that they attain the age of 800 or 900 years, each transverse line being assumed to indicate an annual check of growth; but it is evident that there is no good ground for the assumption on which such calculation proceeds.

The Greenland or 'right' whale, which is the most important species of the genus, and indeed the most important of all whales, abounds chiefly in the frozen regions of the north; and although it is sometimes seen on the coasts of Britain, and even farther south, the warm seas of the tropics are to it as a wall of fire which it never crosses. The whale which is captured on the coasts of South Africa, New Zealand, and other parts of the southern hemisphere, is a distinct species, distinguished as the Cape Whale (*Balæna Australis*), although resembling the whale of the north both in size and appearance. The size of the Greenland whale was at one time greatly exaggerated, its length being described as from 100 to 120 feet. It is seldom, however, that it exceeds sixty feet. The tail is five or six feet long, and from twenty to twenty-five feet broad. The mouth is fifteen or sixteen feet long. The eyes are not larger than those of an ox, but the sight is acute. The upper parts of the body are black, the under white. The 'cow'-whale produces only one 'calf' or young one at a time, which is from ten to fourteen feet long when born; but the period of gestation is uncertain. The mother displays great affection for her offspring, of which whale-fishers sometimes take undue advantage, harpooning the young one—itself of little value—in order to secure the mother. Suckling is performed at the surface of the water, and the mother rolls from side to side, that she and the young one may be able to breathe in turn. The usual rate of progress in swimming is about four or five miles an hour, and whales often swim not far beneath the surface of the water, with the mouth wide open to take in water from which to sift food. The whale is capable, however, of swimming with much greater rapidity, and when harpooned, it often descends to a great depth in a few seconds. Its tail is extremely powerful, and a single blow of it is sufficient to destroy a large boat, or toss it and its crew into the air, so that the whale-fishery is attended with no little danger. Whales usually come to the surface to breathe at intervals of eight or ten minutes, but they are capable of remaining under water for half an hour or more. When they come up to breathe, they generally remain on the surface about two minutes, during which they blow eight or nine

times, and then descend. The noise which they make in blowing is very loud, and the spout of water ejected ascends a great height into the air, appearing at a distance like a puff of smoke. They often assume, as if in sport, a vertical position, with the head down, and flap the surface of the water with the tail, making a sound which is heard two or three miles off. The Greenland whale is not properly gregarious, being generally found alone or in pairs, except when numbers are attracted to particular feeding-grounds, as is sometimes the case in the bays and inlets of northern coasts.

The Cacholot or sperm whale may be said to inhabit all seas, although it is most abundant in the southern hemisphere; it is occasionally stranded on the coasts of Britain. The sperm whale sometimes reaches the length of seventy or eighty feet. The head is enormously large, forming about one-half of the entire bulk of the animal, and occupying more than one-third of the entire length. The general colour is very dark gray, nearly black on the upper parts, lighter beneath. Old males, or, in the language of the South Sea whalers, old bull-whales, usually have a large gray spot on the front of the head. The muzzle is very obtuse, almost as if suddenly cut off in front, the breadth of it almost equalling the thickness of the body. In a protuberance on the upper part of it, is the blow-hole, which is single, situated a little on the left side, and in form not unlike the letter S elongated. The mouth is very large and wide; and the throat, unlike that of the Greenland whale, is very wide, sufficiently so to admit the body of a man. The upper jaw projects some feet beyond the lower, and is destitute both of teeth and whalebone; the lower jaw has from 20 to 25 teeth on each side, according to the age of the animal. Just above the eyes, the dorsal line rises considerably; the dorsal fin is also represented by a protuberance about half-way between the neck and the tail: and these parts are seen above water in the ordinary swimming of the animal, which is at the rate of from three to seven miles an hour, and just under the surface of the water, although when alarmed it swims with greater velocity, striking the water upwards and downwards with its tail with great force.

The enormous head of the cacholot is in great part occupied by a cavity in front of and above the skull, called by whalers *the case*, which is a receptacle for spermaceti. This substance being light, it is not wonderful that the animal in swimming raises its head above the surface of the water, which it also often does even when at rest, 'like a black rock in the ocean.' The *case* frequently holds as much as ten large barrels of spermaceti. The substance which it contains is in a semi-fluid state, but hardens on cooling: it consists of spermaceti and oil; the oil is separated by draining and squeezing, and the spermaceti is further purified, till, instead of being a yellow unctuous mass, in which state it is brought home by the whalers, it assumes a beautiful pearly white, flaky, almost crystalline

appearance. It is chiefly used in making the finer kinds of candles; it is also an ingredient in various ointments. We learn from Shakspeare that in his time it was believed to be of sovereign efficacy 'for an inward bruise.' The spermaceti was at one time imagined to be the brain of the whale; what purpose it serves in the animal economy, is not well known, except that already alluded to of giving buoyancy to the fore-part of the huge body. Cavities filled with spermaceti are distributed over the body, and even ramify through the external fat or blubber, although the principal mass is in the head. The blubber of the cacholot is not nearly equal in thickness to that of the Greenland whale, being only about fourteen inches thick on the breast of a large whale, and from eight to eleven inches on other parts of the body. It is called by whalers the *blanket*. The *junk*, a thick elastic mass, which occupies the fore-part of the head, immediately under the *case*, yields also a considerable quantity of sperm-oil.

The cacholot feeds upon fishes and cephalopodous molluscs. Squids and cuttle-fishes appear to be its chief food. It is gregarious in its habits, and the herds are called *schools* by whalers. Five hundred or more have been seen in a single herd. Large herds generally consist of females, with only a few males; herds of young males also occur; when solitary individuals are met with, they are almost always old males. Terrible conflicts often take place among the males, and it is not unusual to find the lower jaw deformed in consequence of having been dislocated or broken in these battles.

HISTORY OF THE WHALE-FISHERY.

Norse legends make mention of ships sent to Greenland to catch whales in the ninth century. The Northmen were accustomed to the pursuit on their own coasts; and when they settled in the north of France, they carried on the fishery in the Bay of Biscay, which was frequented by whales in considerable numbers, until the eager persecution they were subjected to made them disappear about the fifteenth century. As early as 1315 and 1324, there are acts of the English parliament in reference to the whale, decreeing, among other things, that any of those animals that might be cast ashore or captured in the territorial sea should belong to the crown. The whale is thus a royal fish. In 1594, English vessels were sent to the northern whale-fishery off Cape Breton, and one of them lighted on the wreck of two Biscayan whalers, from which she took on board a large quantity of whalebone. About the beginning of the seventeenth century, the seas around Spitzbergen were the chief scene of the fishery. The British Muscovy Company obtained a royal charter, giving them a monopoly of the whale-fishery off the coasts of Spitzbergen, on the pretence of its having been discovered by Sir Hugh Willoughby, although, in fact, it was discovered by the

Dutch navigator Barentz. Other nations were not disposed to acknowledge the claims of the English; the Dutch in particular sent out a strong fleet, between which and the ships of the Muscovy Company an engagement took place in 1618, and the English were defeated. The Spitzbergen bays and seas were afterwards divided into fishing-stations, allocated to the whalers of the rival nations. No nation now asserts a claim to the exclusive right of whale-fishing in any quarter.

The English for some time prosecuted the whale-fishery sluggishly and with incompetent means; the Dutch carried it on with great vigour and success. During the latter half of the seventeenth century, the Dutch furnished almost all Europe with oil. In 1680, they had 260 ships and about 14,000 men employed in the whale-fishery; but from that time the Dutch fishery began to decline. In 1732, Great Britain attempted to encourage the whale-fishery by a bounty of 30s. a ton to every ship of 200 tons engaged in it, which was raised in 1749 to 40s., reduced to 30s. in 1777, and again raised to 40s. in 1781. The object of the bounty was not only to encourage the trade, but to make it a nursery for seamen. Ships, however, were fitted out rather for the bounty than for the capture of whales, and during the next five years after the reduction of the bounty in 1777, the number of ships employed in the trade was reduced from 105 to 39. After 1781, it rapidly increased, and continued to increase although the bounty was reduced. The bounty was finally altogether withdrawn in 1824. In 1815, when the British whale-fishery was in its most flourishing condition, only 164 ships were engaged in it. The Dutch whale-fishery had in the meantime almost entirely ceased, owing to the national calamities consequent on the French Revolution.

In Britain, the whale-fishery enjoyed almost uninterrupted success from 1795 to 1830. In 1814, for instance, the total catch of the British ships engaged in the fishery was over 20,000 tuns of oil; and in the following year the Hull vessels alone obtained 8000 tuns! The fishery began to decline about the year 1830, when Dundee lost two out of her fleet of nine ships, and obtained only eleven fish. In 1835, Hull lost five vessels out of a fleet of twenty-three whalers, and got very few fish. The year 1836 was also most disastrous for the whaling interest. The ships sent out were comparatively few, and about thirty of them returned empty. The three following years were equally bad; and in 1840, Hull had only two ships bound for the whale-fishing, instead of sixty, as in the days of yore; the average of late years from this port has been three ships.

The New England colonies embarked in this fishery at an early period. At first they fished in boats from their own shores, which were then frequently visited by whales. But about 1740, when the fish ceased to come to be caught, they began to go in ships in search

of them, both in the northern and southern seas. In the latter half of the eighteenth century, Massachusetts alone employed 304 whale-ships, more than half of which went to the southern seas. Burke in one of his famous orations alluded to the wealth which the Americans derived in his day (1774) from their whale-fisheries. 'We learn,' he says, 'that while some of them draw the line or strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed with their fisheries—no climate that is not witness of their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pursued by this recent people—a people who are still in the gristle, and not hardened into manhood.' Nantucket in Massachusetts was at one time the chief centre of the industry, but New Bedford afterwards attained that position, and is now the greatest whaling-port in the world; although the fishery has of late years materially declined there as well as in Europe.

It was with the capture of the 'right' whale that the New Englanders began; but in 1712, one Christopher Hussey of Nantucket, being driven off shore, fell in with and killed a sperm whale, and from that time the Americans have made the cacholot-fishery in a manner their own. Burke's speech was thought to have incited the fitting-out, in the year 1775, of several British ships for the spermaceti whale-fishery. They were not, however, very successful in their venture; and government in the following year offered bounties to the most successful ship. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, France began to take a successful part in the sperm-oil fishery, and in 1790, we are told the French had at least forty ships engaged in it.

The field of this industry was prodigiously widened when (in 1788) an English ship, stimulated perhaps by the government bounty, which was raised to £700 for the fullest ships, led the way in rounding Cape Horn and pursuing the cacholot in the Pacific. One English vessel, the *Syren*, after an absence of two years and eight months on the coast of Japan, returned with the enormous quantity of 356 tuns of sperm-oil! At one time, no less than ninety British ships were engaged in the South Sea fishery; at present there is not one.

THE CAPTURE OF THE WHALE.

In whaling-ships destined for the northern seas, strength is of more importance than speed; they are therefore fortified with additional planks, iron plates, ice-knees, and many timbers and stanchions in the interior. Steam, with the screw propeller, has been recently introduced, and has many obvious advantages. Each ship has a crew of from forty to sixty, and carries from six to eight boats, twenty-five

feet long, and strongly built. British whalers for the north seas are usually provisioned only for a few months; but for the distant fisheries of the Pacific, the American whalers lay in a stock of provisions to last them for two or three years. When the oil is *tryed-out* on board, as in the South Sea whalers, a supply of casks for storing it is also required; the Scottish whalers usually bring home the blubber in tanks. An assortment of harpoons and lances is also an essential part of the equipment of a whaler. The harpoon in its simplest form is a barbed spear about five feet long, having a long line attached, and is hurled or plunged by the hand into the animal's side. The gun-harpoon is a short bolt of iron, with the barb at one end, and a ring and chain for the attachment of the line; this is fired from a small swivel cannon attached to the boat. The hand-harpoon is still preferred by the fishermen. It is a matter of great difficulty and hazard to secure a fish even after it is struck; and therefore many contrivances have been suggested to make its death more speedy and sure. One of the best was that of Dr Christison of Edinburgh; which consisted in so placing glass tubes containing prussic acid in the shaft of the harpoon, that when the line was pulled tight they should be broken in the animal's body, and cause instant death. The plan was tried with great success; but the whale-fishers have a prejudice against so deadly a weapon, and decline to use it: they seem to dread to touch the carcass of a whale that has been killed by such a powerful poison.

If we describe the proceedings of a whale-ship from Dundee or Peterhead to Davis Strait, we shall have described the business of northern whaling generally. The vessels proceeding from those ports are now screw-steamers of 400 to 600 tons, costing each, when fully equipped and provisioned, about £16,000. It is usual for whalers to make a voyage in early spring to the seal-fishing (see page 28). Returning from this, they start again for the whaling-ground; and they usually anchor for a few days on their way in Bressay Sound, off Lerwick, for the purpose of completing their crews, which are in a great measure composed of Shetlanders. Everybody on board a whaler, from the master to the boys, is paid partly by fixed wages, partly by a certain regulated interest in the proceeds of the voyage. The earnings of a common sailor may average about £40. Harpooners and other functionaries rate higher. If the state of the ice and other circumstances allow a ship to reach the usual haunts of the whale by the beginning of July, there is every chance of success. A constant outlook is now kept from the mast-head; and as soon as a whale is descried the word is given, and every man rushes to his post, those that happen to be in their hammocks tumbling on deck, it may be, with part of their clothes in their hands. In an incredibly short time, each boat is manned with its appointed crew; and now begins an exciting contest which boat shall reach the whale first. It may be that another ship has sighted the same fish,

and sent out her boats in pursuit, and then the rivalry reaches its climax. In the bow sits the harpooner, with his weapon ready, and the line, about one hundred fathoms long, coiled up in a tub beside him. When the boat comes close to the whale, he stands up with two or three coils of the line in one hand, and with the other plunges the harpoon with all his might into the most vital part he can reach. At the same time he gives the word 'Stern all;' and the crew instantly back the boat, to escape the dangerous movement of the whale as it plunges below the surface. It usually dives downward, and, if the harpoon holds fast, the line is run out with such velocity that water must be poured upon it, to prevent the side of the boat from taking fire. The fact of the harpoon 'griping' is announced by hoisting a flag; and the other boats hasten up to assist, and to furnish, if need be, additional line. Two lengths of line are frequently required; and a fish has been known to run out ten lines. As soon as the animal comes again to the surface to breathe, which is usually in from twenty to sixty minutes, additional harpoons are thrust into it, and each additional boat hoists its signal as it gets fast. Again the fish sinks in the water, or darts away rapidly to a great distance, pulling sometimes the boats along behind it. When it becomes exhausted, endeavours are made to thrust lances into it, which, however, has to be done with caution, as a stroke with the tail or fin of the whale is sufficient to stave in the boat. A whale-hunt often fails; the harpoon may not keep its hold, or the line may get foul, and have to be cut; or the line of the first boat may run out before the second boat comes up to help it. When such mischances occur, the lowering of the flag tells the unwelcome news to the captain, who has been watching the efforts of his crew with the greatest possible anxiety. An hour and a half on an average suffices to kill a fish, though it sometimes takes twice as long. When harpooned or lanced in a vital part, it sometimes dies suddenly and quietly; but oftener it dies hard, lashing the water with its tail into bloody foam with a noise that may be heard miles off.

When dead, the whale is towed to the ship—no easy matter when the distance is great—and made fast to the side. The blubber is cut off with cutting-spades in broad strips of twenty or thirty feet long, and hoisted on deck by tackle, the body being turned over until the whole is stripped. In the meantime others have removed the whalebone from the mouth. This done, the carcass is cast off, a prey to sharks, bears, and vultures. The blubber being cut into smaller pieces, and having the outer skin peeled off, is stowed away in casks or tanks.

The process of fishing the sperm whale is not much different from that just described, but it is attended with rather more danger. The cacholot has a tail as formidable as that of the right whale, while, in addition, it can stave in the side of a ship with its snout, or crush a boat in its mouth. Its speed and endurance in running

are also greater, and it can continue longer under water. When secured, however, it is a more valuable prize. Sperm-oil, of which a large fish will yield eighty barrels, is purer than the oil of the right whale, and brings a higher price; the spermaceti contained in the head is also valuable. In the intestines, too, there are sometimes found large masses of ambergris, which brings a high price, as much as forty shillings an ounce. When a sperm whale is brought alongside, besides cutting off the blubber, the spermaceti has to be taken out of the head, which is done by lowering buckets into the cavern and scooping out the half-liquid mass. Instead of bringing home the blubber itself, it is boiled down at once; this is called 'trying-out' the oil, and is a very dirty business. The cracknels—that is, the cellular tissue out of which the oil has been squeezed—are used as fuel to heat the pots; and to avoid the smoke and soot in the ship, this operation is performed on shore, wherever it is possible. The blubber of the right whale is sometimes boiled down at sea, when the voyage is long or there is a scarcity of stowage.

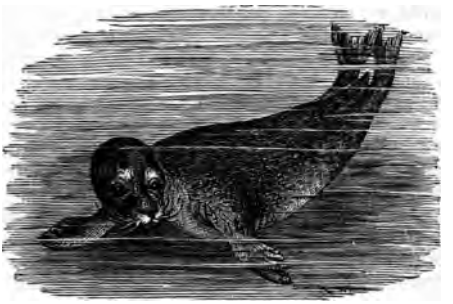
In the year 1868, the United States had a whaling-fleet of 338 ships, of which 133 came into port that year, bringing 48,000 barrels of sperm-oil, 68,000 barrels of whale-oil, and 870,000 pounds of whalebone. In the Okhotsk Sea, the average catch in 1867, for the eight vessels engaged there, was 644 barrels. A tun of oil, it may be stated, is 258 gallons. The American barrels are not of any regular size; at one time they were called *lagers*, which were of the size of about half a tun; now their barrels are much smaller, and are called *drums;* but there is no standard. The prices of the two kinds of oil vary according to the supply; sperm-oil is always dearest. 'Whale-oil,' as the produce of the Greenland whale is called, is only about a third of the price of sperm-oil; the one may be three shillings per gallon, while the other is eight shillings and sixpence. About two thousand tuns of whale and seal oil are used every year in Dundee in the jute manufacture; and as the price may be averaged at about £40 per tun, a large sum of money is involved. It may be stated here, as one of the curiosities of the whaling trade, that about the beginning of the crinoline mania, whalebone was sold as high as £500 per ton! The old law that treats of the whale as a royal fish, assigns the tail as a perquisite to the queen, in order to furnish her Majesty's wardrobe with whalebone! We may judge from this how much was then known of this branch of natural history.

THE SEAL-FISHERY.

The capture of the seal divides the attention of the northern whalers with that of the whale itself; and some voyages are undertaken for the seal alone. It is valuable both for its oil and its skin. The oil, being nearly colourless and inodorous, is preferred to whale-oil.

The seal is not a cetacean; it belongs to a distinct family of

marine mammalia called the *Phocidæ*, in which the transition is seen from the usual mammalian structure to the more marked fish form of the whale group. Seals live chiefly in water, but spend part of their time on shore, basking on rocks, beaches, or ice-fields; and they usually bring forth their young on the ice. They are carnivorous animals, living chiefly on fishes. The common seal on the British coasts shews a high appreciation of salmon—watching the salmon nets, and getting hold of the fish when entrapped. Seals are divided into several genera and species. The species that form the object of pursuit in the arctic fisheries are of the genus *Phoca*. The best known is the Common Seal (*Phoca vitulina*), which is from three



Common Seal (*Phoca vitulina*), attitude when swimming.

to five feet long. Other species are much larger, as the Harp Seal, which is from six to eight feet; and the Great or Bearded Seal, which reaches ten feet and more. The skin of the seal is covered with smooth hair; but in none of the northern species is it fine enough to be prized as fur. The fur-seals are all natives of the southern seas, and are so scarce that only a fraction of the sealskin jackets for which ladies pay such prices are genuine; the greater part are made of dexterously manipulated beaver, rabbit, and other skins.

Many points in the natural history of seals are yet obscure. It is not well known, for instance, what species, or how many species, yield the valuable seal fur of the southern seas. At the meeting of the British Association at Dundee in 1867, it was brought out that the young seals killed in spring are mostly if not altogether males. One experienced master asserted that he had never been able to find a young female, although he had offered a reward to the man who should bring him one. The testimony of the surgeon of the ship was to the same effect. From this some infer that seals must breed twice a year. They produce one or two at a birth.

The seal-fishery begins early in April, at the 'pupping' season, when the seals are on the ice. We shall suppose a ship arriving at that time off the ice-fields, say near the island of Jan Mayen. The moment a herd of seals is discovered, the crew rush to the scene, and the butchery begins. As many of the old ones as possible are shot before they can escape into the water; the young ones fall a helpless prey, and are ruthlessly clubbed to death. The ice is sometimes covered with seals as far as the eye can reach; and a usual day's work of a ship's crew is to kill from five hundred to eight hundred old seals, along with two thousand young ones. In the year 1866, one ship, the *Camperdown*, 'bagged' the astounding number of twenty-two thousand seals in nine days. To save useless labour, the seals are skinned on the ice; care being taken to bring off the blubber or fat, which is two to three inches thick, along with the skin. A seal sixteen days old will weigh, in its skin, from forty to fifty pounds; this may be divided into blubber, say thirty pounds; skin, six or eight pounds; and 'kran,' or carcass, ten or twelve pounds. Old seals weigh twice or thrice as much. The labour of dragging the skins to the ship, especially if at any distance, is serious; one old skin, or three young, is all that one man can drag at a time. When the skins are brought on board, the blubber is carefully pared off and put into casks or tanks, and the skins stowed away in the hold. The skins are used for a variety of purposes: some are cured with the hair on, and made into carriage rugs, hall mats, sealskin caps, &c.; others are tanned into leather, and used by boot and shoe makers, coach-builders, upholsterers, &c.

PERILS OF THE WHALE-FISHERY.

The annals of the whale-fishery are full of disasters, sufferings, and hairbreadth escapes. Scarcely a year passes that we do not read of some ship having been frozen in, and the crew having had to make their way over the ice or by their boats until they fell in with another vessel, or perhaps having been obliged to winter in those inhospitable regions, but poorly provisioned and equipped. A still more frequent fate is for a ship, in making her way through a lane in the ice, to be crunched up like an egg-shell by the coming together of the floes. A few years ago the *Princess Charlotte*, a Dundee whaler, was so suddenly overtaken in this way, that the men had barely time to escape with their lives when she was reduced to a shapeless mass of splinters: everything was lost, even to the clothes of the crew. Some years are signalised by an unusual number of disasters. In 1830, Dundee lost two out of a very small fleet; and in 1835, of the twenty-three whalers sailing from Hull, no fewer than five were destroyed. The very element of destruction itself affords the means of escaping with life, often attended, however, with great peril and privation. A Dutch captain, named Bille,

in 1675, lost a richly-laden ship, almost in an instant, and the captain and crew sailed about in their boats for fourteen days before being rescued. Thirteen other ships were wrecked during the same year in the Spitzbergen seas. The powers of endurance often displayed, and the wonderful escapes often made, are well exemplified in the adventure of George Martin, mate of the *Intrepid*, in 1853. Martin was with a party at a considerable distance from the ship, and on the way back happened to be some way behind the rest. They, coming to a lane of water in the ice, made a detour to avoid it; and when Martin came up, he missed the track they had taken, and became completely bewildered. In this condition night came down upon him. He dared not think of rest or sleep, for the numbness of death would soon have stolen over him. Besides, bears were prowling about and trying to approach him. So he had to keep constantly moving and watching. The hope that, with daylight, he would get a sight of the ship, kept him from despair; but when morning came, there was no ship to be seen; and after wandering and looking for a long, long day, he found himself again in darkness, and among the bears. The second night was passed like the first, and the second morning brought still no sign of the ship. All the while there was nothing to eat but raw seal 'kran.' It was not till the third morning that a distant glimpse of the long-looked-for ship gladdened his eyes. Wearied and worn-out, he at last reached it, to the amazement of his shipmates, who, after searching in vain for him in every direction, had concluded that he had fallen a prey to the bears or the cold.

A remarkable tale of the sufferings of a whaling crew, as narrated by the survivors, went the round of the newspapers in the spring of 1867, and thrilled the hearts of all readers. The *Diana*, a steam-whaler belonging to Hull, after the usual halt at Lerwick, sailed from that place for the whaling-ground on the 9th of May, with a crew of fifty men. From June to September the crew were busy at work, although not very successfully. In the beginning of the latter month, the *Diana* was beset with ice, but got free—only, however, to be again hemmed in, to the south of Coutt's Inlet. By the end of September, the crew were subsisting on half-allowance of provisions, and the helpless ship was drifting southwards in the solid ice-bed at the rate of ten miles a day. When off Exeter Sound, they hung a burning mass of tow and oil at the yard-arm, to attract attention, but the weather was so foggy that no one could see them. To add to their alarm, the vessel sustained some heavy ice-nips, and, as if to cap the misery of the crew, she also sprung a leak. An attempt was first made to live upon the ice in tents; but, after a brief trial, the cold made it necessary to return to the ship. Captain Gravell, the commander, died on the 26th of December, having previously given the crew instructions how to act. Gradually the fuel of the ship became used up; the spare wood that was stowed on board was burned; the

whaling-boats, too, had ultimately to be consumed. Casks of oil were used, one after the other, for cooking. But Frost was at that time king of the arctic regions; the breath of the men froze around them, and, to add to their misery, their stores, notwithstanding their great economy, began to fail—even to the tobacco. Scurvy at last attacked the crew, and two of them died; before they got out of the ice, all the rest were more or less prostrate. 'Take away the dead man from me,' said one of the crew who awoke one morning and found his bed-fellow dead. On March the 17th, the ship at length drove out of the solid ice between Resolution Islands. Getting into the open, the *Diana* made at once for Shetland, meeting with various misfortunes: three of the watch dropped down at the pumps the night before the *Diana* anchored in St Rona's Voe; and just as the ship came into port, another man died. All who survived were weary and worn—some in bed, others crawling about their duty faint and weak; the poor boys of the ship looking like weird and withered old men. All the crew of the ship that had left about twelve months before were on board, from the captain to the youngest boy; but the captain and nine of his gallant men were dead—they lay stark and grim on the bridge of the ship as she sailed into the haven.

Tail-piece.

SCOTTISH TRADITIONARY STORIES.

GRIZEL COCHRANE.

THE age which this noble woman adorned with her life and heroic actions, was that gloomy one extending between the Restoration and Revolution (from 1660 to 1688), when the Scottish nation suffered under a cruel oppression, on account of their conscientious scruples respecting the existing forms of church and state. Three insurrections, more bold than wise, marked the impatience of the Scotch under this bloody rule; but it was with the last solely that Grizel Cochrane was connected.

Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, the father of our heroine, was the second son of the first Earl of Dundonald, and the ancestor of the present line of that noble and ingenious family. He was a distinguished friend of Sidney, Russell, and other illustrious men, who signalised themselves in England by their opposition to the court; and he had so long endeavoured in vain to procure some improvement in the national affairs, that he at length began to despair of his country altogether, and formed the design of emigrating to America. Having gone to London in 1683, with a view to a colonising expedition to South Carolina, he became involved in the deliberations of the Whig party, which at that time tended towards a general insurrection in England and Scotland, for the purpose of forcing an alteration of the royal councils, and the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne. In furtherance of this plan, Sir John pledged himself to assist the Earl of Argyll in raising the

malcontents in Scotland. This earl was, if not the acknowledged head of the party in that kingdom, at least the man of highest rank who espoused its interests.

By the treachery of some of the subordinate agents, this design was detected prematurely; and while some were unfortunately taken and executed, among whom were Sidney and Lord Russell, the rest fled from the kingdom. Of the latter number were the Earl of Argyll, Sir John Cochrane, and Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth—the last a patriot rivalling Cochrane in talent and purity of motives, and also, like him, destined to experience the devotedness of a daughter's love. The fugitives found safety in Holland, where they remained in peace till the death of Charles II., in February 1685, when the Duke of York, the object, politically, of their greatest detestation, became king. It was then determined to invade Scotland with a small force, to embody the Highland adherents of Argyll with the west-country Presbyterians, and, marching into England, to raise the people as they moved along, and not rest till they had produced the desired melioration of the state. The expedition sailed in May; but the government was enabled to take such precautions as, from the very first, proved a complete frustration to their designs. Argyll lingered timidly in his own country, and finally, against the advice of Cochrane and Hume, who were his chief officers, made some unfortunate movements, which ended in the entire dissolution of his army, and his own capture and death. While this well-meaning but weak nobleman committed himself to a low disguise, in the vain hope of effecting his escape, Sir John Cochrane and Sir Patrick Hume headed a body of 200 men, formed out of the relics of the army, and bravely resolved, even with that small force, to attempt the accomplishment of their original intention—namely, a march into England. They accordingly crossed the Clyde into Renfrewshire, where they calculated on obtaining some reinforcement. The boats on this occasion being insufficient to transport the whole at once, the first party, headed by the two patriots, was obliged to contend, on the opposite bank of the river, with a large squadron of militia, while the boats returned for the remainder; after which the united force caused their opponents to retreat. The militia returned, however, in greater force, and renewed the assault at a place called Muirdykes, in the parish of Lochwinnoch.

They were now commanded by Lord Ross and Captain Clellan, and amounted to two troops, while Sir John Cochrane's men had decreased to seventy in number. In this predicament, they were called on by the royal troops to lay down their arms, and surrender themselves prisoners. Preferring the risk of death on the field to the tender mercies of a vindictive foe, they rejected the terms with disdain, and entering a sheepfold, used its frail sod-walls as a defence against the furious attack of the enemy, whom, after a keen conflict, in which every man fought hand to hand with his opponents,

they at length succeeded in beating off, with the loss of their captain and some other men, while Lord Ross was wounded. Cochrane, however, soon after learned that the enemy was returning with a great reinforcement, and fearing that he could not much longer defend himself on the field, retired with his troops to a neighbouring wilderness or morass, where he dismissed them, with the request that each man would provide the best way he could for his own safety. For himself, having received two severe contusions in the body during the engagement, and being worn out with fatigue, he sought refuge in the house of his uncle, Mr Gavin Cochrane of Craigmuir, who lived at no great distance from the place of encounter. This gentleman, however, as it unfortunately happened, had married a sister of the Captain Clellan killed in the late battle, and filled with revenge for the death of her brother, this lady secretly informed against her guest, who was immediately seized, and removed to Edinburgh, where, after being paraded through the streets, bound and bareheaded, and conducted by the common executioner, he was lodged in the Tolbooth, on the 3d of July 1685, there to await his trial as a traitor. The day of trial came, and he was condemned to death, in spite of the most strenuous exertions of his aged father, the Earl of Dundonald, who, having received his title from the hands of Charles II., had, from motives of honour, never conspired against him.

Where is the tongue that can express all the secret and varied anguish that penetrates the yearning heart, when about to leave for ever the warm precincts of mortality, to quit the loving charities of life, and to have all the cords which bound it to existence suddenly torn asunder? Natural strength of mind may suffice to conceal much of this mortal conflict, or even to hide it altogether from the eye of the careless observer, but still it is at work within, and grapples in deadly struggle with the spirit.

Such was the state of Sir John Cochrane's mind on the night of his condemnation, when left once more to the gloomy solitude of his prison. It was not the parting stroke of death he feared, however sharp. He was a father, loving and beloved; and the thoughts of the sorrow his children were doomed to suffer on his account, wrung his heart; and burning tears, which his own fate could not have called forth, were shed for them. No friend or relative had been permitted to see him from the time of his apprehension; but it was now signified to him that any of his family he desired to communicate with might be allowed to visit him. Anxious, however, to deprive his enemies of an opportunity of an accusation against his sons, he immediately conveyed to them his earnest entreaties, and indeed commands, that they should refrain from availing themselves of this leave till the night before his execution. This was a sacrifice which it required his utmost fortitude to make; and it had left him to a sense of the most desolate loneliness, insomuch that, when, late in the evening, he heard his prison-door unlocked, he lifted not his

eyes towards it, imagining that the person who entered could only be the jailer, who was particularly repulsive in his countenance and manner. What, then, was his surprise and momentary delight when he beheld before him his only daughter, and felt her arms entwining his neck! Yet, when he looked on her face, and saw the expression it bore of mute despairing agony, more fearful than the most frantic manifestations of misery, and marked her pale cheeks, which no longer bloomed with the tints of health and happiness, and felt the cold dampness of her brow, he thought himself wrong for having given way for an instant to the joy her presence had created, and every other sensation fled before his fear of what might be the consequence to her of this interview.

Sir John had no sooner, however, expressed his feelings on this subject, than his daughter became sensible that, in order to palliate his misery, she must put a strong curb upon her own, and in a short time was calm enough to enter into conversation with her father upon the dismal subject of his present situation, and to deliver a message from the old earl, her grandfather, by which he was informed that an appeal had been made from him to the king, and means taken to propitiate Father Peters, his majesty's confessor, who, it was well known, often dictated to him in matters of state. It appeared evident, however, by the turn which their discourse presently took, that neither father nor daughter was at all sanguine in their hopes from this negotiation. The Earl of Argyll had been executed but a few days before, as had also several of his principal adherents, though men of less consequence than Sir John Cochrane; and it was therefore improbable that he, who had been so conspicuously active in the insurrection, should be allowed to escape the punishment which his enemies had it now in their power to inflict. Besides all this, the treaty to be entered into with Father Peters would require some time to adjust, and meanwhile the arrival of the warrant for execution must every day be looked for.

Under these circumstances, several days passed, each of which found Miss Grizel Cochrane an inmate of her father's prison for as many hours as she was permitted. During these interviews of the father and daughter, while heart clung unto heart, they reaped all the consolation which an undisguised knowledge of the piety and courage of each could bestow. Still, after such intercourse, the parting scene which they anticipated seemed more and more dreadful to think of; and as the daughter looked on the pale and dejected countenance of her parent, her bosom was penetrated with the sharpest pangs. The love of her father might be termed a component part of her nature. She had cherished this filial love ever since she possessed a consciousness of thought, and it was now strong and absorbing, in proportion to the danger in which he stood. Grizel Cochrane was only at that period eighteen years old; but it is the effect of such perilous times as those in which she lived

to sober the reckless spirit of youth, and make men and women of children. She had, however, a natural strength of character, that would on all extraordinary occasions have displayed itself without such a tuition, and which, being now joined with what she conceived the necessity of the case, rendered her capable of a deed which has caused her history to vie with that of the most distinguished of heroines.

Ever since her father's condemnation, her daily and nightly thoughts had dwelt on the fear of her grandfather's communication with the king's confessor being rendered unavailable, for want of the time necessary for enabling the friends in London, to whom it was trusted, to make their application, and she boldly determined to execute a plan whereby the arrival of the death-warrant would be retarded. A short time, therefore, before it was expected by the council in Edinburgh, she thought it necessary, in her visit to her father, to mention that some urgent affair would prevent her from seeing him again for a few days. Alarmed at this, and penetrating her design of effecting somewhat in his favour, he warned her against attempting impossibilities.

'Nothing is impossible to a determined mind,' said she, 'and fear nothing for me.'

'But the inexperience of youth, my child,' he replied, 'may involve you in danger and in blame; and did you but know the characters of those you must encounter, while vainly pleading for your father's life, you would fear, as I do, the sullying of your fair fame.'

'I am a Cochrane, my father,' said the heroic girl—an answer how brief, but to him how expressive! He could say no more: he beheld in his child, so young, so beautiful, and so self-devoted, all the virtues of her race combined; and he felt for the moment that the courage she had prayed for would be granted, to carry her through the undertaking she meditated, whatever that might be. She felt grateful to her father that he did not urge her further; but she trembled as she turned, at her departure, to catch another look of those loved and venerated features, for his eye appeared to be following her with a parting expression, which seemed to say it was the last fond look.

At that time, horses were used as a mode of conveyance so much more than carriages, that almost every gentlewoman had her own steed; and Miss Cochrane, being a skilful rider, was possessed of a well-managed palfrey, on whose speed and other good qualities she had been accustomed to depend. On the morning after she had bid her father farewell, long ere the inhabitants of Edinburgh were astir, she found herself many miles on the road to the Borders. She had taken care to attire herself in a manner which corresponded with the design of passing herself off for a young serving-woman journeying on a borrowed horse to the house of her mother, in a distant part of the country; and by only resting at solitary cottages, where she generally found the family out at work, save perhaps an old woman

or some children, she had the good-fortune, on the second day after leaving Edinburgh, to reach in safety the abode of her old nurse, who lived on the English side of the Tweed, four miles beyond the town of Berwick. In this woman she knew she could place implicit confidence, and to her, therefore, she revealed her secret. She had resolved, she said, to make an attempt to save her father's life, by stopping the postman, an equestrian like herself, and forcing him to deliver up his bags, in which she expected to find the fatal warrant. Singular as such a determination may appear in a delicate young woman, especially if we consider that she was aware of the arms always carried by the man to whose charge the mail was committed, it is nevertheless an undoubted fact that such was her resolve. In pursuance of this design, she had brought with her a brace of small pistols, together with a horseman's cloak, tied up in a bundle, and hung on the crutch of her saddle; and now borrowed from her nurse the attire of her foster-brother, which, as he was a slight-made lad, fitted her reasonably well.

At that period, all those appliances which at this day accelerate the progress of the traveller were unknown, and the mail from London, which now arrives in twelve hours, took eight days in reaching the Scottish capital. Miss Cochrane thus calculated on a delay of sixteen or seventeen days in the execution of her father's sentence—a space of time which she deemed amply sufficient to give a fair trial to the treaty set on foot for his liberation. She had, by means which it is unnecessary here to detail, possessed herself of the most minute information with regard to the places at which the postmen rested on their journey, one of which was a small public-house, kept by a widow, on the outskirts of the little town of Belford. There the man who received the bag at Durham was accustomed to arrive about six o'clock in the morning, and take a few hours' repose before proceeding farther on his journey. In pursuance of the plan laid down by Miss Cochrane, she arrived at this inn about an hour after the man had composed himself to sleep, in the hope of being able, by the exercise of her wit and dexterity, to ease him of his charge.

Having put her horse into the stable—which was a duty that devolved on the guests at this little public-house, from its mistress having no hostler—she entered the only apartment which the house afforded, and demanded some refreshment. 'Sit down at the end of that table,' said the old woman, 'for the best I have to give you is there already; and be pleased, my bonny man, to make as little noise as you can, for there 's ane asleep in that bed that I like ill to disturb.' Miss Cochrane promised fairly; and after attempting to eat some of the viands, which were the remains of the sleeping man's meal, she asked for some cold water.

'What!' said the old dame, as she handed it to her, 'ye are a water-drinker, are ye? It 's but an ill custom for a change-house.'

'I am aware of that,' replied her guest, 'and therefore, when in a public-house, always pay for it the price of the stronger potation, which I cannot take.'

'Indeed—well, that is but just,' responded the dame; 'and I think the more of you for such reasonable conduct.'

'Is the well where you get this water near at hand?' said the young lady; 'for if you will take the trouble to bring me some from it, as this is rather warm, it shall be considered in the reckoning.'

'It is a good bit off,' said the woman; 'but I cannot refuse to fetch some for such a civil discreet lad, and will be as quick as I can. But, for any sake, take care and don't meddle with these pistols,' she continued, pointing to a pair of pistols on the table, 'for they are loaded, and I am always terrified for them.'

Saying this, she disappeared; and Miss Cochrane, who would have contrived some other errand for her, had the well been near, no sooner saw the door shut than she passed, with trembling eagerness, and a cautious but rapid step, across the floor to the place where the man lay soundly sleeping, in one of those close wooden bedsteads common in the houses of the poor, the door of which was left half open to admit the air, and which she opened still wider, in the hope of seeing the mail-bag, and being able to seize upon it. But what was her dismay when she beheld only a part of the integument which contained what she would have sacrificed her life a thousand times to obtain, just peeping out from below the shaggy head and brawny shoulders of its keeper, who lay in such a position upon it as to give not the smallest hope of its extraction without his being aroused from his nap! A few bitter moments of observation served to convince her that, if she obtained possession of this treasure, it must be in some other way; and again closing the door of the bed, she approached the pistols, and having taken them one by one from the holsters, she as quickly as possible drew out their loading, which having secreted, she returned them to their cases, and resumed her seat at the foot of the table. Here she had barely time to recover from the agitation into which the fear of the man's awaking during her recent occupation had thrown her, when the old woman returned with the water; and having taken a draught, of which she stood much in need, she settled her account much to her landlady's content, by paying for the water the price of a pot of beer. Having then carelessly asked and ascertained how much longer the other guest was likely to continue his sleep, she left the house, and mounting her horse, set off at a trot in a different direction from that in which she had arrived.

Making a circuit of two or three miles, she once more fell into the high-road between Belford and Berwick, where she walked her horse gently on, awaiting the coming up of the postman. Though all her faculties were now absorbed in one aim, and the thought of her father's deliverance still reigned supreme in her mind, she could

not help occasionally figuring to herself the possibility of her tampering with the pistols being discovered, and their loading replaced, in which case it was more than likely that her life would be the forfeit of the act she meditated. A woman's fears would still intrude, notwithstanding all her heroism, and the glorious issue which promised to attend the success of her enterprise. When she at length saw and heard the postman advancing behind her, the strong necessity of the case gave her renewed courage; and it was with perfect coolness that, on his coming close up, she civilly saluted him, put her horse into the same pace with his, and rode on for some way in his company. He was a strong thick-set fellow, with a good-humoured countenance, which did not seem to Miss Cochrane, as she looked anxiously upon it, to savour much of hardy daring. He rode with the mail-bags strapped firmly to his saddle in front, close to the holsters (for there were two), one containing the letters direct from London, and the other those taken up at the different post-offices on the road. After riding a short distance together, Miss Cochrane deemed it time, as they were nearly half-way between Belford and Berwick, to commence her operations. She therefore rode nearly close to her companion, and said, in a tone of determination: 'Friend, I have taken a fancy for those mail-bags of yours, and I must have them; therefore, take my advice, and deliver them up quietly, for I am provided for all hazards. I am mounted, as you see, on a fleet steed; I carry firearms; and, moreover, am allied with those who are stronger, though not bolder than myself. You see yonder wood,' she continued, pointing to one at the distance of about a mile, with an accent and air meant to carry intimidation. 'Again, I say, take my advice; give me the bags, and speed back the road you came for the present, nor dare to approach that wood for at least two or three hours to come.'

There was in such language from a stripling something so surprising, that the man looked on Miss Cochrane for an instant in silent and unfeigned amazement. 'If,' said he, as soon as he found his tongue, 'you mean, my young master, to make yourself merry at my expense, you are welcome. I am no sour churl to take offence at the idle words of a foolish boy. But if,' he said, taking one of his pistols from the holster, and turning its muzzle towards her, 'you are mad enough to harbour one serious thought of such a matter, I am ready for you. But, methinks, my lad, you seem at an age when robbing a garden or an old woman's fruit-stall would befit you better, if you must turn thief, than taking his majesty's mails from a stout man such as I am upon his highway. Be thankful, however, that you have met with one who will not shed blood if he can help it, and sheer off before you provoke me to fire.'

'Nay,' said his young antagonist, 'I am not fonder of bloodshed than you are; but if you will not be persuaded, what can I do? For I have told you a truth—*that mail I must and will have.* So now

choose,' she continued as she drew one of the small pistols from under her cloak, and deliberately cocking it, presented it in his face.

'Nay, then, your blood be on your own head,' said the fellow, as he raised his hand and fired his pistol, which, however, only flashed in the pan. Dashing the weapon to the ground, he lost not a moment in pulling out the other, which he also aimed at his assailant, and fired with the same result. In a transport of rage and disappointment, the man sprang from his horse, and made an attempt to seize her; but, by an adroit use of her spurs, she eluded his grasp, and placed herself out of his reach. Meanwhile, his horse had moved forward some yards, and to see and seize the advantage presented by this circumstance was one and the same to the heroic girl, who, darting toward it, caught the bridle, and having led her prize off about a hundred yards, stopped while she called to the thunderstruck postman to remind him of her advice about the wood. She then put both horses to their speed, and on turning to look at the man she had robbed, had the pleasure of perceiving that her mysterious threat had taken effect, and he was now pursuing his way back to Belford.

Miss Cochrane speedily entered the wood to which she had alluded, and tying the strange horse to a tree, out of all observation from the road, proceeded to unfasten the straps of the mail. By means of a sharp penknife, which set at defiance the appended locks, she was soon mistress of the contents, and with an eager hand broke open the government dispatches, which were unerringly pointed out to her by their address to the Council in Edinburgh, and their imposing weight and broad seals of office. Here she found not only the fatal warrant for her father's death, but also many other sentences inflicting different degrees of punishment on various delinquents. These, however, it may readily be supposed, she did not then stop to examine: she contented herself with tearing them into small fragments, and placing them carefully in her bosom.

The intrepid girl now mounted her steed, and rode off, leaving all the private papers where she had found them, imagining (what eventually proved the case) that they would be discovered ere long, from the hints she had thrown out about the wood, and thus reach their proper places of destination. She now made all haste to reach the cottage of her nurse, where, having not only committed to the flames the fragments of the dreaded warrant, but also the other obnoxious papers, she quickly resumed her female garments, and was again, after this manly and daring action, the simple and unassuming Miss Grizel Cochrane. Leaving the cloak and pistols behind her, to be concealed by her nurse, she again mounted her horse, and directed her flight towards Edinburgh, and, by avoiding as much as possible the high-road, and resting at sequestered cottages, as she had done before, and that only twice for a couple of hours each time, she reached town early in the morning of the next day.

It must now suffice to say, that the time gained by the heroic act

related above was productive of the end for which it was undertaken, and that Sir John Cochrane was pardoned, at the instigation of the king's favourite counsellor, who interceded for him in consequence of receiving a bribe of five thousand pounds from the Earl of Dundonald. Of the feelings which on this occasion filled the heart of his courageous and devoted daughter, we cannot speak in adequate terms; and it is perhaps best, at anyrate, to leave them to the imagination of the reader. The state of the times was not such for several years as to make it prudent that her adventure should be publicly known; but after the Revolution, when the country was at length relieved from persecution and danger, and every man was at liberty to speak of the trials he had undergone, and the expedients by which he had mastered them, her heroism was neither unknown nor unapproved. Miss Cochrane afterwards married Mr Ker of Morriston, in the county of Berwick; and there can be little doubt that she proved equally affectionate and amiable as a wife, as she had already been dutiful and devoted as a daughter.

BRUNTFIELD.

AMONG the many family quarrels which arose out of the civil contentions in Scotland during the reign of Queen Mary, there was one of a melancholy and remarkable nature which sprung up between Stephen Bruntfield of Craighouse and Robert Moubray of Barnbougle. Bruntfield was an adherent of the queen; Moubray attached himself to the more prosperous cause of the Regent Murray, who rewarded him with a gift of his deceased elder brother's estate, to the exclusion of his niece, Catherine Moubray. The cause of Moubray's enmity to Bruntfield is uncertain; it is only known that, having succeeded (December 1572) in taking Craighouse for the regent, after a siege of two months, he barbarously slew its unfortunate proprietor while conducting him, under a promise of protection, to Edinburgh. The scene of this bloody deed is still pointed out at the upper part of a common in the southern environs of the city, called, from the circumstance, *Bruntfield* Links.*

Bruntfield left a widow and three infant sons. His widow, the lady of Craighouse, had been an intimate of Queen Mary from her early years; was educated with her in France in the Catholic faith; and had left her court to become the wife of Bruntfield. It was a time calculated to change the natures of women as well as of men. The severity with which her religion was treated in Scotland, the wrongs of her royal mistress, and finally the murder of her husband, acting upon a mind naturally enthusiastic, all conspired to alter the character of Marie Carmichael, and substitute for the rosy hues of

* In Scotland, open downs are usually called Links.

her early years the gloom of the sepulchre and the penitentiary. She continued, after the restoration of peace, to reside in the house of her late husband; but though it was within two miles of the city, she did not for many years reappear in public. With no society but that of her children, and the persons necessary to attend upon them, she mourned in secret over past events, seldom stirring from a particular apartment, which, in accordance with a fashion by no means uncommon, she had caused to be hung with black, and which was solely illuminated by a lamp. In the most rigorous observances of her faith she was assisted by a priest, whose occasional visits formed almost the only intercourse which she maintained with the external world.

One strong passion gradually acquired a complete sway over the mind of the lady of Craighouse—REVENGE—a passion which the practice of the age had invested with a conventional respectability, and which no kind of religious feeling then known was able either to check or soften. So entirely was she absorbed by this fatal passion, that her very children at length ceased to have interest or merit in her eyes, except in so far as they appeared likely to be the means of gratifying it. One after another, as they reached the age of fourteen, she sent them to France, in order to be educated; but the accomplishment to which they were enjoined to direct their principal attention was that of martial exercises. The eldest, Stephen, returned at eighteen a strong and active youth, with a mind of little polish or literary information, but considered a perfect adept at sword-play. As his mother surveyed his noble form, a smile stole into the desert of her wan and widowed face, as a winter sunbeam wanders over a waste of snows; but it was a smile of more than motherly pride: she was estimating the power which that frame would have in contending with the murderous Moubray. She was not alone pleased with the handsome figure of her first-born child; but she thought with a fiercer and faster joy upon the appearance which it would make in the single combat against the slayer of his father. Young Bruntfield, who, having been from his earliest years trained to the purpose now contemplated by his mother, rejoiced in the prospect, now lost no time in preferring before the king (James VI.) a charge of murder against the Laird of Barnbougle, whom he at the same time challenged, according to a custom then not altogether abrogated, to prove his innocence in single combat. The king having granted the necessary licence, the fight took place in the royal park, near the palace; and, to the surprise of all assembled, young Bruntfield fell under the powerful sword of his adversary.

The intelligence of this sad event was communicated to his mother at Craighouse, where she was found in her darkened chamber prostrate before an image of the Virgin. The priest who had been commissioned to break the news, opened his discourse in a tone

intended to prepare her for the worst; but she cut him short at the very beginning with a frantic exclamation: 'I know what you would tell—the murderer's sword has prevailed, and there are now but two, instead of three, to redress their father's wrongs!' The melancholy incident, after the first burst of feeling, seemed only to have concentrated and increased that passion by which she had been engrossed for so many years. She appeared to feel that the death of her eldest son only formed an addition to that debt which it was the sole object of her existence to see discharged. 'Roger,' she said, 'will have the death of his brother as well as that of his father to avenge. Animated by such a double object, his arm can hardly fail to be successful.'

Roger returned about two years after, a still handsomer, more athletic, and more accomplished youth than his brother. Instead of being daunted by the fate of Stephen, he burned but the more eagerly to wipe out the injuries of his house with the blood of Moubray. On his application for a licence being presented to the court, it was objected by the crown lawyers that the case had been already closed by *mal fortune* of the former challenger. But while this was the subject of their deliberation, the applicant caused so much annoyance and fear in the court circle by the threats which he gave out against the enemy of his house, that the king, whose inability to procure respect either for himself or for the law is well known, thought it best to decide in favour of his claim. Roger Bruntfield, therefore, was permitted to fight in *barras* with Moubray; but the same fortune attended him as that which had already deprived the widow of her first child. Slipping his foot in the midst of the combat, he reeled to the ground, embarrassed by his cumbrous armour. Moubray, according to the barbarous practice of the age, immediately sprang upon and despatched him. 'Heaven's will be done!' said the widow, when she heard of the fatal incident; 'but, thank God! there still remains another chance.'

Henry Bruntfield, the third and last surviving son, had all along been the favourite of his mother. Though apparently cast in a softer mould than his two elder brothers, and bearing all the marks of a gentler and more amiable disposition, he in reality cherished the hope of avenging his father's death more deeply in the recesses of his heart, and longed more ardently to accomplish that deed than any of his brothers. His mind, naturally susceptible of the softest and tenderest impressions, had contracted the enthusiasm of his mother's wish in its strongest shape; as the fairest garments are capable of the deepest stain. The intelligence, which reached him in France, of the death of his brothers, instead of bringing to his heart the alarm and horror which might have been expected, only braced him to the adventure which he now knew to be before him. From this period, he forsook the elegant learning which he had heretofore delighted to cultivate. His nights were spent in poring

over the memoirs of distinguished knights—his days were consumed in the tilt-yard of the sword-player. In due time he entered the French army, in order to add to mere science that practical hardihood, the want of which he conceived to be the cause of the death of his brothers. Though the sun of chivalry was now declining, it was not yet altogether set: Montmorency, Constable of France, was but lately dead; as was also Bayard, the knight of all others who has merited the motto, *sans peur et sans reproche*. Of the lives and actions of such men, Henry Bruntfield was a devout admirer and imitator. No young knight kept a firmer seat upon his horse—none complained less of the severities of campaigning—none cherished lady's love with a fonder, purer, or more devout sensation. On first being introduced at the court of Henry III., he had signalised, as a matter of course, Catherine Moubray, the disinherited niece of his father's murderer, who had been educated in a French convent by her other relatives, and was now provided for in the household of the queen. The connection of this young lady with the tale of his own family, and the circumstance of her being a sufferer in common with himself by the wickedness of one individual, would have been enough to create a deep interest respecting her in his breast. But when, in addition to these circumstances, we consider that she was beautiful, was highly accomplished, and in many other respects qualified to engage his affections, we can scarcely be surprised that *that* was the result of their acquaintance. Upon one point alone did these two interesting persons ever think differently. Catherine, though inspired by her friends from infancy with an entire hatred of her cruel relative, contemplated, with fear and aversion, the prospect of her lover being placed against him in deadly combat, and did all in her power to dissuade him from his purpose. Love, however, was of little avail against the still more deeply rooted passion which had previously occupied his breast. Flowers thrown upon a river might have been as effectual in staying its course towards the cataract, as the gentle entreaties of Catherine Moubray in withholding Henry Bruntfield from the enterprise for which his mother had reared him—for which his brothers had died —for which he had all along moved and breathed.

At length, accomplished with all the skill which could then be acquired in arms, glowing with all the earnest feelings of youth, Henry returned to Scotland. On reaching his mother's dwelling, she clasped him, in a transport of varied feeling, to her breast, and for a long time could only gaze upon his elegant person. 'My last and dearest,' she at length said; 'and thou too art to be adventured upon this perilous course! Much have I bethought me of the purpose which now remains to be accomplished. I have not been without a sense of dread lest I be only doing that which is to sink my soul in flames at the day of reckoning; but yet there has been that which comforts me also. Only yesternight, I dreamed

that your father appeared before me. In his hand he held a bow and three goodly shafts—at a distance appeared the fierce and sanguinary Moubray. He desired me to shoot the arrows at that arch-traitor, and I gladly obeyed. A first and a second he caught in his hand, broke, and trampled on with contempt. But the third shaft, which was the fairest and goodliest of all, pierced his guilty bosom, and he immediately expired. The revered shade at this gave me an encouraging smile, and withdrew. My Henry, thou art that *third arrow* which is at length to avail against the shedder of our blood. The dream seems a revelation, given especially that I may have comfort in this enterprise, otherwise so revolting to a mother's feelings.'

Young Bruntfield saw that his mother's wishes had only imposed upon her reason, but he made no attempt to break the charm by which she was actuated, being glad, upon any terms, to obtain her sanction for that adventure to which he was himself impelled by feelings considerably different. He therefore began, in the most deliberate manner, to take measures for bringing on the combat with Moubray. The same legal objections which had stood against the second duel were maintained against the third; but public feeling was too favourable to the object to be easily withstood. The Laird of Barnbougle, though somewhat past the bloom of life, was still a powerful and active man, and instead of expressing any fear to meet this third and more redoubted warrior, rather longed for a combat which promised, if successful, to make him one of the most renowned swordsmen of his time. He had also heard of the attachment which subsisted between Bruntfield and his niece; and, in the contemplation of an alliance which might give some force to the claims of that lady upon his estate, found a deeper and more selfish reason for accepting the challenge of his youthful enemy. King James himself protested against stretching the law as to duelling so far; but, sensible that there would be no peace between either the parties or their adherents till it should be decided in a fair combat, he was fain to grant the required licence.

The fight was appointed to take place on Cramond Inch, a low grassy island in the Firth of Forth, opposite the castle of Barnbougle. All the preparations were made in the most approved manner by the young Duke of Lennox, who had been the friend of Bruntfield in France. On a level spot, close to the northern beach of the islet, a space was marked off, and strongly secured by a paling. The spectators, who were almost exclusively gentlemen, sat upon a rising-ground beside the enclosure, while the space toward the sea was quite clear. At one end, surrounded by his friends, stood the Laird of Barnbougle, a huge and ungainly figure, whose features displayed a mixture of ferocity and hypocrisy in the highest degree unpleasing. At the other, also attended by a host of family allies and friends, *stood the gallant* Henry Bruntfield, who, if divested of his armour,

might have realised the idea of a winged Mercury. A seat was erected close beside the barras for the Duke of Lennox and other courtiers who were to act as judges; and at a little distance upon the sea lay a small decked vessel, with a single female figure on board. After all the proper ceremonies which attended this strange legal custom had been gone through, the combatants advanced into the centre, and planting foot to foot, each with his heavy sword in his hand, awaited the command which should let them loose against each other, in a combat which both knew would only be closed with the death of one or the other.

The word being given, the fight commenced. Moubray, almost at the first pass, gave his adversary a cut in the right limb, from which the blood was seen to flow profusely. But Bruntfield was enabled, by this mishap, to perceive the trick upon which his antagonist chiefly depended, and by taking care to avoid it, put Moubray to his mettle. The fight then proceeded for a few minutes without either gaining the least advantage over the other. Moubray was able to defend himself pretty successfully from the cuts and thrusts of his antagonist, but he could make no impression in return. The question then became one of time. It was evident that, if no lucky stroke should take effect beforehand, he who first became fatigued with the exertion would be the victim. Moubray felt his disadvantage as the elder and bulkier man, and began to fight most desperately, and with less caution. One tremendous blow, for which he seemed to have gathered his last strength, took effect upon Bruntfield, and brought him upon his knee in a half-stupefied state; but the elder combatant had no strength to follow up the effort. He reeled towards his youthful and sinking enemy, and stood for a few moments over him, vainly endeavouring to raise his weapon for another and final blow. Ere he could accomplish his wish, Bruntfield recovered sufficient strength to draw his dagger, and stab beneath the breastplate his exhausted foe. The murderer of his race instantly lay dead beside him, and a shout of joy from the spectators hailed him as the victor. At the same instant, a scream of more than earthly note arose from the vessel anchored near the island; a lady descended from its side into a boat, and rowing to the land, rushed up to the bloody scene, where she fell upon the neck of the conqueror, and pressed him with the most frantic eagerness to her bosom. The widow of Stephen Bruntfield at length found the yearnings of twenty years fulfilled—she saw the murderer of her husband, the slayer of her two sons, dead on the sward before her, while there still survived to her as noble a child as ever blessed a mother's arms. But the revulsion of feeling produced by the event was too much for her strength; or rather Providence, in its righteous judgment, had resolved that so unholy a sentiment as that of revenge should not be too signally gratified. Overcome by her feelings, she almost immediately expired in the arms of her son.

Ye say their cone-like cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have disappeared, as withered leaves
Before the autumn's gale;
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid his young renown.
Connecticut hath wreathed it
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice
Within its rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart.
Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,
Doth seal the sacred trust,
Your mountains build their monument,
Though ye destroy their dust.

—LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THE BUCCANEER.

THE ISLE.

THE island lies nine leagues away.
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently;
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell;
The brook comes tinkling down its side;
From out the trees the Sabbath bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide,

Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks,
That feed about the vale among the rocks.

Nor holy bell nor pastoral bleat
In former days within the vale;
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet;
Curses were on the gale;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

But calm, low voices, words of grace,
Now slowly fall upon the ear;
A quiet look is in each face,
Subdued and holy fear:
Each motion gentle; all is kindly done—
Come, listen, how from crime this isle was won.

—RICHARD H. DANA.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form is laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock,

And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers, of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe, are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead there reign alone.
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.
So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves

To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave, at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—W. C. BRYANT.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

—W. C. BRYANT.

THE PROBLEM.

I LIKE a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles;
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowled churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below—
The canticles of love and woe;
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;
The conscious stone to beauty grew.
Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell?
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles,
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone;
And Morning opes with haste her lids,
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye;
For, out of Thought's interior sphere,
These wonders rose to upper air;
And Nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,

And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass;
Art might obey, but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned;
And the same power that reared the shrine,
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind inspires.

The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the fathers wise—
The Book itself before me lies,
Old *Chrysostom*, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger *Golden Lips* or mines,
Taylor, the Shakspeare of divines.
His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowled portrait dear;
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

—R. W. EMERSON.

THE HUMBLE-BEE.

BURLY, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines:
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a colour of romance,
And, infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone.
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers,
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavoury or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap, and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!

Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

—R. W. EMERSON.

THE ORIGIN OF MINT JULEPS.

'And first behold this cordial Julep here,
That flames and dances in its crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed:
Not that Nepenthes which the wife of Thome
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power to stir up Joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.'

MILTON—*Comus.*

'TIS said that the gods, on Olympus of old
(And who the bright legend profanes with a doubt?),
One night, 'mid their revels, by Bacchus were told
That his last butt of nectar had somehow run out!

But, determined to send round the goblet once more,
They sued to the fairer immortals for aid
In composing a draught, which, till drinking were o'er,
Should cast every wine ever drank in the shade.

Grave Ceres herself blithely yielded her corn,
And the spirit that lives in each amber-hued grain,
And which first had its birth from the dews of the morn,
Was taught to steal out in bright dew-drops again.

Pomona, whose choicest of fruits on the board
Were scattered profusely in every one's reach,
When called on a tribute to cull from the hoard,
Expressed the mild juice of the delicate peach.

The liquids were mingled, while Venus looked on,
With glances so fraught with sweet magical power,
That the honey of Hybla, e'en when they were gone,
Has never been missed in the draught from that hour.

Flora then, from her bosom of fragrancy, shook,
And with roseate fingers pressed down in the bowl,
All dripping and fresh as it came from the brook,
The herb whose aroma should flavour the whole.

The draught was delicious, each god did exclaim,
Though something yet wanting they all did bewail;
But juleps the drink of immortals became,
When Jove himself added a handful of hail.

—C. F. HOFFMAN.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
  Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
  With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to labour and to wait.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
  The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
  With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
  Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
  His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
  He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
  For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
  You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
  With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
  When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
  Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
  And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
  Like chaff from a thrashing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
  And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
  He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
  And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
  Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more
  How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
  A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
  Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
  Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
  Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
  For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
  Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
  Each burning deed and thought!

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

NUREMBERG.

IN the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

In the courtyard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden, planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior, singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art—
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;

And above cathedral doorways, saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;
Dead he is not—but departed—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,
Walked of yore the Master-singers, chanting rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs, came they to the friendly guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an alehouse, with a nicely sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendour, and before my dreamy eye
Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard;
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer, from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his careless lay:

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labour—the long pedigree of toil.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

FROM EVANGELINE.

IT was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore, and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles; a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
Onward, o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-like
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and dovecots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where, through the golden coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were they lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.

Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

NEW ENGLAND.

LAND of the forest and the rock—
Of dark-blue lake and mighty river—
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career, the lightning's shock—
My own green land for ever!
Land of the beautiful and brave—
The freeman's home—the martyr's grave—
The nursery of giant men,
Whose deeds have linked with every glen,
And every hill, and every stream,
The romance of some warrior-dream!
Oh, never may a son of thine,
Where'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky which bent above
His childhood like a dream of love,
The stream beneath the green hill flowing,
The broad-armed trees above it growing,
The clear breeze through the foliage blowing;
Or hear, unmoved, the taunt of scorn
Breathed o'er the brave New England born;
Or mark the stranger's jaguar-hand
Disturb the ashes of thy dead,
The buried glory of a land
Whose soil with noble blood is red,
And sanctified in every part—
Nor feel resentment, like a brand,
Unsheathing from his fiery heart!

Oh, greener hills may catch the sun
Beneath the glorious heaven of France;
And streams, rejoicing as they run
Like life beneath the day-beam's glance,

May wander where the orange bough
With golden fruit is bending low;
And there may bend a brighter sky
O'er green and classic Italy—
And pillared fane and ancient grave
  Bear record of another time,
And over shaft and architrave
  The green, luxuriant ivy climb;
And far toward the rising sun
  The palm may shake its leaves on high,
Where flowers are opening, one by one,
  Like stars upon the twilight sky;
And breezes soft as sighs of love
  Above the broad banana stray,
And through the Brahmin's sacred grove
  A thousand bright-hued pinions play!
Yet unto thee, New England, still
  Thy wandering sons shall stretch their arms,
And thy rude chart of rock and hill
  Seem dearer than the land of palms;
Thy massy oak and mountain-pine
  More welcome than the banyan's shade;
And every free, blue stream of thine
  Seem richer than the golden bed
Of oriental waves, which glow
And sparkle with the wealth below!

—J. G. WHITTIER.

THE STAR AND THE WATER-LILY.

THE Sun stepped down from his golden throne,
  And lay in the silent sea,
And the Lily had folded her satin leaves,
  For a sleepy thing was she;
What is the Lily dreaming of?
  Why crisp the waters blue?
See, see, she is lifting her varnished lid!
  Her white leaves are glistening through!

The Rose is cooling his burning cheek
  In the lap of the breathless tide;
The Lily hath sisters fresh and fair,
  That would lie by the Rose's side;
He would love her better than all the rest,
  And he would be fond and true;
But the Lily unfolded her weary lids,
  And looked at the sky so blue.

Remember, remember, thou silly one,
  How fast will thy summer glide,
And wilt thou wither a virgin pale,
  Or flourish a blooming bride?
'Oh, the Rose is old, and thorny, and cold,
  And he lives on earth,' said she;
'But the Star is fair, and he lives in the air,
  And he shall my bridegroom be.'

But what if the stormy cloud should come,
  And ruffle the silver sea?
Would he turn his eye from the distant sky,
  To smile on a thing like thee?
O no, fair Lily, he will not send
  One ray from his far-off throne;
The winds shall blow and the waves shall flow,
  And thou wilt be left alone.

There is not a leaf on the mountain-top,
  Nor a drop of evening dew,
Nor a golden sand on the sparkling shore,
  Nor a pearl in the waters blue,
That he has not cheered with his fickle smile,
  And warmed with his faithless beam—
And will he be true to a pallid flower,
  That floats on the quiet stream?

Alas, for the Lily! she would not heed,
  But turned to the skies afar,
And bared her breast to the trembling ray
  That shot from the rising star;
The cloud came over the darkened sky,
  And over the waters wide;
She looked in vain through the beating rain,
  And sank in the stormy tide.

—O. W. HOLMES.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
'"Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber door—
  Only this, and nothing more.'

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating:
'"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is, and nothing more.'

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
'Sir,' said I, 'or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you'—here I opened wide the door——
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word 'Lenore!'
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word 'Lenore!'—
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
'Surely,' said I, 'surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore:
'Tis the wind, and nothing more.'

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!'
Quoth the Raven: 'Nevermore.'

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as 'Nevermore.'

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered: 'Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before.'
Then the bird said 'Nevermore.'

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of "Never—nevermore."'

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking 'Nevermore.'

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.

'Wretch,' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!'
Quoth the Raven: 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!'
Quoth the Raven: 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.'
Quoth the Raven: 'Nevermore.'

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!' I shrieked, upstarting—
'Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!'
Quoth the Raven: 'Nevermore.'

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

—E. A. Poe.

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea :
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee ;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee ;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes !—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee :

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea.
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

—E. A. Poe.

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED.

I DU believe in Freedom's cause,
Ez fur away ez Paris is ;
I love to see her stick her claws
In them infarnal Pharisees ;

It 's wal enough agin a king
To dror resolves an' triggers—
But libbaty 's a kind o' thing
Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want
A tax on teas an' coffees,
Thet nothin' ain't extravygunt—
Purvidin' I 'm in office;
Fer I hev loved my country sence
My eye-teeth filled their sockets,
An' Uncle Sam I reverence,
Partic'larly his pockets.

I du believe in *any* plan
O' levyin' the taxes,
Ez long ez, like a lumberman,
I git jest wut I axes:
I go free-trade thru thick an' thin,
Because it kind o' rouses
The folks to vote—an' keeps us in
Our quiet custom-houses.

I du believe it 's wise an' good
To sen' out furrin missions,
Thet is, on sartin understood
An' orthydox conditions:
I mean nine thousan' dolls. per ann.,
Nine thousan' more fer outfit,
An' me to recommend a man
The place 'ould jest about fit.

I du believe in special ways
O' prayin' an' convartin';
The bread comes back in many days,
An' buttered, tu, fer sartin;
I mean in preyin' till one busts
On wut the party chooses,
An' in convartin' public trusts
To very privit uses.

I du believe hard coin the stuff
Fer 'lectioneers to spout on;
The people 's ollers soft enough
To make hard money out on;
Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his,
An' gives a good-sized junk to all;

I don't care *how* hard money is,
  Ez long ez mine 's paid punctooal.

I du believe with all my soul
  In the gret Press's freedom,
To pint the people to the goal
  An' in the traces lead 'em ;
Palsied the arm thet forges yokes
  At my fat contracts squintin',
An' withered be the nose thet pokes
  Inter the gov'ment printin' !

I du believe thet I should give
  Wut 's his'n unto Cæsar,
Fer it 's by him I move an' live,
  From him my bread an' cheese air ;
I du believe thet all o' me
  Doth bear his souperscription—
Will, conscience, honour, honesty,
  An' things o' thet description.

I du believe in prayer an' praise
  To him thet hez the grantin'
O' jobs—in every thin' thet pays,
  But most of all in Cantin' ;
This doth my cup with marcies fill,
  This lays all thought o' sin to rest :
I *don't* believe in princerple,
  But, oh ! I *du* in interest.

I du believe in bein' this
  Or thet, ez it may happen
One way or t' other hendiest is
  To ketch the people nappin' ;
It ain't by princerples nor men
  My preudunt course is steadied ;
I scent wich pays the best, an' then
  Go into it baldheaded.

I du believe thet holdin' slaves
  Comes nat'ral tu a Presidunt,
Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves
  To hev a wal-broke precedunt ;
Fer any office, small or gret,
  I couldn't ax with no face,
Without I 'd ben, thru dry an' wet,
  Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface.

I du believe wutever trash
'll keep the people in blindness;
Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash
Right inter brotherly kindness;
Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball
Air good-will's strongest magnets,
Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du believe
In Humbug generally,
Fer it's a thing thet I perceive
To hev a solid vally;
This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
In pasturs sweet heth led me,
An' this 'll keep the people green
To feed ez they hev fed me.

—J. R. LOWELL.

WHAT MR ROBINSON THINKS.

GUVENER B. is a sensible man;
He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes:
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

My! ain't it terrible? Wut shall we du?
We can't never choose him, o' course—thet's flat;
Guess we shall hev to come round (don't you?),
An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man:
He's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan;
He's ben true to *one* party—an' thet is himself.
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

Gineral C. he goes in fer the war;
He don't vally principle more 'n an old cud;

Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood?
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,
With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut ain't,
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,
An' Presidunt Polk, you know, *he* is our country;
An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book
Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry;*
An' John P.
Robinson he
Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies;
Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest *fee, faw, fum;*
An' thet all this big talk of our destinies
Is half on it ignorance, an' t' other half rum;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez it ain't no sech thing; an', of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us
The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow—
God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,
To drive the world's team wen it gits in a slough;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez the world 'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee!

—J. R. LOWELL.

MR BIGLOW ON THE CIVIL WAR (1862).

* * * *

IT 'S war we 're in, not politics ;
It 's systems wrastlin' now, not parties;
An' victory in the eend 'll fix
Where longest will an' truest heart is.
An' wut 's the Guv'ment folks about?
Tryin' to hope ther' 's nothin' doin',
An' look ez though they didn't doubt
Sunthin' pertickler wuz a-brewin'.

Ther' 's critters yit thet talk an' act
Fer wut they call Conciliation ;
They 'd hand a buff'lo-drove a tract
When they wuz madder than all Bashan.
Conciliate? it jest means *be kicked*,
No metter how they phrase an' tone it ;
It means thet we 're to set down licked,
Thet we 're poor shotes an' glad to own it!

A war on tick 's ez dear 'z the deuce,
But it wun't leave no lastin' traces,
Ez 'twould to make a sneakin' truce
Without no moral specie-basis :
Ef green-backs ain't nut jest the cheese,
I guess ther' 's evils thet 's extremer :
Fer instance—shinplaster idees
Like them put out by Gov'nor Seymour.

Last year, the Nation, at a word,
When tremblin' Freedom cried to shield her,
Flamed weldin' into one keen sword
Waitin' an' longin' fer a wielder :
A splendid flash !—an' how 'd the grasp
With sech a chance ez thet wuz tally?
Ther' warn't no meanin' in our clasp—
Half this, half thet, all shilly-shally.

More men? More Man! It 's there we fail ;
Weak plans grow weaker yit by lengthenin' :
Wut use in addin' to the tail,
When it 's the head 's in need o' strengthenin'?
We wanted one thet felt all Chief
From roots o' hair to sole o' stockin',
Square-sot with thousan'-ton belief
In him an' us, ef earth went rockin'!

Ole Hick'ry wouldn't ha' stood see-saw
'Bout doin' things till they wuz done with;
He'd smashed the tables o' the Law
In time o' need to load his gun with;
He couldn't see but jest one side—
Ef his, 'twuz God's, an' thet wuz plenty;
An' so his '*Forrards!*' multiplied
An army's fightin' weight by twenty.

But this 'ere histin', creak, creak, creak,
Your cappen's heart up with a derrick,
This tryin' to coax a lightnin'-streak
Out of a half-discouraged hay-rick,
This hangin' on mont' arter mont'
Fer one sharp purpose 'mongst the twitter—
I tell ye, it doos kind o' stunt
The peth an' sperit of a critter.

In six months where 'll the People be,
Ef leaders look on revolution
Ez though it wuz a cup o' tea—
Jest social el'ments in solution?
This weighin' things doos wal enough
When war cools down, an' comes to writin';
But while it 's makin', the true stuff
Is pison-mad, pig-headed fightin'.

Democ'acy gives every man
A right to be his own oppressor;
But a loóse Gov'ment ain't the plan,
Helpless ez spilled beans on a dresser:
I tell ye one thing we might larn
From them smart critters, the Seceders—
Ef bein' right 's the fust consarn,
The 'fore-the-fust 's cast-iron leaders.

But 'pears to me I see some signs
Thet we 're a-goin' to use our senses:
Jeff druv us into these hard lines,
An' ough' to bear his half th' expenses;
Slavery 's Secession's heart an' will,
South, North, East, West, where'er you find it,
An' ef it drors in the War's mill,
D' ye say them thunder-stones sha'n't grind it?

D' ye s'pose, ef Jeff giv *him* a lick,
Ole Hick'ry 'd tried his head to sof'n
So 's 'twouldn't hurt thet ebony stick
Thet 's made our side see stars so of'n?

'No!' he'd ha' thundered, 'on your knees,
An' own one flag, one road to glory!
Soft-heartedness, in times like these,
Shews sof'ness in the upper story!'

An' why should we kick up a muss
About the Pres'dunt's proclamation?
It ain't a-goin' to lib'rate us,
Ef we don't like emancipation:
The right to be a cussed fool
Is safe from all devices human,
It 's common (ez a gin'l rule)
To every critter born o' woman.

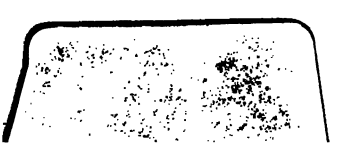
So *we*'re all right, an' I, fer one,
Don't think our cause 'll lose in vally
By rammin' Scriptur' in our gun,
An' gittin' Natur' fer an ally:
Thank God, say I, fer even a plan
To lift one human bein's level,
Give one more chance to make a man,
Or, anyhow, to spile a devil!

* * *

An' come wut will, I think it 's grand
Abe 's gut his will et last bloom-furnaced
In trial-flames till it 'll stand
The strain o' bein' in deadly earnest:
Thet 's wut we want—we want to know
The folks on our side hez the bravery
To b'lieve ez hard, come weal, come woe,
In Freedom ez Jeff doos in Slavery.

Set the two forces foot to foot,
An' every man knows who 'll be winner,
Whose faith in God hez ary root
Thet goes down deeper than his dinner:
Then 'twill be felt from pole to pole,
Without no need o' proclamation,
Earth's Biggest Country 's gut her soul
An' risen up Earth's Greatest Nation!

—J. R. LOWELL.



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